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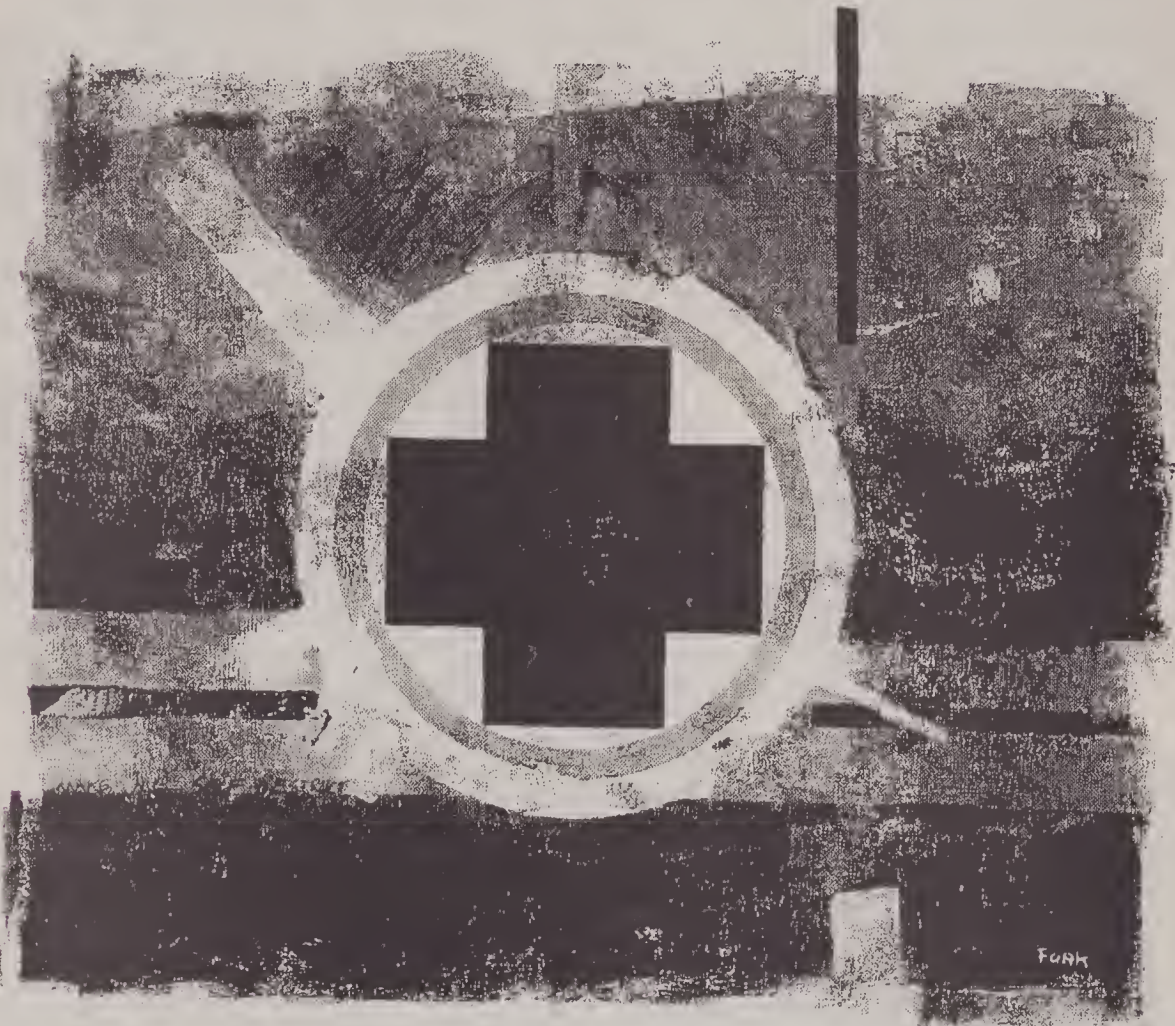


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# YOUR FLESH

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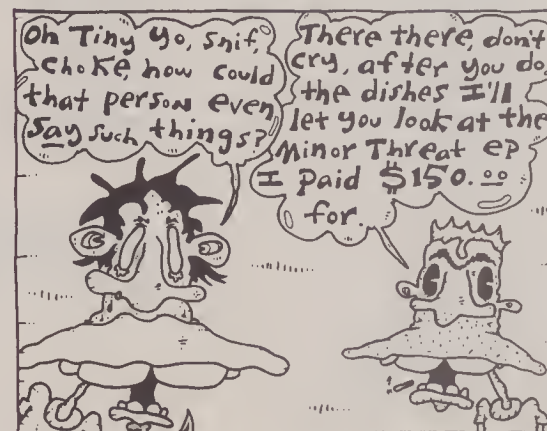
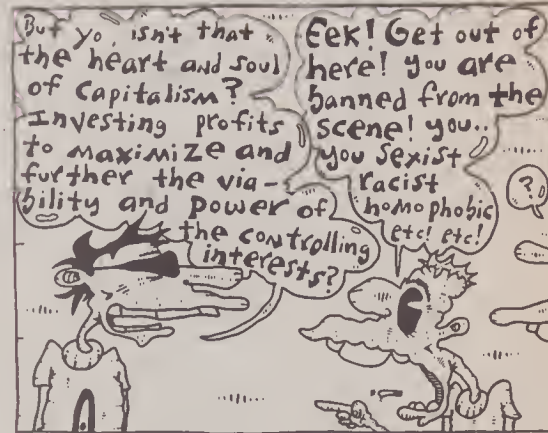
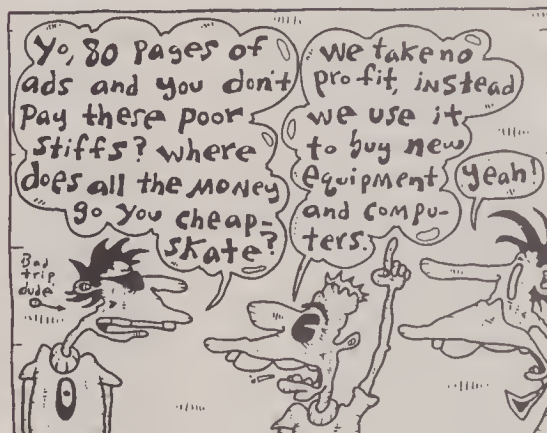
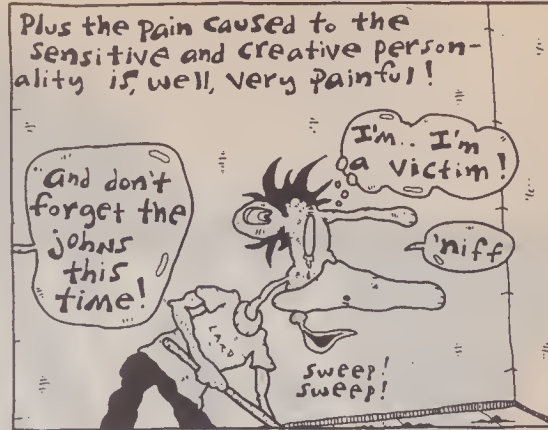
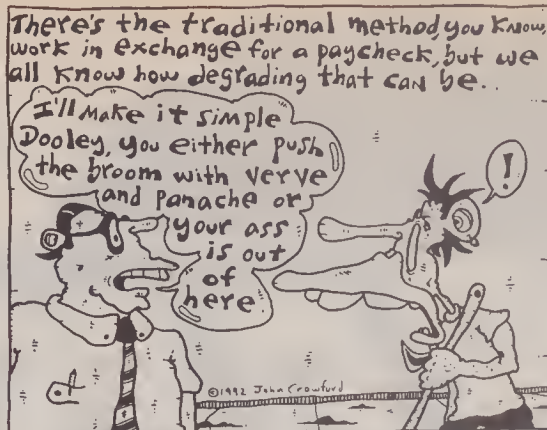
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# How to Get your Employees to work for Free-The Politically Correct Way!





*Yes, brothers and sisters, there is such a thing as eternal and immutable truth in the Universe, and natch it's Your Flesh which brings it to you first. Look to this space issue to issue, and divine revelation shall be yours...*

# S P E A K A G E

an editorial by David B. Livinstone

The only thing that's more tedious than the majority of bands and records these days are the rote, regurgitated laments of fanzine writers and editors who whimper that "There's no good music anymore, the scene isn't what it used to be, there aren't any good bands or records now, what happened to UNITY..." ad infinitum. Tiresome though it is, it remains a valid question. Those ancient enough to dredge up recollections of and longing for some vaunted past, i.e. the halcyon days of punk or whatever, have a partially valid point; anyone who'd argue that the State of Rock 'n' Roll in 1992 is better off than it was one, two, five, ten, thirty years ago is mired in a fog of stupidity as impermeable as autism. But the generally prescribed remedies—especially any kind of attempt to return to "roots," particularly punk—are as blind and insipid as the problem they attempt to address, and the continuing insistence on doing so coming from some quarters only makes the tedium that much more unbearable. As time goes by, the attempts to breathe life (speaking aside from economic aspects; there's plenty of people making a killing on the shit, thank you) into what used to be the indie/DIY/R&R thing have grown laughably frantic, with the upstaging and bandwagon-jumping mindlessly desperate.

The real solution is simple: Give up.

Give up on punk and its attendant so-called ideals. Give up on the "Seattle Sound" and its nauseating retrograde Learned-From-Uriah Heep methodology. Give up on boring industrial bands with their billions of dollars worth of hi-tech instruments and poverty of imagination. Give up on jangly college rock, folk protest acts, Grateful Dead wannabes, Syd Barrett impersonators, angst-ridden girl singers, and pretentious "contemporary composers." Give up on guitars, basses, drums, keyboards. Forget it ever happened. Do something productive instead; retille the bathroom, walk the dog, read a book, talk to somebody and mean it.

Why is it taking so long to realize that rock and its attendant sub-genres have ossified beyond the point of return? There is no vitality or energy anywhere because nothing's at stake anymore; the initial indie/punk "revolution"/tantrum was born of a palpable sense of crisis: The musicians who promulgated that initial wave were acting in reaction to a degenerate, self-satisfied music industry which spewed creatively bankrupt product. In other words, an edifice exactly like the one they proceeded to replace it with. But unlike the first go-round, struggling against the institution won't help this time; the strugglers are members of the ranks of their enemy by

default; now that just about everything's been done and said and the depths of every extremo-approach have been thoroughly plumbed, there is little to do but cover already-trodden ground again—which doesn't challenge or offend anybody. Everyone has been incorporated into the big ENTERTAINMENT grab-bag: People who shit onstage, people who smash their instruments, people who sing about how lonely and alienated they are, people who sing about being abused as children, people who sing about smashing the state and about being controlled by the media—these are no longer things to do or be or live, they are things to watch and things to listen to, and they are thus thoroughly de-powered.

The one weapon left in the arsenal that could possibly shake things up and lend any vitality to the Creative Universe is the one that everyone's afraid to use: Indifference, the Zen approach to music. Don't try and do something, try to do nothing whatsoever! So simple, so easy, so effective! Let the bogus alternative infrastructure wither and die, or wallow in its own incestuousness and narcissism. Ignore the succession of "next big things" that parade by on the college radio dial and in the magazines; ignore all but the one or two shows a year that are worth a fuck and the one or two records a year that actually advance music as an art form. Ignore "the scene." Ignore 99.999% of everything. Walk away from it almost entirely, but watch detached from a distance, like you're looking at a car wreck on the other side of the freeway. Let the people who wanna be in a "hip band" or a "famous band" or a "rich band" or an "innovative band" sit around and worship themselves and each other; let them play their little games, pat/stab each other on/in the back, and pretend they're doing something important. Sooner or later, as the circle grows smaller and smaller, they'll go home too and there'll be nothing left but peace, quiet, and purity—for once.

Now there's nothing wrong with entertainment for entertainment's sake, of course, aside from the fact that it is a guaranteed success formula for complacency and stupidity. Whoever wants to sit around and be "entertained," living their lives as perpetual spectators or as trained monkeys impersonating everything they see, is perfectly entitled to do so; there's nothing in the U.S. Constitution that says you can't fritter away your existence on distracting trivia. But this article presupposes the existence of a minority who actually want what they see, hear, and read and the things that they create for other people to see, hear, and read to mean something. And the first step in that direction is to abandon what is meaningless. And when it comes right down to it, that's just about everything. ⑧





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*There's a machine under your bed that controls what you think. Secret messages from Jesus are being beamed at you through your TV during "Hard Copy." The government is descrambling your thoughts from outer space with laser beams, and strange looking men in brown suits are always sitting in parked cars across the street from your house...it's all getting to be too much to take; everything you hear, see, and feel tells you to go out and KILL, KILL, KILL. Get it off your chest, pal...it's*

# YOUR 15 MINUTES

## One More Great Reason To Love Action Swingers...

To: Peter Davis  
Company: Loser Internationa  
From: Ned [Hayden]  
Date: 2/26  
RE: The cosmic importance of being.

### COMMENTS:

Peter:

Your support of the Swingers is overwhelming!!! Send you a postcard from my tour bus in England. See you in hell loser, (sic)

Ned

P.S.—The new issue looks like Spin with all the Major Label ads. Plus Nirvana! Wow! How timely. You should have written about 'em before the rest of the world discovered 'em but you were too busy listening to Tar.

(Pa-the-tic...—Ed.)

This Means My Raise Is Finally Coming!!!

GOOD LUCK

With love, all things are possible. This paper has been sent to you for luck. The original is in New England, and this typing originated in California. It has been around the world at least nine times. The luck has now been sent to you. You will receive good luck within four days of receiving this letter provided you, in turn, send it on. This is no joke. Send no money. Send copies to people you think need good luck. Don't send money, as fate has no price. An RAF officer recieved \$40,000 and lost it because he broke the chain. While in the Philippines, Gene Welch lost his wife six days after receiving the letter. He had failed to circulate the letter. However, before her death, he recieved \$7,755.00.

Please send twenty (20) copies and see what happens in four days. The chain comes from Venezuela and was written by Saul Anthony DeGroup, a missionary from South America. Since the copy must tour the world, you must make twenty copies and send them to friends and associates. After a few days, you will get a surprise. This is true even if you are not superstitious.

Do not do the following: Constantine Dias recieved the chain in 1953. He asked his secretary to make twenty (20) copies and send them out. A few days later he won the lottery of \$2,000,000.00. Carlo Dadditt, an

office employee, recieved the letter and forgot that it had to leave his hands in 96 hours. He lost his job. Later, after finding the letter again, he mailed twenty copies. A few days later he got a better job. David Fairchild recieved the letter and, not believing, threw the letter away. Nine days later, he died. In 1987, it was recieved by a young woman in California. It was very faded and barely readable. She was plagued with various problems and expensive car repairs. The letter did not leave her hands in 96 hours. She finally typed the letter, as promised, and got a new car.

Remember, send no money. Do not ignore this letter.  
Thank you, St. Jude.

It works.

## The "How Much Did They Pay You" Department

To: Your (Anal) Flesh:

Insect Surfers are one of the best instrumental bands around today. Your Reviewer was really off the mark with them. A real whiner.

Mary Love

Dear Bruce Adams:

It's amazing that you would dismiss a bitchin' band like the Insect Surfers! It's one of cranking-est (sic) records I've heard lately. Wake up, honey! (See Courtney Love's opinion of rigid Minneapolis reviewers in the latest Flipside )(SO???—Ed.).

Your Fleshpal, Tom Lapenta

(Yeah...there was another one of these but we lost it...we ran reviews of about 300 bands last issue, at least 60% of which were slags...and oddly enough, the only three people to bitch about our "erroneous" opinions all wrote in defense of the same band...It's so nice to have friends, isn't it...—Ed.)

## BIG GLARING MISTAKES DEPT:

Yes, occasionally even I, the editor of The Magazine That Knows Everything, make errors. In my article on John Cage last issue, I mistakenly said "Karlheinz Stockhausen" when I meant to say "Arnold Schoenberg." My thanks to the gentleman who so graciously wrote to correct me and whose letter I promptly lost. And my apologies to the thousands whose lives were ruined by my careless error. Stockhausen, Schoenberg, Stieglitz, Schopenhauer...there's too many damn Teutons whose names begin with S anyway...so I'm not perfect; sue me... 8



# BEASTIE BOYS



# CHECK YOUR HEAD

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PASS THE MIC · JIMMY JAMES · SO WHATCHA WANT

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## ON TOUR THIS SUMMER

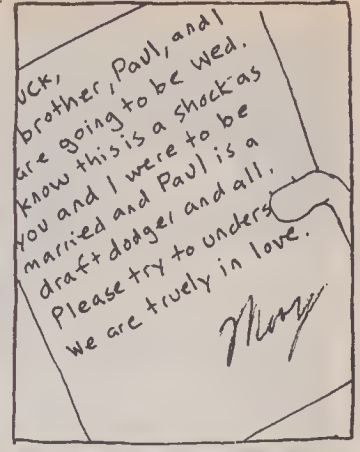
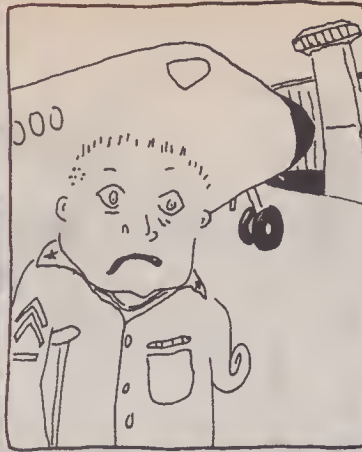
GUARANTEED FRESH EVERY TIME .....  
ON CAPITOL COMPACT DISCS, CASSETTES AND RECORDS

*Capitol*

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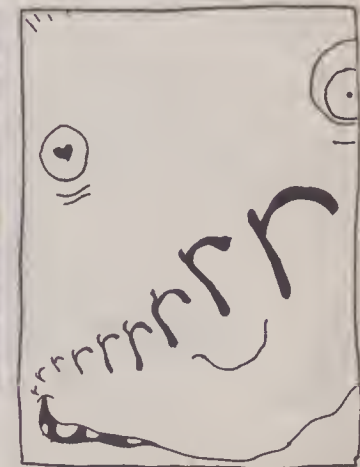
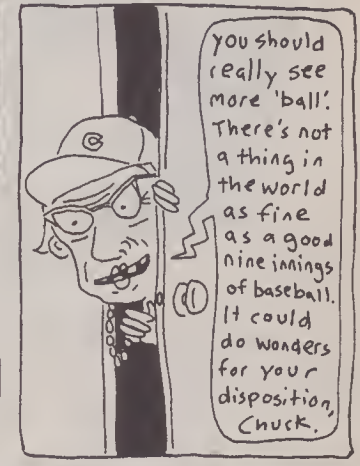
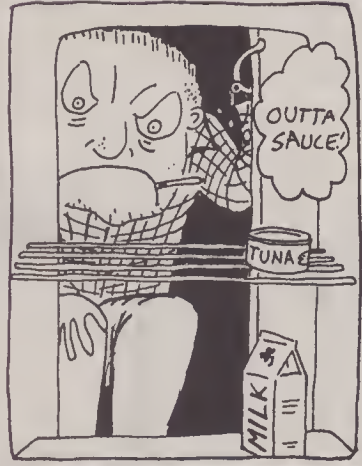
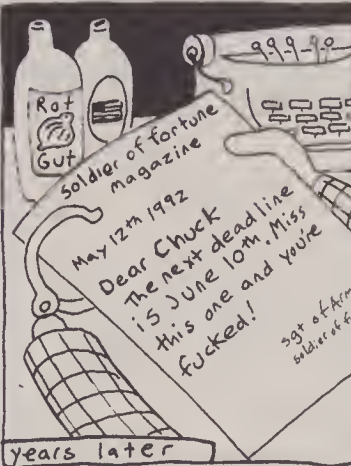




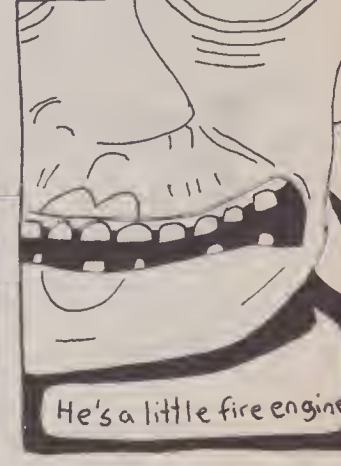
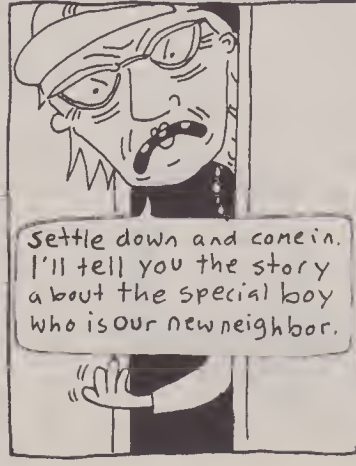
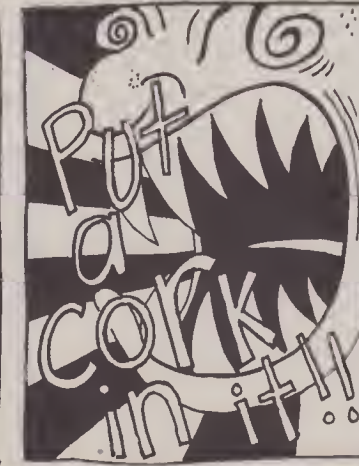
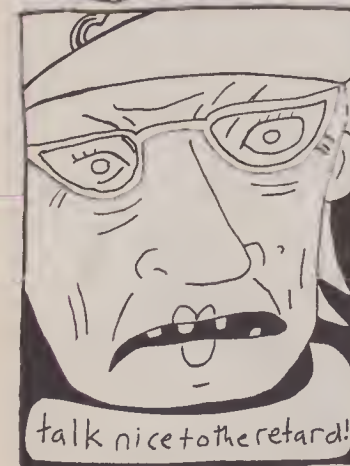
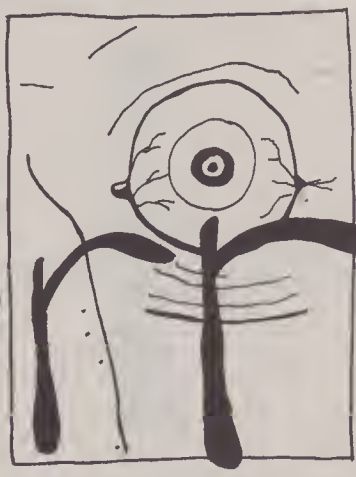
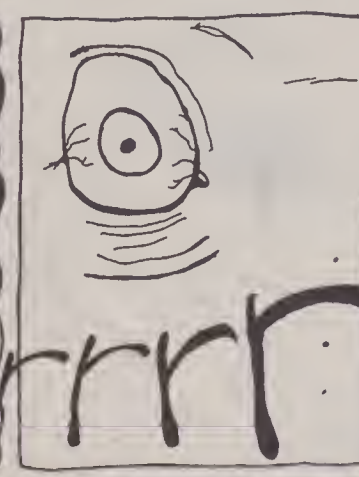
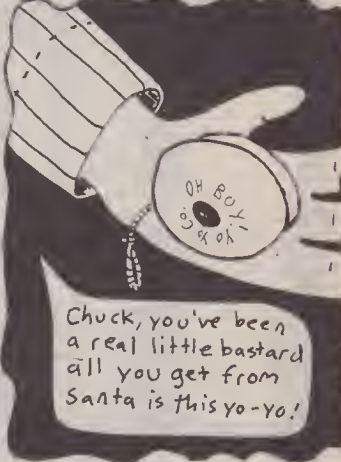
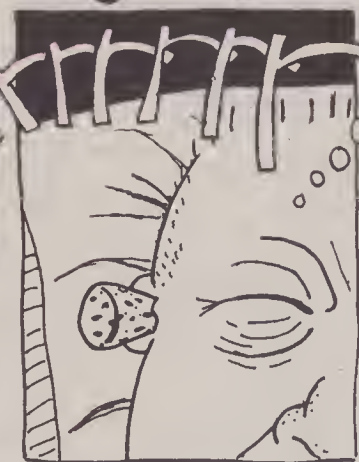
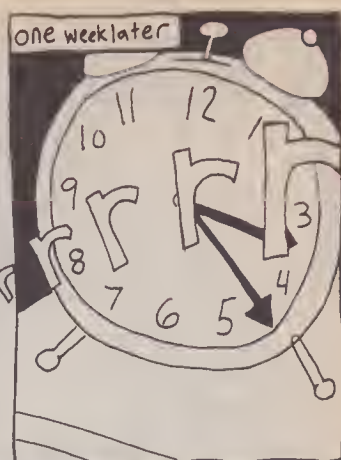
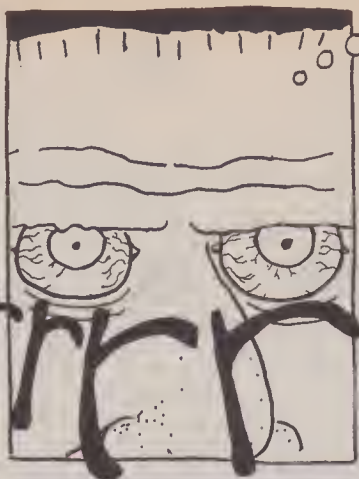


# HOSE

-92-  
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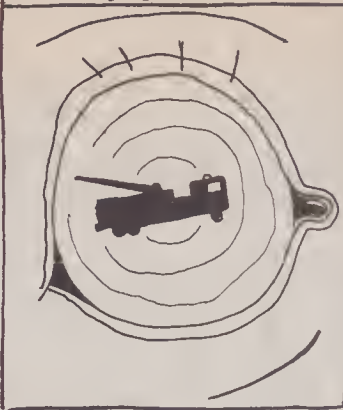




he'd use business' phones  
to report a big fire



then he would step outside  
and longingly wait



He'd hear them coming and  
he'd get all horny



he would slide out of his  
pants and begin beating off.



the louder the siren,  
the hotter he'd get



And when the firemen  
finally came



So would he.



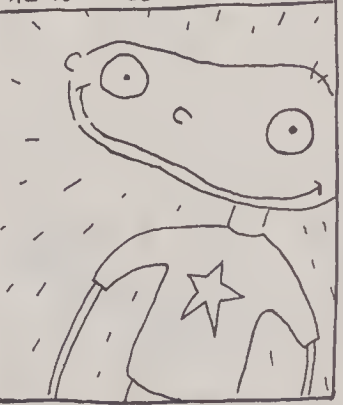
they finally caught him  
and put him in the Looney Bin



but after several years  
of intense therapy



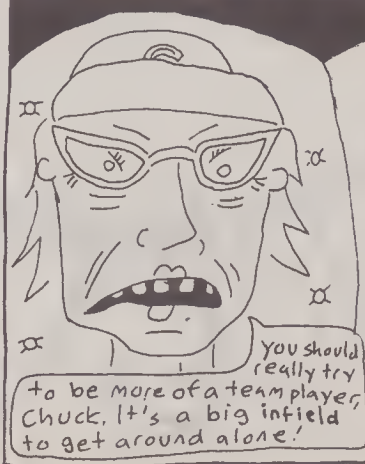
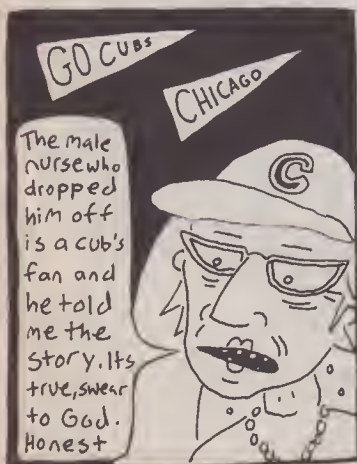
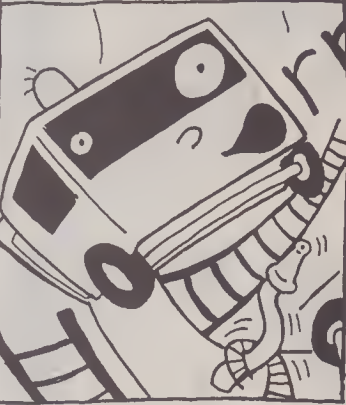
They said  
he was cured

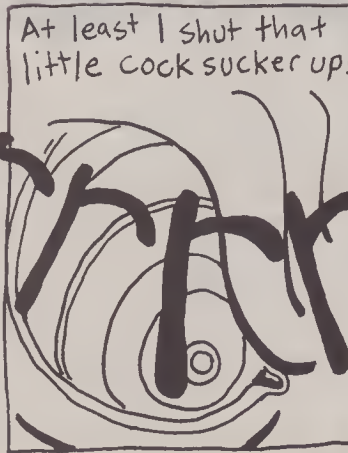
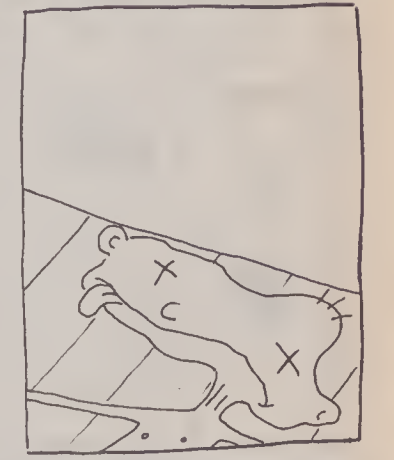
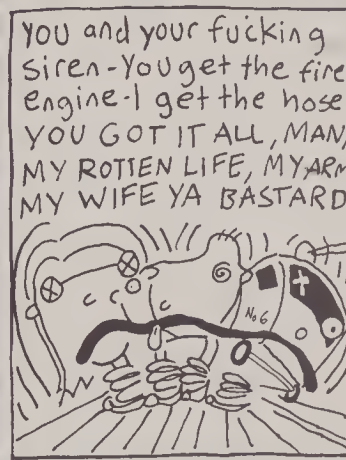
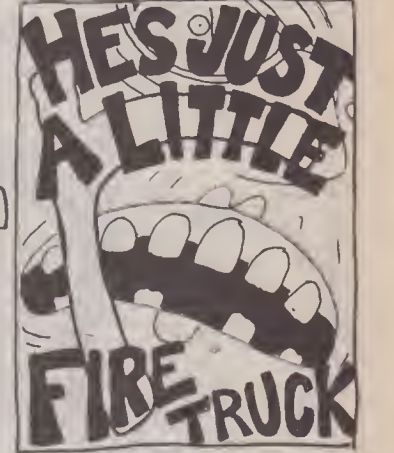
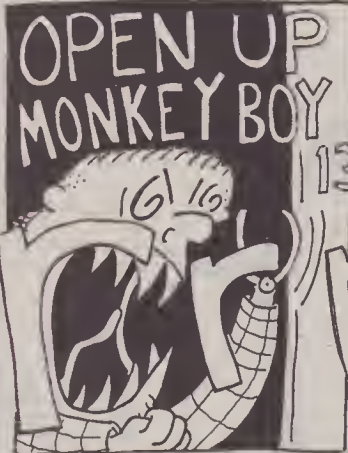
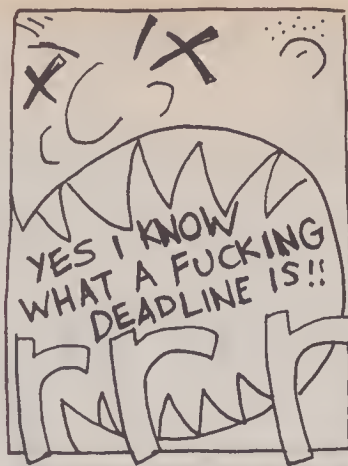


he didn't need to report  
fires anymore because



he had become  
a fire engine.







# THE DRAIN GUIDE TO THE CULINARY ARTS

by Jennie Boddy



King Coffey is on his way to the health food store, because he's just a health food kind of guy. Funny, listening to *Pick Up Heaven*, the first full-length release by Drain, you'd think the music was more drug-induced, or possibly dung-induced, but not ziti-induced.

"A friend of mine gave me a cookbook and I'm going to return the favor and make her a deluxe cookbook kind of meal," he says. "I'm not a fabulous cook, but I can follow instructions so I'm going to make her ziti

with broccoli and ricotti—doesn't that sound badass? I don't even know what ziti is, you probably can't even get it in Texas."

And you know, he's just a fellow with minimal needs. Just his ziti, the cute little Austin house he runs his Trance label out of, some dog food for Mole and that's all he needs. That's all. Shoot, he can get that from his pay ticket drumming for the Butthole Surfers. Ah, but those are material needs; spiritually I think King needs to be a little rebellious, a little...oh, that old word again, a little punk rock.

"Initially Drain was like a whole reaction against the Butthole Surfers in a way, especially since the Buttholes have kind of gotten out of control," he explains. "I mean, we do a tour now and carry like three trucks worth of equipment, you know? Things are just so overblown, and what I wanted to do with Drain was just go into a cheap studio and like plow through it, making it as cheap as possible.

"It kind of makes no sense, but for some reason I really want to play these armpits in front of 20 people and get paid \$15. Yes, pee on me; yes, I'm a masochist."

Well, the best laid plans...if you note the Butch Vig (Nirvana, L7, Urge Overkill, fill in your favorite band here) engineering credits on the album. See, Coffey did do what he set out to do, and then thought, "gee, this doesn't sound very good" and freaked out, remixing it like five times in Texas and finally sending it all up to Madison to have Butch Vig do it at Smart Studios. Here he is saying Drain should be this sort of cheesy basic punk rock sort of thing, and at the rate he's going he says he's already going to get the Austin Symphony Orchestra to orchestrate violin parts for the next album.

Wow, though, what McCoffey, bassist Owen McMann (also in the Cherubs) and guitarist and high school buddy David McCread came up with is some big and bad Texas distortion, complete with frenetic drum machining, keyboards and Elvis samples. When there are vocals they sound like

they're coming through a megaphone, and when there are words they are weird (murders, hippies, Robin Hood). And if your brain is shouting Big Black, you just better tell it to shut up.

"Hell no," says Coffey to the comparisons. "It's so ludicrous. I mean, it's like anybody who plays hard rock and has a drum machine and, oh, it's Big Black. It's not like the Japanese spent thousands of billions of dollars so they could invent Big Black."

So there. Whatever it is, though, it is definitely a far cry from McCread and Coffey's high school band, the Hugh Beaumont Experience ('78-'82).

"That was a terrible band because we were just kids and we were really clueless and really trendy," says Coffey. "We were in high school (strike one) and we were in Ft. Worth (strike two) and it was the late '70s (strike three) so it sucked. We were so into the Sex Pistols we wanted to be them to the point where the singer even sang with a fake British accent. Then we started taking drugs and were more Stooges clones, and we took more LSD and started playing 13th Floor Elevator albums, so I don't know. It was fun, but we were clueless."

Soon after they broke up, Coffey joined the Butthole Surfers and discovered the joys of cheap sampling. "What's really cool about technology is it's the great democratizer—oob, that's a good word, not a real word, but I'll make it one," he says. "It's getting progressively cheaper and I think soon everyone will have the resources to have a top ten Right Said Fred-style disco hit. We'll get to the point that even our moms will become disco divas by programming stuff in their back bedrooms. If everyone had their own sampler I think they would all have stuff that they would immediately want to sample and use."

And if technology bums you out, well, Coffey said you can either be smart or you can be stupid. After all, we're not going to march back into the stone age, he says, and technology by nature marches forward because it's self-perpetuating. And hell, if it's there, you might as well exploit it. "But by the same token," says King, "one of my favorite bands, Beat Happening, is really simplistic."

And one would think you could add the Pain Teens, Ed Hall, Cherubs, and Crust to his favorite band list, since they're all bands put out by his label, Trance Syndicate, distributed and manufactured by Touch and Go. Touch and Go kind of came to the Trance rescue when King sold his soul to them, and they are doing the distribution and manufacturing of Trance releases.

"Can you imagine me calling up distributors and saying, 'Yeah, uh, we got this kind of cool record by this like unknown band and it's EP and vinyl only; do you think you might want to buy like 10,000?'"

Hopefully now Austin bands, say, like Scratch Acid, can actually put out records with a local label, unlike, say, Scratch Acid, who wanted to but had no recourse.

"Really, all my favorite labels forever essentially have been regional labels," says King. "I think that's the way it should be, as well. Like right now I'm taking care of Ed Hall's dogs, and we all live in the same neighborhood and stuff. I think there's a real sense of a low bullshit factor with regional labels and generally the label really likes what it puts out, rather than a major label deciding what's going to sell 100,000 copies or whatever."

"It's kind of fun right now, because all the bands on the label play together, and we're all pooling our resources to set up a booking agency. I mean, it's still in the working phase, but actually it's really tough for bands like Ed Hall or Crust to kiss up to Peter Davis 24 hours a day. They're kind of like, 'Fuck it, let's do it ourselves.' ⑤

# IT'S A

by Chate

# GOOD KIND

# OF STUPID...

OK, are the Beastie Boys worth the paper and ink here in the year of the LA riot and Sharon Stone's crew? (you laugh to yourself and think) Were they ever? Well, turn the page or light up a blunt. I'm here to tell you what these NY-born-and-bred-but-living-in-LA kids are up to and down with these days, and you probably need the stick to get ya thru it.

Where we at? Oh yeah. We all know what has already taken place in the Beastie history book, right? Started out as a punk band (fuck, almost ten years ago!), met Rick Rubin and made what I think is a classic hip bop record that sold millions of units, got kicked off of Madonna's tour for not behaving, kicked around NYC for a while, moved to LA and then booked up with the Dust Brothers (Tone Loc, Young MC, more similar crap), created the bead trip Paul's Boutique (Oh yeah, did I mention that they left Def Jam for Capitol? No one cares anyway, right? Cool.) One of 'em started starring in Hollywood movies...fuck, does any of this matter? The bottom line is that this shit they just dropped this month has nothin' to do with wherever they been. Or fuck, maybe it's got everything to do with it. I'm still scramblin'. I need some peanut M&Ms, gee. And right now and shit.

Check Your Head just pulled up to the stop, and it's time to get out your change. Robin Zander is driving the bus. Jimmie Walker is talking about your mom, and well, fuck. Every now and then, even a blind pig will stumble into some slop. You know what I'm sayin'? Hold on, my sister is speakin' in tongues. The bass is talking to ber, man. She's gobbling up some sbit and spitting it back out at ya. "Hey, Chicoman...your mama wears Depends!"...yo, let go of MY HAIR, Man!! Wait, I gotta start this shit over. Man, the bass in this shit is that good kind of nausea. I'm gonna puke on my shirt and wear the colors proudly. "You wanna fuck with me, man?" Nah, I'm gonna roll up the window and check some of this shit out. More peanut M&Ms and a whole 'nother blunt on the bomefront. Can I say that these guys still rap in a very old-school style with voices that sound like someone's got 'em by the balls? Still no matter. This group is about to tour with FIREHOSE, so the crowd will know the deal. It ain't really about the words and shit. It's about a m'fucker of a groove and the correct juxtaposition of some ill-based borrowed text, you know? Refs ta National Lampoon, "Dynomitel," Cheap Trick, and KFC. Horns that sound like Tad blowing his nose, and real live jams by real live people. (Hold up. Isn't it weird that all of the other music rags are all over this "God, did you really play your own instruments?" thing when these kids have been playing their own shit all along? I would hate to have to talk about such obvious shit in every interview. Nuff said.) We got funky midnight instrumental jams, hardcore sounding shit, a duet between Biz Markie and Ted Nugent (that really helps us gain a proper perspective on pop music as a whole), some CB radio soundin' vocals,

# NO,



low-rider bicycles and shit. Sorry, but I like this record a lot. Y'all can just fuck off; I mean I really wanna see this shit hit a lotta motherfuckers' eardrums. Boo-yaa to ya. One of these knuckleheads is a kid named Mike D (short for Diamond).

On record he sounds like he's on whippets and milk duds, on the phone he sounds like Pauly Shore on crystal meth. He was a nice enough guy to call back a couple of times before we actually hooked up. And Homeboy is the drummer on most of this shit, playing a real drum kit using his very own hands! GOD, CAN YOU IMAGINE? Mike, shut me up, ok?

Usually I hate stuff that everybody else likes. Just about everyone that I come in contact with (including kids in guitar bands, brothers in hardcore rap bands, my girl, the guys at Burger King) all seem to love the Beastie boys. And the guys in the group tend to go out of they way to be unlikeable, so everything works out like it's supposed to. Oh man, did I mention that Adam Yauch (MCA to you) put together a really cool video for the "Pass The Mic" single? Yauch has always had an interest in film, video, moving images and shit. A friend of mine went to school with him at Bard, and says homeboy was way out in front of everyone else when it came down to documenting hallucinations and making rap records. Remember that single by MCA and Burzootie that came out on Def Jam way, way back in the day? I do. It was called Drum Machine, and hits as hard as Beastie shit; in fact, I wish they did this song in the show. Anyway, MCA seems to be the most serious about this shit. The other two come off as Bozos every now and then, and Yauch is the motherfuckin' BASS player, you know? He knows about BASS, the brain damage kind of shit that makes your teeth hurt. Somehow or 'nother, he has this New York old school hip hop trip mixin' it up with a dusted-out Cali mind grind. A little Schooly D/Flipper flashback (or forward) that's makes ya need to go the bathroom with your chocolate chip cookies come up for an encore. MCA's thinkin'.

In retro, I was kind of wondering how to bring you some information you can actually use about the Beastie Boys. Fuck, there they are on the cover of Spin, there they are on MTV, everybody has already told the story that the record company PR dept. wanted you to hear. All of them saying the same thing in a different way. I know, I'm just freestylin' when I say that these guys make records that, above all else, are fun to listen to. No political guilt trips, no personal love/slavery pleas, no pretension...but just the right amount of bullshit and appropriative originality to make you laugh out loud or piss in your britches. Funky as a motherfucker! RETARDED! You know what I mean? Yauch was saying that the last few songs of the set every night have been straight free-for-alls with the Beasties all playin' full-on with Mike Watt sittin' in and DJ Hurricane gettin' stupid in the midst. "On this tour, we been comin' out in the first third of the show with a hip-hop set with Hurricane on the mix, then we do a hardcore set with some of the old shit, and then everything after is just a big blow out. Last night at Michigan St., Watt comes up to me in the dressing room coming off with this 'You gotta show me those licks, man!' and I'm like, 'Mike Watt axin' ME about a bass line?' Shit...He's MIKE WATT, you know what I'm sayin'?" The guys are out on tour with Basehead, Firehose, Big Chief, Fushnikens, depending on where you live or how far you willing to drive. Yauch was wondering why this tour wasn't getting any juice in the black media marketplace; at gigs he's running into brothers that only found out about the gig on the day of the show, usually by word of mouth. But then, these guys have been out of the loop for a while. And after the recent riots in Los Angeles, it might

seem like a white rap group that goofs off more than anything else could get into trouble. "Yo, we were rehearsing in Silverlake (the neighborhood in LA that they live in and record) when the shit went up. Our man Keyboard Money Mark was right there when the shit first started gettin' crazy. We was up the studio runnin' through "Something's Gotta Give" when we got wind of what was up. It was weird, kinda like being on another planet or something. I mean this shit was bound to happen. Los Angeles is like a big see-saw or something. Everything is out of balance. The money, the power, the people are just caught in the middle of the politics and don't really have any say on what goes on."

I wonder if Randy Newman still loves LA; I mean, they should remake that old video and instead of all those idiot movie stars, they could have bloods and crips riding around in loaded jeeps with uzls yellin', "We love



it!" Fuck, they make the rules now. Luckily, the Beasties tour has 'em clear across the continent for the next few weeks. That first tour in over five years, the one that shows everybody that the Beasties are back like a motherfucker. And when they get back, it's time to start working on the new label that they are putting together. "It's gonna be called Grand Royal. This Check Your Head record is the first release, but it will be the only one distributed by Capitol. We are talking to other people about distribution right now. We already have found the group that is gonna be the next record on Grand Royal. It's these two girls called Luscious Jackson, who used to be down with us way back on the first tour. They are all that." Not to change the subject, but do you guys ever run into Rick Rubin anymore? "Yeah. Rick is a big Hollywood man now. We saw him at the premiere of this really bozak movie called Freejack or some shit, he was right down there in the front row with Mick Jagger and the guys from the Scorpions. I guess we see him around town, but we never hang out together or nothing." Well, who do you hang out with then? "Ourselves, Money Mark, you know, we got each other, you know? Adrock is about to get married and Mike D has started his own line of really cool clothes and shit. We hang with each other." That's kinda cool, you know? I hate hearing about groups that can't get together to play because the drummer lives in Utah, the bass player lives in Mexico, and the singer is on the run or something. I'm sure that livin' in Silverlake keeps them at least arm's length of the bullshit Hollywood/Burbank The Player -type brain strain. MCA says that "When all the people at Capitol who were involved with making Paul's Boutique happen to get fired on



the same day, we knew we were kinda fucked. I mean, we had just worked about a year and a half on this record, and the new guy says that we'll just put this one out now, but we really want you to go back and start work on another record. Rather than tour behind PB. Needless to say, we were kinda freaked out. We didn't know what was up." So, they retreated back to the home studio and spent another year and a half building Check Your Head. Now it's done and available to all you motherfuckers that know a party on wax when ya hear it. And for the rest of you boneheads, quit livin' like shit! 8

# WHO THE HELL IS JIM O'ROURKE ANYWAY

by Bruce Adams

Words like

"Improvisation" and "Composer" rightfully can confuse, if not intimidate. Still, as the old rock beast starts hacking out the last bits of its life force, it's good to look around to the edges of "serious music" where distinctions begin to blur and where a lot of good music is being made.

Which brings me to Jim O'Rourke. Talking with Jim is always an interactive, energetic process, and when you get him going on music (his own and in general), he dives right in. Especially over a pot of Starbucks. In the month since I interviewed Jim O'Rourke, he's performed in Chicago with Keith Rowe (a guitarist who first started taking guitars apart and playing them on tables in the '60s with AMM and now plays in the London skronk collective God) and with Gene Coleman (a Chicago-based woodwind guy who's worth an article himself) in an ensemble called No Amnesia, as well as guesting with longtime collaborators Illusion of Safety. At the time of this writing, Jim will shortly be going out on tour.

Jim O'Rourke plays the guitar, composes works for other ensembles and has a degree in composition from DePaul University. He teaches kids how to play Nirvana songs. My first introduction to Jim was when I was hawking records and he was a music director at DePaul's tiny-but-righteous radio station, WRDP. I heard him yell "I think you guys are good" at a Killdozer show.

So when we sat down for this interview, I just had to ask him how it all began.

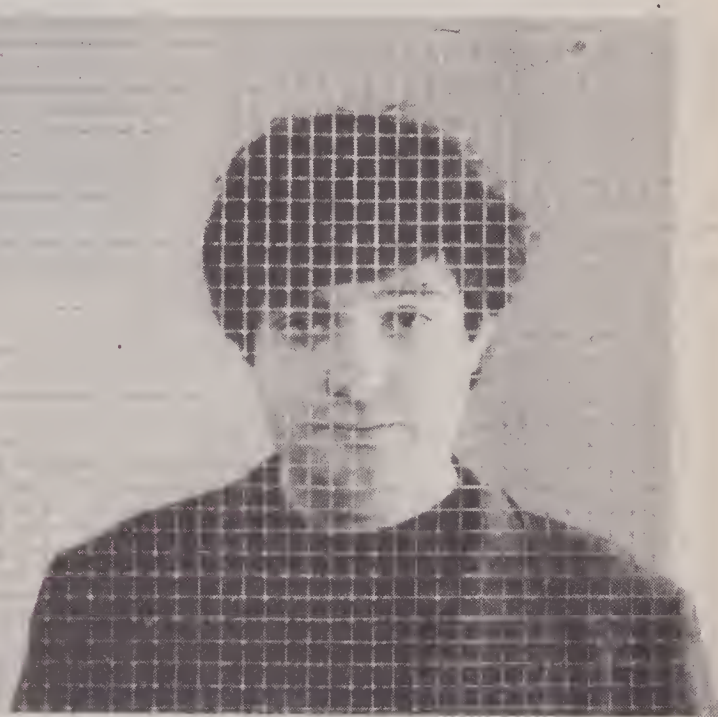
Jim started playing guitar at age six and kept playing through junior high school. By high school, he had taken up bass and was playing in the basketball band ("Rush songs at halftime!") and some hardcore bands. As Jim puts it, "I've been playing 'weird' ever since high school." By weird he means prepared guitar, placing the body of a guitar on a flat surface

and attacking it with household implements, or altering the mechanics of it, or just plain playing a guitar with things most people don't associate playing guitar with.

Keith Rowe is usually credited with beginning this school of guitar playing; Fred Frith has gained much more notoriety for doing it. Jim, however, traces his musical inspiration by a circuitous route that didn't begin with listening to Rowe or Frith. "I started cross-referencing the names listed on Zappa's Freakout and discovered John Cage, Karlheinz Stockhausen and Milton Freedman." Jim started to delve into the works of modern European composers and to experiment himself. "I'm not fond of the New York stuff (i.e. John Zorn, etc.) it means almost nothing to me. My background is more European. I listened more to Anthony Braxton and Cecil Taylor, who were influenced by European music," Jim says.

Jim O'Rourke started to record and distribute cassettes of his music, tapping into the active tape culture that blossomed in the early '80s. "I started putting things out on cassette because I had to." Jim O'Rourke met Dan Burke of Illusion of Safety when they both worked on a compilation tape for the radio station WZRD; he ended up opening a show for I.O.S. and then played with them. "It was always sort of a session man type thing," Jim notes. Illusion of Safety today is essentially Burke with augmenting members. Jim O'Rourke works on the textural pieces I.O.S. records or plays live.

"I'm not interested in melody or anything like that," Jim says. "I like big textured things. My professors used to hate that."



Ah yes, professors. Jim O'Rourke recently finished his degree at DePaul and has interesting stories to tell about his experiences in academia. "The thing with universities," he says, "is that they want composition students to produce self-contained works with set elements that can be judged by professors. Professors want to push things on you that have more to do with putting things on paper." Jim speaks of being shown twenty page Stockhausen pieces with graphs and structures for the exact performance of a composition. "If you're not going to pay attention to what's happening in performance, then you're going to miss what's unique about music." Jim O'Rourke can justifiably state that music is "not information, it's experience."



"I'm more interested in the texture and the color than in the individual notes and rhythm of music," Jim says. While he was going to school, O'Rourke was performing with near-legendary improvisors like Derek Bailey and Henry Kaiser as well as working with Illusion of Safety and performing on his own. Last year Jim gave me a tape of guitar improvisations he did with the Japanese guitar terrorist K.K. Null called Neuro Eco Media. It's a slice of metal ambience that immediately struck me as one of 1991's best releases, meeting at the nexus of noise and ambience.

Jim also completed a CD with Henry Kaiser called Tomorrow Knows Where You Live. A series of guitar duets, it finds Kaiser taming his hippy dippy tendencies and meeting Jim head on in a series of looping, sustained tunes that easily unfold. "The stuff with Kaiser is about as nutty as I get," Jim says. The CD has recently been released on the Victo label.

Then there's Tamper, released on the Australian Extreme label and featuring O'Rourke compositions for a small group. O'Rourke met the owner of the label, who was on a world tour. After three days in Chicago an agreement was made to release some of Jim's material on Extreme. Now Jim O'Rourke actually does mailing for Extreme releases in America and occasionally chats up the odd college radio music director. A compilation tape of forthcoming O'Rourke material has Jim continuing to branch out. His composed material uncurls slowly, with carefully developing quiet music that emerges with sheets of noise added on top. He continues to do solo tours of guitar performances. "There's a network in place, I decide which one to tap into," he says. What that means is that in America O'Rourke plays rock clubs and is promoted as an "industrial" performer. In France and Sweden he's presented as a composer. In England he's associated with improvisors like Derek Bailey.

The discography gives only a sample of the music Jim O'Rourke has

been producing, but it's the beginning of getting into the work of a goddamn Renaissance man. Now if he can ever put together that power trio he talked about... 8

#### Discography Jim O'Rourke solo:

Tamper CD (Extreme CD009)  
The Ground Above Our Heads LP (Entnenpfehl)  
"Far Along a Vacant Sea" on X-X Section CD (Extreme CD010)  
"Eveh" on Chicago Loops CD (Sup Up)

with Henry Kaiser:  
Tomorrow Knows Where You Live CD (Victo)

with Organum:  
Ivel 7" (Dom)

with Illusion of Safety:  
Historical CD (Staalplaat)  
Cancer CD (Tesco)

with K.K. Null:  
Neuro Eco Media Cassette (Nux)

Forthcoming:  
Mere CD (Dom Bartenuchs)  
Scend CD (Divided)  
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YOUR FLESH





welcome  
to the harmonic  
convergence.

sing a happy song please.  
any happy song. yeah you. some  
little conspiracy anthem that  
we all know by heart.

and we'll all join in and sing it  
together.

great.

now we'll paint the whole place pink.

there's a lot of ways to get killed but the  
killing screws are just a pain in the ass plain  
and simple.

here & there they get in the way.

see now we've painted the whole room a sweet sickly pink flesh tone color, now we can get comfy  
with one another and listen! everybody has started to hum along. this is wonderful. wow.

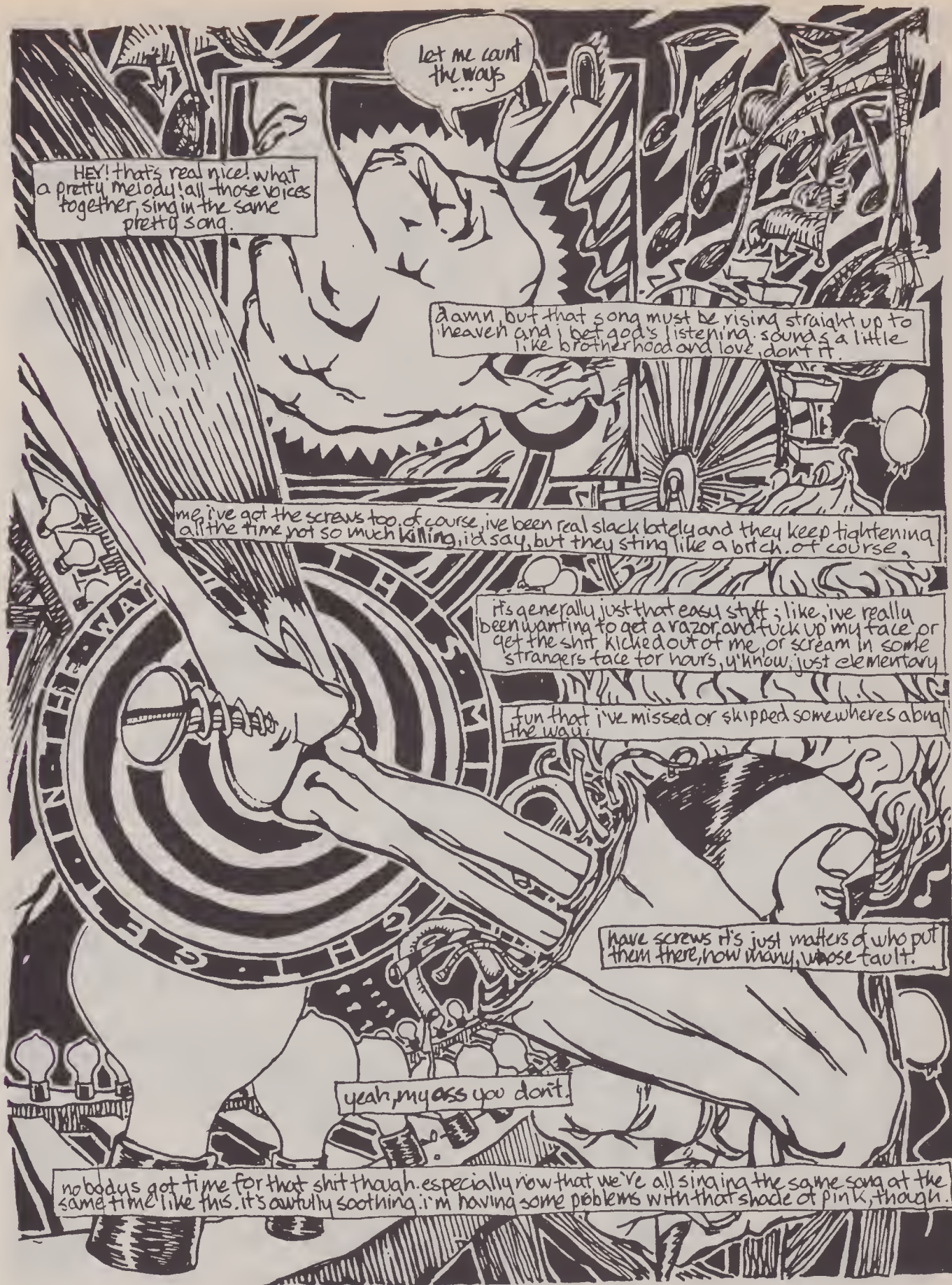
yeah they can really trip you up. in fact a long time ago in my pink little high school, i knew a guy that  
everybody liked 'cause he was such a great guy and all and one day he skipped school so he could  
hook up this elaborate pulley system in his pink little room attached to a gun and he blew those  
nasty screws right out of his head, his little brother came home early & he was still convulsing.

you get the picture, you've seen it before,  
the screws really tripped him up bad.

i don't really know the whys & wherefores and i'm  
certainly not by any means saying-- wait.

listen--you hear that?





let me count  
the ways

HEY! that's real nice! what  
a pretty melody! all those voices  
together sing in the same  
pretty song.

damn, but that song must be rising straight up to  
heaven and i bet god's listening. sounds a little  
like brotherhood and love, dont it.

me, i've got the screws too, of course, i've been real slack lately and they keep tightening  
all the time, not so much killing, i'd say, but they sting like a bitch, of course.

it's generally just that easy stuff; like, i've really  
been wanting to get a razor, and fuck up my face, or  
get the shit kicked out of me, or scream in some  
stranger's face for hours, u'know, just elementary

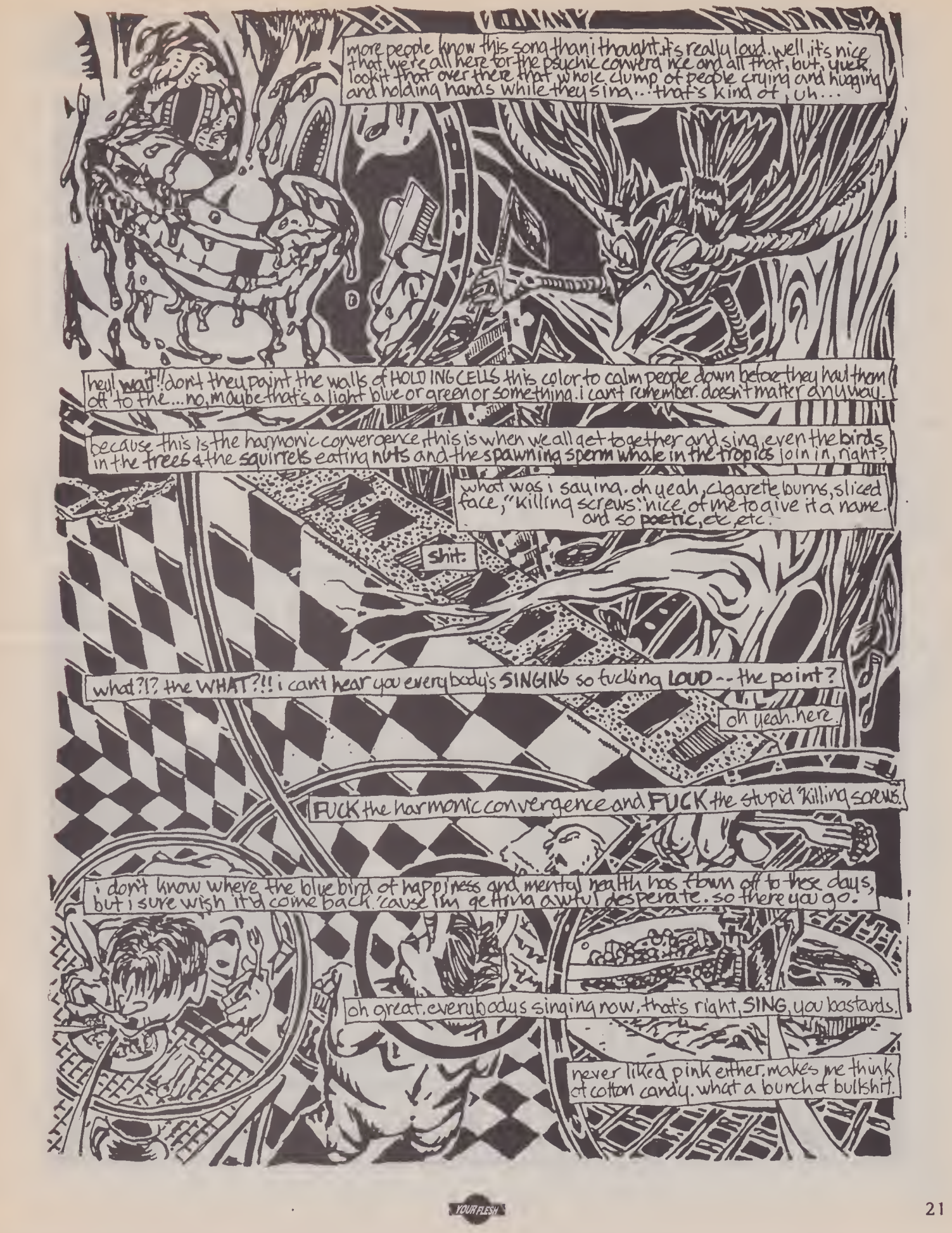
fun that i've missed or skipped somewhere along  
the way.

have screws it's just matters of who put  
them there, how many, whose fault.

yeah, my ass you don't.

no bodys got time for that shit though. especially now that we're all singing the same song at the  
same time like this. it's awfully soothing. i'm having some problems with that shade of pink, though.





more people know this song than i thought. it's really loud. well, it's nice that we're all here for the psychic convergence and all that, but, uh, lookit that over there that whole clump of people crying and hugging and holding hands while they sing... that's kind of, uh...

hey! wait!! don't they paint the walls of HOLDING CELLS this color to calm people down before they haul them off to the... no, maybe that's a light blue or green or something. i can't remember. doesn't matter anyway.

because this is the harmonic convergence, this is when we all get together and sing, even the birds in the trees & the squirrels eating nuts and the spawning sperm whale in the tropics join in, right?

what was i saying. oh yeah, cigarette burns, sliced face, "killing screws" nice of me to give it a name. and so poetic, etc, etc.

shit.

what?!? the WHAT?!? i can't hear you everybody's SINGING so fucking LOUD -- the point?

oh yeah, here.

FUCK the harmonic convergence and FUCK the stupid "killing screws."

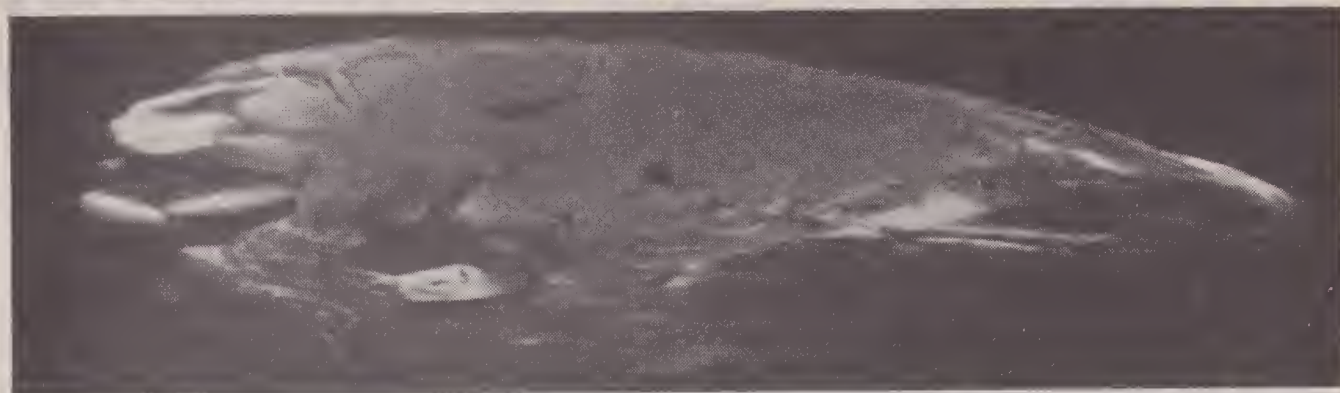
i don't know where the blue bird of happiness and mental health has flown off to these days, but i sure wish it'd come back 'cause i'm getting awfully desperate. so there you go.

oh great, everybody's singing now, that's right, SING, you bastards.

never liked pink either, makes me think of cotton candy. what a bunch of bullshit.



# GOOD



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# WHAT DO CREEPY CRAWLERS, MONSTER MODELS AND UFOs HAVE IN COMMON?

THEY ALL GLOW IN THE

DARK IN THE MYSTERIOUS

WORLD OF

ARTIST/MUSICIAN

STEVE THOMSEN

by Lisa Janssen

The mysterious world of Steve Thomsen

was not quite revealed to me. In fact, my inquiry left me with more questions than answers, but so it goes with any exceptional artist. Especially if your art has to do with UFOs.

Boyd Rice calls Thomsen's music, "The strangest, most stimulating music you'll ever want to hear. It's like being in another world." This describes it most fittingly. It is unlike anything I have ever heard before. When I think of electronic music, either the most sickening sounds of New Age or the grim, lifeless techno/dance varieties come to mind. And though Thomsen's is made almost entirely with synthesizers and samplers, it achieves a seemingly impossible combination: electronic music that manages to be warm and spacious, multi-layered and otherworldly, all at the same time.

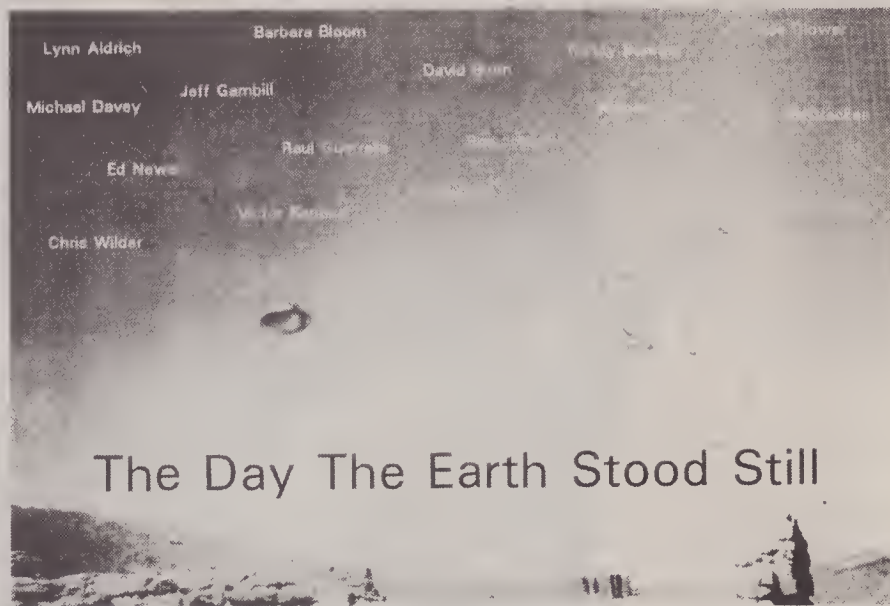
In the late 1970s Thomsen co-founded the art group World Imitation Productions, which produced several innovative xerox collage magazines. In 1981 they expanded their endeavors into music and produced an album under the name Monitor, whose sound precursed much of the retro surf music being made today, and whose haunting, delicate melodies only hint at the weirdness of Thomsen's latest compositions.

Thomsen's visual art is equally strange. His collages and sculptures make eerie counterpoints to the music. In one show he transformed the tiny world of the snow-dome-shake-up-scene into creepy visions of his own fantasy lands. Scenes included angels wearing bats' wings, Godzilla chewing on Santa Claus, and a ballerina dancing on a brain—all perfectly logical images for a man who spends much of his time in the desert looking for things that glow in the dark. These days Steve Thomsen takes pictures of UFOs. In a letter responding to my inquiry, he states: "For the last five or six years I have been making beautiful and strange photographs of UFOs with two friends of mine. We see them wherever we go." Well now, I thought, this really IS strange.

**YOUR FLESH:** What were your favorite toys as a child? Did you have any collections?

**STEVE THOMSEN:** My favorite toys were monster models, erector sets, Christmas lights, fireworks, creepy crawlers and anything that glowed in the dark. I had a collection of black light psychedelic posters in the late '60s, most of which I painted myself. I knew as a child what thrilled me and I still do. It's been a real struggle to maintain that childlike clarity. People in power want you to think and act exactly as they do. And if you don't play their game, you won't get to play at all. I have always loved strange beauty and awe. Unfortunately, Western culture absolutely forbids different perceptions of reality. When I get depressed by this I try to recall a quote by Albert Einstein, that the best science and art stems from an appreciation of the mysterious.

■ **YF:** Tell me about World Imitation. ■ **ST:** World Imitation Productions was a group of five friends that produced xerox collage magazines. We were partly inspired by another group of artists called Science Holliday. The two groups produced several magazines together, then World Imitation split off. We made many magazines that were sold in hip stores in Los Angeles, San Francisco and New York. ■ **YF:** Did World Imitation



have a mission? ■ **ST:** Each member had entirely different motives behind their participation. I like to take images and symbols of American culture and rearrange them with my sense of humor and design. The same collage would evoke entirely different responses from people. Some people were threatened, most laughed. I always felt inspired by both

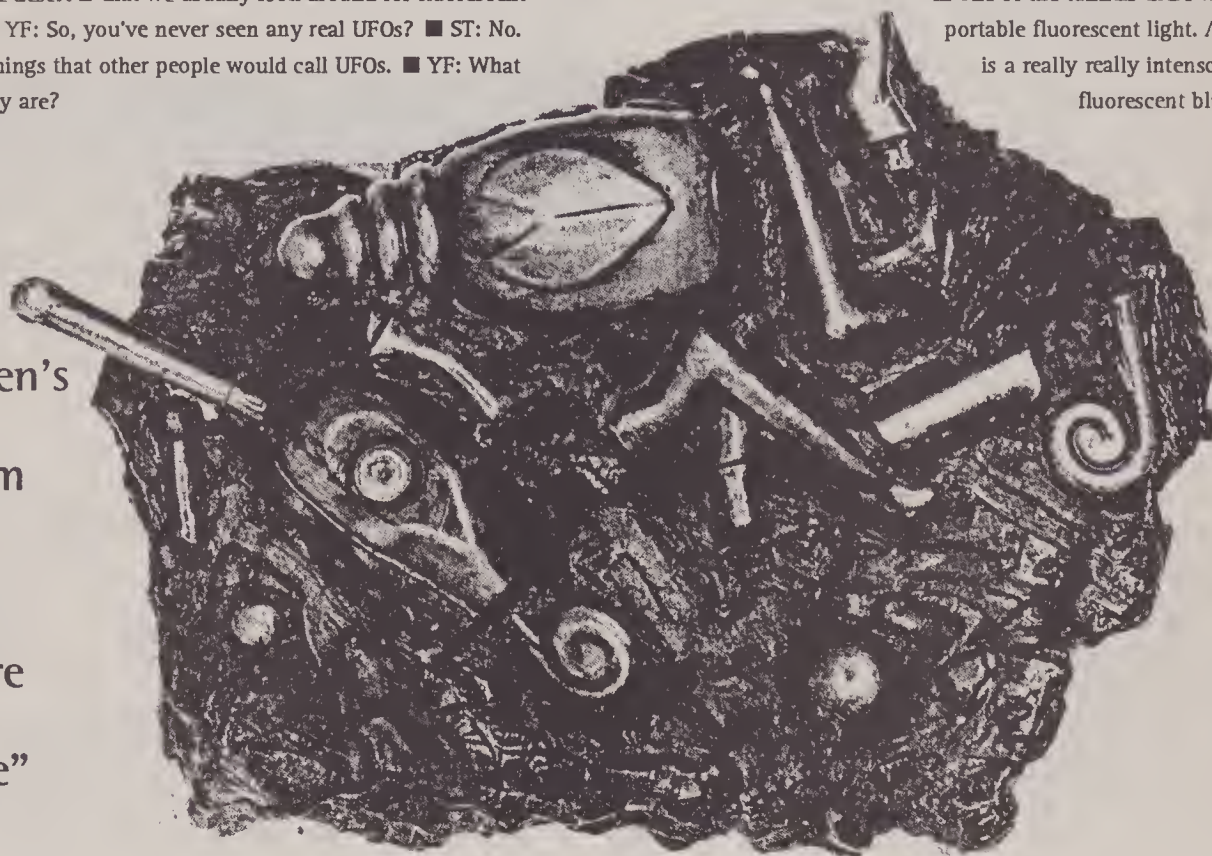
responses ■ YF: What specifically threatened people about your collages? ■ ST: When I was doing collages with World Imitation sometimes I would use symbols that were, I guess, sacred and make light of them. ■ YF: Like what? ■ ST: I remember this one time I had this collage of this little girl on crutches that was being used as an ad to get money for this certain society that was researching infant paralysis or something, and it was, you know, it was like a tear jerker kind of ad. It was a child, and everyone always responds in a very peculiar way to children. And it was manipulative to begin with. I took this little girl and I cut it out and I put some tires on her crutches and it looked pretty good, and some tire tracks that were moving and so it looked like she was like, zooming along. Some friend of a friend saw that and just flipped out completely, thought it was like, really sick, really evil. In any case, I think the original representation of the image was more evil than evil. ■ YF: I want to know all about UFOs. Where do you see them? ■ ST: Generally out in the desert. We go out into the desert and have amazing experiences. ■ YF: How many times do you think you've seen them? ■ ST: Thousands. ■ YF: Really? ■ ST: Well, I'm speaking here of my own creations. ■ YF: So you're not really seeing spaceships? ■ ST: Well, I'm talking about what we do for our photographs. We re-create popular mythology with hubcaps and baking tins. ■ YF: I was ready to believe that you really saw them. ■ ST: I've seen some amazing things, but I've never seen a hubcap. ■ YF: What kind of amazing things? ■ ST: Well, I'm interested in fluorescent minerals and I've spent a considerable amount of time at night in the desert and in quarries and mines looking for luminous rocks. In fact that's one of the sidelights of our UFO adventures in the desert is that we usually look around for fluorescent items as well. ■ YF: So, you've never seen any real UFOs? ■ ST: No. Well, I've seen things that other people would call UFOs. ■ YF: What do you think they are?

■ ST: Well, they're a lot of things. That would take forever to explain what my opinion is. What I put together encompasses my knowledge of light, optics, physics, meteorology, geology, electricity, biology, history, perception and psychology. ■ YF: You didn't get that at art school. ■ ST: No, this is my own academic pursuit. I'm interested in anything that's luminous. And UFOs fall within that subject. Although that wasn't the instigation for taking the photographs. The main reason behind that is just that I think that it's just an incredibly beautiful and mysterious thing. A shiny disc in a blue sky is just very beautiful.

■ YF: So what other kind of luminous material do you work with? Where has that interest taken you? ■ ST: I was in a mine once in Denver and it had frozen near the entrance. There was a lot of water and it was frozen over, but there was still water underneath the thin layer of ice and you could see these rails that they used for the ore cars there. And I was walking very carefully in there, it was very slippery and there were crystals of ice on the walls as well, and I came to this stalagmite which was about five feet tall and pure ice and it was just incredible, and I had this halogen flashlight which I shined into the stalagmite which acted as a light pipe or a conduit, and the light bent through this stalagmite and through the ice and also shot out of it somehow and the whole place suddenly lit up in a real peculiar fashion. Sort of glittery and wiggling, just amazing. You had to be there. It doesn't sound so great when I describe it, but being there, seeing it was just stunning. I've also been to a shellite mine. Shellite is an ore of tungsten and was very important around 1939, 1940 because of the war. Tungsten was used to harden steel for weapons. So this mine was worked in the '40s and then abandoned. I was

in one of the tunnels there with my portable fluorescent light. And shellite is a really really intense fluorescent blue.

Steve  
Thomsen's  
Gypsum  
Plaster  
Sculpture  
"Cootie"





You can see it from a long way away. If you wave the light around out there near that place, there's just glowing blue stuff everywhere you look. Everywhere. It's like the stars, only on the ground. And there's these veins also that are crisscrossing and diagonally slanting in rocks. There are surfaces of rocks that are just totally, intensely fluorescent. In the mine, it was just like that. It was completely pitch black, and I was in this tunnel, and I turned on my fluorescent light, and it just lit up, like this amazing amazing thing. Just streaks of blue and speckled stars everywhere. ■ YF: So how come you didn't end up a scientist? ■ ST: Oh, I don't know. I guess I am a little bit. ■ YF: What about your music? What motivates that aspect of your work? ■ ST: Well, it's the same as art. There's really not much difference as far as I can see other than that art is more material than music. Music is best when you hear it as it's being made. But other than that, the actual drive and my ideas are the same as what I expressed about art. I like to make music that produces some kind of feeling or response that you can't by just saying something with words or describing something or even painting something. ■ YF: How long have you been doing that? ■ ST: My beginnings were with the introduction of synthesizers, which I guess wasn't until the mid '70s. Previous to that I had knowledge of music. I played woodwinds and some keyboards, but I didn't really know how to create with those tools. Synthesizers changed

everything because they were new and everyone was starting off on the same foot. I felt more confident because I just I didn't feel bamboozled by all these incredible technicians and musical geniuses that are around. Synthesizers give you total and complete control over a sound, and they were capable of producing sounds that had never been heard before ever. So, it was very exciting. Then they quickly became connected to keyboards which I think is unfortunate, but it's a way of interfacing with humans. They changed rapidly away from synthesizers into other types of keyboard instruments. That got me into it. I started making interesting sounds and World Imitation was going and we decided we should do some music. It was just another way expressing our same ideas. ■ YF: What are your plans for the future with that? ■ ST: Well, you know, I compose constantly. I have tons and tons of material and I would like to produce it, but it's just a question of money and I can't get any support for it, so it's very slow going. I have to do it in my off time from work. That's all I do on my days off is art and music, and then I'm off work at night, that's all I do is art and music. But that's not enough. I need more time, I need more equipment. But we're getting a demo together. It's getting pretty close. ■ YF: It seems really timely, just the little I've heard. ■ ST: It's always been timely. But the world is always behind. ⑧



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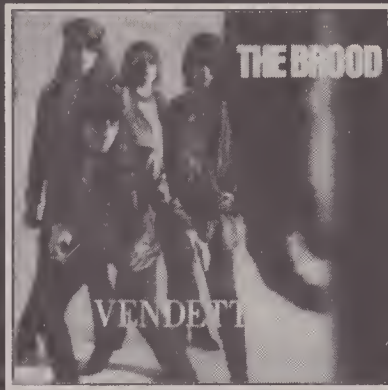


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It's an election year and the putrescent stench of corrupt democracy is everywhere. But even if you don't know which vile, noxious, and evil so-called candidate you'd vote for to control your world, you DO know who you hate...

# HATEPOLL 1991 RESULTS!!!

Over the past several weeks, dozens of workers in the Your Flesh/Time-Warner Incorporated Corporate Headquarters tower have been frantically tearing at envelopes, tapping on calculators, and falsifying answers on the tens of thousands of Hatepoll 1991 responses that have arrived daily by the truckload. Though they are weary from heavy toil, their hearts are filled with an almost insufferable joy: The People Have Spoken! The People Shall Triumph! The depth and breadth of popular hate has now been empirically calculated and quantified for the very first time, and the results are a glorious eruption of the popular will! All Hail Communism!

Never had we dreamed that so much HATE was seething through our readership...the depth and breadth of the popular hostility is indeed an awesome and beautiful spectacle to behold.

The way we worked this out is as follows: in categories where a sufficient number of people cited the same object d'loathing to represent some sort of broad-based sentiment, numerical rankings are delineated; beneath these are a few selected comments regarding the other nominees in the category. In categories where the answers varied too wildly for any sort of consensus to be achieved, the comments of a few respondents, chosen at random, are cited alone. Read on...bask in the glorious rays of the popular rage.

## GRAND PRIZE WINNERS—MOST NOMINATIONS IN ALL CATEGORIES:

1. Sinéad O'Connor
2. Michael Stipe
3. Vanilla Ice
4. Morrissey

## 1. IF YOU COULD NAME ONE CURRENT FIGURE IN MUSIC WHO YOU'D LIKE TO SEE PUBLICLY ELECTROCUTED AND THEN SET ON FIRE, WHO WOULD IT BE? WHY?

1. Vanilla Ice "Isn't it obvious?"... "So I could do a song called 'let's ice ice baby, baby.'"
2. Dave Kendall "He's Euro-trash."... "From his new wave hairpiece to his 'alternative means England' accent, this clod should be disposed of for pushing crap such as Depeche Mode or REM onto unassuming kids, making them think they're punk if they like Nirvana."
3. Paul Westerberg "He is the heart & soul of rock 'n' roll—greedy, mean spirited & self-deluded."... "From the school of American Morrissey. Thinks he's a big fucking deal."
4. Sinéad O'Connor "She threatened to quit show business. She didn't."... "Other than personifying everything that's wrong with music, she looks like a monk."

Michael Bolton "The embodiment of crass how-does-my-hair-look-in-this-light careerism."... Krk Flipside "He's a loser, and he's so full of

shit that the fire would burn eternally."... Anthony Keidis "For inspiring an entire generation of swine."... Paula Abdul "Just to see her hair stand 'straight up.' And to permanently erase that coy, over-the-shoulder look that seems to be her chief talent."... 2 Live Crew... Bon Jovi... Cristina "She's so lame."... Chris Stigliano "He is everything that is wrong with rock criticism."... Tesco Vee "To watch him laugh at mere mortals' futile attempts."... "The idiot at Rough Trade who decided to front 100 grand to the Butthole Surfers, thereby sinking the label."

## 2. IF YOU COULD NAME ONE BAND YOU'D LIKE TO SEE FALL PREY TO THE LYNRYD SKYNYRD/STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN/CHALLENGER CREW TREATMENT, WHO WOULD IT BE?

1. REM. "About four or five years ago; then we could be saying 'wonder what they'd be doing now.' Unfortunately, we know." "Pompous, loudmouthed motherfuckers whose music has declined steadily from album to album."... "For getting the hook to 'Stand' imbedded in my brain."... "If I hear Michael Stipe bitch one more time about 'fame and money'..." "I don't know; death makes legends."
2. Jane's Addiction. "It's painful to think that they are a moving force in alternative music."
3. (Tie) Throwing Muses. "Their ethereal whine doth pierce the stratosphere ad nauseum."
4. Nation Of Ulysses. "They bug me even though I've never heard them."
5. Guns 'n' Roses. "Their politics are slightly to the right of Hitler."

Poison Idea "Cause they would live."... Ministry "So everyone could walk around with 'Al Jourgensen lives' t-shirts."... Grateful Dead "It's the environmentally-correct thing to do."... Butthole Surfers... Danzig... NWA "As payback."... Didjits "Poor spelling and unkempt hair."... Hole "Because they fucking suck."... Henry Rollins Band "Because they stink."... The Nymphs "Obviously manufactured faux rebellion."... Magnolias "So their first two LPs would come out on CD."... "Every band in L.A. doing the Chili Peppers/Fishbone thing."... Samiam "Their sound warrants it, and the fact that they declare they want to be on a major demands it."

## 3. IF BY MERELY SAYING SO, YOU COULD CAUSE EVERY COPY OF ONE ALBUM TO SPONTANEOUSLY COMBUST, WHICH ONE WOULD IT BE? WHY?

1. Led Zeppelin. "The Led Zeppelin album with 'Stairway To Heaven' on it. It would be great to watch all the burnouts scratch their heads and say 'Man, it was just here yesterday.'"... "Any Zeppelin album, just to piss stoners off."
2. REM Green
3. Nirvana Nevermind



Agent Orange Real Live Sound...Pink Floyd Dark Side Of The Moon  
 "Three hundred weeks on Billboard? I couldn't get through three songs.  
 Change the channel and grab a bon-bon Syd, you didn't miss  
 nothin'."...Charles Manson Lie...REO Speedwagon Hi Infidelity...Drunks  
 With Guns LP "It Stinks."...Fleetwood Mac Rumours...Bruce Springsteen  
 Born In The U.S.A....Marky Mark & Funky Bunch Music For The  
 People...Big Black Atomizer.

#### 4. WHAT MUSICAL FIGURE/BAND DO YOU HATE THE MOST ON THE BASIS OF SIMPLY BEING ANNOYING OR INSIPID? WHY?

1. Vanilla Ice "Annoying and insipid." "Haircut & attitude."
2. Henry Rollins "He is annoying and insipid." "...Thinks he's the James Dean of the literary scene."

SST "Pot smoking hippie punks are worse than Deadheads in San Francisco."...Guns 'n' Roses..."Spoiled, boring, predictable, overplayed, too cute, in need of a good spanking."...Motley Crue "Covering 'Anarchy in the UK'."...Sinead O'Connor "A self-righteous slut."...Red Hot Chili Peppers...Firehose "Because they're spineless."...U2 "Now that twerp is even further up in the mix."...Steve Albini...English People "Why not?"...Cop Shoot Cop "Swans did it better ten years ago."...Al Jourgensen "I met him. He has a small man complex."...The Traveling Wilburys "Their music makes Carol Channing seem profound."...Dee-Lite "I've seen their picture."...Michael Stipe "He mumbles."...Killdozer "I guess being rude and sounding like Cookie Monster is supposed to be funny."...Perry Farrell "Annoying and insipid."...Siouxsie & Banshees...Daniel Johnston "He's a nutball."...Krk "He's an idiot, and he tries."...

#### 5. WHAT FATE DOES MORRISSEY DESERVE? BE CREATIVE.

"I'm still trying to figure out what band he was in."..."Being ignored by the world. It would kill him."..."Needs to be forgotten. His receiving no attention whatsoever would cause him suffering no other torture could provide."..."To end up looking like Tad."..."He deserves his fans and vice versa."..."To be in Mike Tyson's cell."..."An evening with Henry Rollins. No condoms."..."A weekend visit from Barry Henssler."..."Spin-The-Bottle at an all-girl 13th birthday party."..."To interview Karen Finley."..."Shampoo boy in my father's beauty salon."..."An international broadcast of him in a dress singing 'Melvin' by the Bells, followed by his being shot and killed."..."Being slowly lowered into a vat of boiling acid while being forced to listen to Lou Reed's Metal Machine Music."..."To receive his fondest wish: To die."..."Fistfucked by Il Duce, and then being forced to fuck Courtney Love, then eat a double cheeseburger while listening to Slayer."

#### 6. WHAT IS/WAS THE WORST ERA IN THE HISTORY OF MUSIC? WHY?

1. Now. "This one. Any era that could produce the Sisters Of Mercy could only be defined as

'bottoming out.'"

2. The Eighties. "Eighties' bubblegum & lite heavy metal. Drove millions of people into leading worthless lives."..."Late eighties. Way too many poseurs and way too much living for/in the past."..."Mid eighties. Seven Seconds, MIA."..."Early eighties. If it can't stand on it's own today, it's shit."

3. The Sixties. "Bad clothes, expensive drugs, inane conversation of the period."..."Flowery, Acid-induced Grateful Dead music."..."The decade when rock went corporate."

"Straight Edge—no 16-year-old anywhere is experienced enough."..."It hasn't happened yet. Wait for a Dance Music revival in 15-20 years."..."Early to mid '70s. Led Zeppelin, David Bowie, Allman Brothers, Progressive Rock."

#### 7. NAME ONE TOP FORTY SONG THAT IS BETTER THAN MOST SO-CALLED "ALTERNATIVE" MUSIC.

1. Nirvana, "Smells Like Teen Spirit" (Almost was unanimous...what fucking sheep you all are.—Ed.)

"Don't Fear The Reaper" by Blue Oyster Cult..."Like A Prayer" by Madonna..."FOPP"..."I'm Too Sexy" by Right Said Fred..."Get A Leg Up" by John Cougar..."Living On A Prayer" by Bon Jovi..."Buffalo Stance" by Neneh Cherry..."Anything by Boyz II Men."..."Under My Wheels" by Alice Cooper..."Can't Touch This"..."Good Vibrations" by Mark E Mark & Funky Bunch..."1-40. That's why they're popular."..."O.P.P." by Naughty by Nature..."Money For Nothing" by Dire Straits.

#### 8. WHAT IS THE BEST REASON, MUSICALLY SPEAKING, TO STAY AT HOME AND THROW UP?

"MTV, because now I don't have to leave home."..."New Band Nights."..."Since we couldn't write a halfway decent song to save our lives, we'll cover that fact with





extreme volume."..."Lollapalooza."..."CMJ"..."Dust Devils"..."Smashing Pumpkins"....."I am literally old enough (at 30) to be the parent of most of the people at the shows."..."Cheap beer & cold women."..."The K pop underground festival last summer."..."The men are prettier than me."....."The Pixies."..."The current L.A. club scene."..."I am somewhat confused by this question..."

#### 9. WHAT CURRENT MUSICAL FIGURE DESERVES TO BE PUT TO SLEEP FOR STRICTLY HUMANITARIAN REASONS?

1. Iggy Pop. "A soft, spent geezer."..."Iggy Pop. It sounds like sacrilege, but think about it."
2. Keith Richards. "Just imagine what he smells like."
3. Michael Stipe. "He stands up for everything except gay rights, and he's fucked or tried to fuck about ten guys that I know."
4. G.G. Allin. "Bad Tattoos."..."Big hat, no cattle."

"Tad; He consumes too many other lifeforms."..."Neil Haggerty; all heroin addicts need to be put out of their misery."..."Captain Beefheart; stuck out in some desert wasting good canvas."..."Anyone who uses 'Ice' in his name."..."Jeff or Steve McDonald."..."Ted Nugent—is he still considered current?"(No.—Ed.)..."Bo-Deans; our Bo-Deans CD/Cassette burning party probably caused too much pollution to continue."..."Danzig. Get a life, pal."..."Miracle Legion, who were too cheap to buy their own back catalog at the Rough Trade auction."..."U2, for suing Negativland."..."Sinead O'Connor"..."MC Hammer. I don't think he's 'Too Legit To Quit'; almost, but not enough."..."Roy from Youth Of Today; it's pathetic to watch people grow up."

#### 10. WHAT CURRENT MUSICAL FIGURE/BAND/TREND IS IT EASIEST TO IGNORE COMPLETELY?

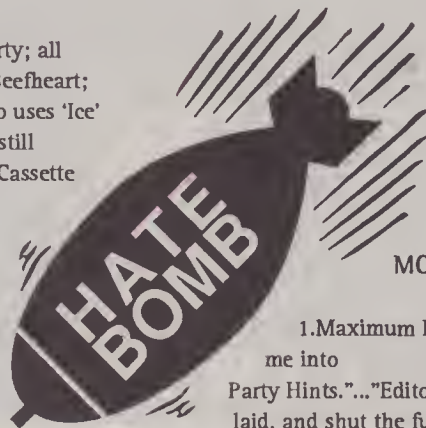
1. Manchester.
2. Wax Trax.
3. Techno/Acid House.

"Punk Funk"..."Ads like the one on your back cover patronizing 'alternative comic' style design...yecch."..."Tribute LPs."..."Distorted Pony"..."Nirvana."..."G.G. Allin"..."Retro Hardcore, i.e. Pegboy"..."Ian MacKaye"..."Foxcore"..."Straight Edge"..."Superchunk, the blandest of the bland."..."Taang's new up-with-people attitude."

#### 11. WHAT SONG DO YOU HATE THE MOST THAT YOU COULD HEAR ON COLLEGE RADIO?

1. "Real Real Real" by Jesus Jones.
2. "Smells Like Teen Spirit"
3. "Most of them", "Everything", or variations on that theme.

"Jesus Built My Hotrod"..."Operation Rescue" by Bad Religion..."1000 Smiling Knuckles" by Skinyard..."What I Like About You" by Romantics..."Anything by Dec-Lite"..."Ilead Like A Hole" by Nine Inch Nails....."Radio Song" by REM..."Bitchin' Camaro"..."Any Nirvana song from Nevermind "..."Anything by They Might Be Giants"..."Anything by Smashing Pumpkins"..."Any reggae song."



#### 12. WHAT FANZINE DO YOU HATE THE MOST? WHY?

1. Maximum RockNRoll. "The acts they espouse would put me into a sound sleep faster than Karen Ann Quinlan Party Hints."..."Editor is a fifty year old loser"..."Have a drink, get laid, and shut the fuck up already."..."Outdated politics & music."

(Ed. Note: This was a landslide...half again the votes of the second place finisher, and more than three times the votes of the third.)

2. Rolling Stone. "Why would I want to read MTV when I don't even watch it?"..."Pawn of the record industry."
3. Alternative Press. "British groupies with no grasp of historical reference."

Search & Destroy "If you've ever seen a copy, you know why they don't still print them."...Chemical Imbalance "Reminds me of a college newspaper arts section"..."Your Flesh..."they're all the same"..."Jersey Beat...Jet Lag...B Side...Ben Is Dead...BeBop ...Suburban Voice...Relix.

#### 13. WHAT "MUSIC WRITER" (AS IF THERE WERE SUCH A THING) DO YOU HATE THE MOST? WHY?

1. Chris Stigliano
2. Jack Rabid "Stupid pseudonym & plays in a pussy band."
3. Robert Christgau/Gcrard Cosloy

"Howard Wuelfing. Thinks he's Lester Bangs and he's really







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Mickey Mouse."...Natalie Nichols of the L.A. Reader..."They're all insignificant."... Steve Albini "His writing, like his music, is as subtle as a sledgehammer. Both are useless."... Dave Marsh "Too fucking old."...Bill Flinnigan of Musician "Voiceless tub of lard."..."All the reviewers in Rolling Stone "...Robert Nedelkoff "Thinks he's Encyclopedia Brown"...Scott Schneider a/k/a Harold DeMuir "because he hates himself."...Danny Sugerman "Because he sucks—he got out alive."...Kristine McKenna of Rolling Stone "Uncritical sloth & dumb shit"...Legs McNeil... Krk "He's boring and uneducated."..."Anyone in Spin "...Jack Rabid..."All music writers are cretins"... "Too many ego serving ass kissers to list"

#### 14. WHAT SIXTIES OR SEVENTIES RETREAD DO YOU HATE THE MOST?

The Cult...Electric Ferrets...10,000 Maniacs...Velvet Monkeys... Paisley ... "Louie Louie"... "Stairway To Heaven—no matter who plays it."...Thee Hypnotics..."New hippies should be SHOT."..."Wah pedals"...Clogs...Nirvana...Grateful Dead..."Bullshit theater like Haunted Garage and Gwar"... "Bell Bottoms"...Mudhoney "Blue Cheer did it better."

#### 15. WHAT MC5 OR STOOGES RIPOFF DO YOU HATE THE MOST?

1. Thee Hypnotics.
2. Iggy Pop. "Hang it up already."
3. Nirvana/"I Hate Them All."

Fearless Leader...Lubricated Goat...Poison Idea "Kick Out The Jams" pic disc...Dead Boys...Surgery...Tin Machine...Primal Scream...Laughing Hyenas.

#### 16. WHO, IN YOUR ESTIMATION, WOULD BE THE BEST CANDIDATE FOR A LIMITED EDITION RELEASE NUMBERING ZERO COPIES?

Codeine... Fugazi "Finally, the desired rarity."...Poison Idea..."Too hard to choose"...REM...Andrew Dice Clay...Die Kreuzen...Sonic Youth... Iggy "circa Brick By Brick "... "All tribute LPs"...Bratmobile...EMF...Sinead O'Connor...Red Hot Chili Peppers...Julian Cope...Ride.

#### 17. COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE: "I HONESTLY BELIEVE THAT WILSON-PHILIPS ARE BETTER THAN..."

1. Shit

Hole...Fugazi..."death by female circumcision"... "Head Of David"... "Their fathers"... "being in a hotel room alone with Mike Tyson"...Blake Babies...Babes In Toyland... Pegboy..."90% of heavy metal"...Henry Rollins..."A punji stick covered with Pat Buchanan's cum"... "2 cats in heat"... "Courtney & Kurdt in bed. Or more interesting, anyway"... "10,000

Maniacs any day"...Tad "when it comes to looks"...NWA..."A kick in the head."

#### 18. IF, BY MAGIC, ISLAMIC JUSTICE WAS SUDDENLY INSTITUTED IN THE US AND EUROPE, WHICH MUSICIAN WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE PUBLICLY FLOGGED BEFORE THEIR HANDS WERE HEWN OFF AND THEIR TONGUE CUT OUT?

1. Sinead O'Connor
2. Michael Stipe."It'd be the first good video he was ever in."
3. Sebastian Bach.
4. Axl Rose.

Beat Happening...Nine Inch Nails...Lawrence Welk...Geddy Lee...Nation Of Ulysses..."The moron I saw play bass for Alex Chilton in Austin 3 years ago."...Bono...Sting "Music's Clarence Thomas"...Red Hot Chili Peppers...Vanilla Ice...Ned Hayden...Michael Jackson "They could always put him back together"...BoDeans...Henry Rollins..."That stupid cunt in Bratmobile."...Courtney Love.

#### 19. WHICH BAND/MUSICIAN HAS THE MOST HATEFUL AND PATHETIC PUBLIC IMAGE?

1. Henry Rollins.
2. Axl Rose.
3. Red Hot Chili Peppers.
4. G.G. Allin.

King Missile...Gerardo...Ian Mackaye...REM...Upside Down Cross... Dwarves... Wilson-Phillips "See! Fat girls can be attractive too!"...Public Enemy...Jon Spencer...Hole...Johnny Rotten "A hero of a generation resorts to dayglo dreadlocks."...Bruce Springsteen...Vanilla Ice .

#### 20. COMPLETE THIS SENTENCE: "IF I HAD THE GUTS TO GO ON A KILLING SPREE, I'D GO AFTER..."

George Bush...Jesse Helms...The Senate...The White House...All Lawyers...Reagan ...Congress...Oliver North...George Bush...Dan Quayle...noon..."Half the human race. Maybe more than half."(Y'wanna job?—Ed.)..."North America"... "Performance artists. Joe Coleman tops the list."...Jann Wenner..."Trust fund recipients who either 1. Follow the Grateful Dead, or 2. Shoot smack and hang out at local coffee houses."..."Tipper Gore"... "Squirrel Bait spinoffs"...Johan Kugelburg..."Dave Kendall, Abbe Konowitch, John Canelli (MTV staff)"..."The guy who decided that at each year's end, critics would list their favorite records."...Courtney Love..."Gutless A&R men, Arbitron fatcat shit dealers, the Grateful Dead and their fucking mindless hordes, college radio programmers sucking corporate dick"... "All the performers at a PETA show"... "Too many CEOs and other power figures to list"... "Anyone in my sight." 8



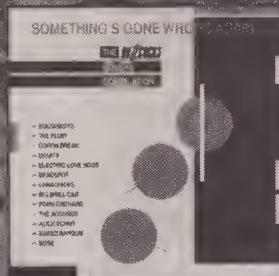
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# DRACULA'S HOME BOY

## ROMANIAN EXILE-POET-ABSURDIST ANDREI CODRESCU

—or Betty Loredó, Urmuz, Andrei Steiu, Andrei Ivanovitch Goldmutter, Maria Parfenie, Julio Hernandez, et al. Like lizards that lose their tails when chased by predators, the ribonucleic batch known as “Andrei Codrescu” has shucked off a whole wiggling mass of pseudonyms as decoys to power figures who want to eat him alive: cops, Marxists, fascists, Jew-haters, bureaucrats, immigration officials, death squads, thought police, literary critics. You wouldn't think a poet could cause such an international slaver for a chomp.

Mr. Slippery was born Andrei Ivanovitch Perlmutter in Sibiu, Transylvania (Romania), in 1946. That part of the Balkans has a long history of psychopathic vampires, from Vlad (“Dracula”) The Impaler, Elizabeth Bathory (who by eponymous coincidence bathed in the blood of young female virgins), Baron (Inventor Of The Torture Rack) von Bruckenthal, and pro-life thugs Nicolae and Elena Ceausescu.

Names had been a problem with Codrescu from the day he was born. His mother gave him the middle name “Ivanovitch” to protect him from homicidal Russkies who muscled into the region after World War II. The Jewish last name (Perlmutter) was a veritable kick me sign as he grew up under the double sneer of dictatorship and anti-Semitism. As a kid, while outside with his pals, laughing it up while peeing all over everything one day, he was told that every time you cross piss streams it meant a Jew would die. Mommy, what's a Jew? You're a Jew.

The taste for aliases in the Codrescu family might have something to do with their taste for demolition, literal and figurative. Andrei's father, the anarchist Julius Perlmutter, liked to blow up trains. One day, in Sibiu, during the gestapo occupation, Perlmutter struck again. He decided to blow up the statue of a fascist authority figure. He got a little carried away on the powder and took out the entire town square. Five wives down the road, he was led away by night-knocking commie oinks and pumped full of slugs. That sort of thing can make a kid paranoid as well as hostile. A few years later the anarchist's longhaired poetry-writing son, Andrei, decided to try his own hand at the big bang. According to his autobiography, he got a little carried away on the powder himself, blew up a barber shop and nearly took out a whole city block. Perlmutter strikes again!

He was born a “snail baby,” Transylvanian slang for a kid who doesn't talk until he's five. Once he did begin to rap, it came all at once in Romanian, Hungarian and German, along with a knack for fabrication (and fornication) derived not only from his native fabulistic Romanian temperament, but from his grandmother, a slick raconteuse, and from his grandfather and father, both notorious rakes and

bullshitters. Little Interviewed by John-Ivan Palmer more than a toddler, with undoubtedly the same leering reptilianism that today goes into his commentaries on National Public Radio, he managed to seduce both his anti-Semitic nanny and a neighbor girl. He subsequently rode his crawling king snake in and out of a lot of nests. In his 1975 ophiological memoir, *Life And Times Of An Involuntary Genius*, he wrote of himself: “His cock was some kind of divin' rod pointing (when it got hard) toward some precise event in the future.”



Photo by Jim Zeitz

And those precise events seem to have been a constant change of venue.

It doesn't take any balls to be a revolutionary in America, a country swirling down a vortex of snoring cretinism and crackling munchies. But imagine being a culture punk in Nicolae Ceausescu's Romanian police state. Not far from your high school there's a police station where the officers, sworn to protect and serve, run a thriving thirty room torture chamber. If you don't think the way you're supposed to think, boy are you in for a treat. They'll cuff your hands behind your back and hang you on “The Nail” so that either you change your thoughts or all the ligaments in your shoulders eventually tear away. Whichever comes first. Sometimes they speed things up with a metal pipe or a club.

Given such an atmosphere, he published poems that got him into trouble with the Union Of Communist Youth and other authorities. He persisted, however, and published a long poem called “Trains” which



blew up in his face. He was expelled from the University of Bucharest for political incorrectness.

Kicked out of college, he lost his Romanian army draft deferment. It didn't matter that he was married (to the daughter of an anti-Semite). They were going to shave off his curls anyway and throw him in a uniform. Imagine his duty assignments, given his police record which included knocking off pay phones and writing poems that made you think.

To keep his bones off the torture rack he began furiously publishing under a whole slew of pseudos, male and female. He even developed a rather nice reputation as "Maria Parfenie" until she became an avowed lesbian. More trouble. Then it got serious. The name "Perlmutter" had to

(named after a surrealist table game invented in 1925), whose long, skinny format is based on the extremely dangerous pre-war Romanian zine, *Bilete de Papagal* (Fortunetelling Tickets), edited by an ex-monk, obscenity peddler and jailbird who used the name Tudor Arghezi, among others. (Ill. State Univ. Pub. Cntr., Research Services Bldg #61, Normal Il. 61761. \$3.50 ea./\$20 yr.)

Some critics say the crypto-dadaist who started a literary career with barely enough English to say helio, good-bye and fuck you, is at times gratuitously obscure and plays with cheap effects. I guess that's kinder than having your arms twisted out of their sockets. However, a reading of his 1990 *Disappearance Of The Outside* should be enough to establish him in anyone's book as a master of English prose and epigrammatic wit.

He ballooned into a media creature in boob tubes around the world as an interpreter of the bogus "Romanian revolution," which is documented in his 1989 book written in lightning bolts, *Hole In The Flag*.

Even though the Ceausescus were snuffed, the new government under Ion Iliescu is evidently nothing more than a ventriloquist act, a magic show with Chuckles The Clown, as brazenly phony as if Bush peeled away a rubber mask and underneath was Nixon again, flashing V signs. With this kind of stage show (apparently known and encouraged by the KGB and CIA) the spray paint and tattoo ink of dada makes more sense than ever before.

I wanted to find out more about this, so I managed to catch Codrescu briefly under a rock in Baton Rouge. He'd been slinking back and forth to New York, working on a TV special for PBS called "Road Scholar," which airs in January, 1993. He speaks a crafty, eloquent English accompanied by a Transylvanian drawl with occasional throwbacks of word order that reflect his trilingual Old World origins.



go. He needed a permanent handle change. During a booze fest in a Sibiu bar he tried on a few pseudos for size. Andrei Pulalunga (Long Prick) was brought up and rejected. Then Curvescu (Son Of A Bitch) was tossed around and changed to Codrescu (Keeper Of The Woods). He was sailing along nicely with his new moniker until he realized it was close to Corneliu Codreanu, Romania's greatest anti-Semite. He might have been better staying with Pulalunga. But it was too late to change. So he simply made up his mind to make Codrescu more famous than Codreanu. And he has.

By now, up to his ass in alligators, the poet just couldn't generate enough pseudonyms to protect himself in his onomastic maze, so Perlmutter, Codrescu, Parfenie, whatever he was calling himself, had no choice but to split the country. He pulled some complicated bureaucratic strings, called in some favors, sacrificed his marriage, and by a series of slithery slinks ended up in the U.S. on an Iranian passport under an undisclosed name.

With no money and not a word of English, he moulted into the author of dozens of books in English, some under fake names: poetry, fiction, memoirs, essays, translations and non-fiction, much of the early stuff now out of print, hard to find or stolen from libraries. Despite the persistence of certain behaviors—he was arrested for pulling a gun during a poetry reading in a church—he has become one of Ted Koppel's experts on Nightline and a familiar Transylvanian-accented philosophical funnyman on National Public Radio. Since 1983 he has edited the exquisitely corrupt journal of creative aberration *Exquisite Corpse*

**YOUR FLESH:** You had mentioned that you were on the short list of enemies of the state because of your broadcasts through Radio Free Europe and NPR. Are there people who still want to kill you?

**ANDREI CODRESCU:** Well, for a little while there in May of this year, there was a hopefully short-lived program to eliminate some of the most outspoken critics of the neocommunist government in Bucharest. Professor Ion Coulianu was assassinated at the University of Chicago. It had the earmarks of political assassination. There were hints that this was indeed what it was. The same day that he was killed, somebody called everyone I knew on the telephone and told them that I had committed suicide. This rumor spread really fast, and I couldn't really deny it because I was in Brazil at the time. I was in Rio. So I had to spend about a thousand dollars' worth of phone calls calling everyone from Rio and telling them that I wasn't really dead, that I was alive and in Rio, which is a joke of its own. You know, everybody who's ever died and disappeared went to Rio, so it made some kind of bizarre sense. But nonetheless, it was a kind of rumor that was intentionally started, a disinformation campaign that the old secret police specialize in. Now there is some speculation that the old secret police and unrepentant fascists of the Iron Guard who are settled all over this country and in Canada have actually formed some kind of syndicate to serve each other's interests. But I don't know much about it. ■ **YF:** You said recently that "appear to be" is the operational phrase in relation to the fake Romanian "TV revolution" that



was stolen before it had a chance to occur. Any new developments?

■ AC: Well, there has been a veritable cavalcade of details that all confirm the fact that it was one of the greatest plays of the twentieth century. It was mounted by the secret police with real bodies, real corpses, real Roman feast. [Securitate police hopped up on speed jumped out of fake gravestones to mow down mourners.] And all we're hearing about now is just more details of the mise en scene. If the protagonists are still in power, these revelations are sometimes dangerous for the people to make. [Silence.] ■ YF: Why would the queen of England give knighthood to the Romanian dictator Nicolai Ceausescu, and Norway give him the grand cross of St. Olaf? ■ AC: I'll tell you why. Because the whole world was under the mistaken impression that Ceausescu was a good guy, because he seemed to be standing up to the Russians. But in reality he was a double agent. He sold whatever western technology he could steal to the Russians. He sold Russian weapons to the Americans. That was his covert activity. He managed to convey an impression as an independent in the Soviet camp, which he never was, actually. He was a double dealer. ■ YF: You said in Hole in the Flag that "a lifelong period of unpleasant truth awaits them," meaning Romanians. By that do you mean like what the Russians and East Bloc countries are now facing, or is it something else? ■ AC: Well, all those countries are going to go through several kinds of misery, but Romania specifically has its own more difficult problems with its past, because one in every four people was an informer. So everyone has something on everyone else. It's a state of mutual blackmail that's not going to be broken by anyone except the young people, because nobody has any power from them. The young have been consistently the vanguard of any real changes. However, in common with all these other countries, there is going to be a great deal of misery, just material misery, because nothing has replaced the shabby state socialism that they had, certainly not capitalism. Some crude forms of market economy have appeared, but they are distasteful to most people because the new capitalists are really old scumbags from the secret police and the communist party, because they were the ones closest to knowing how to deal. So until they figure out a model of development and a way to live with the degree of corruption, which is fairly benign, as opposed to corruption that kills everyone, it's going to be miserable. There are several models that they're looking at. In their optimistic and overblown moods they talk about the Swiss model or the Swedish model, but they'll be very lucky if they end up like Turkey in the 1950s. Because the reality is more like Lebanon in the mid '70s. ■ YF: Did Ceausescu have only two offspring, son Nicu and daughter Zoia? ■ AC: I think he had one other kid. ■ YF: Were they all as bad as their parents? ■ AC: Well, there are conflicting opinions about that. I know that Nicu had a wild adolescence. He was a big time party boy, and he used the family power to do all sorts of insulting and legendary things that people liked in a funny way, like piss in the wine glasses of the central committee members when they were having a party. That sort of thing endeared him in a funny way. In Sibiu, my home town, they claimed that he actually had some kind of enlightened administration, because he didn't tear down all the old buildings. And people could actually talk to him without being insensible. Anyway, that's on the one hand. On the other hand, he was a petty autocrat of his little domain. Zoia didn't have any politics. She was just a notorious drunk who crawled through the nightclubs in Bucharest and picked up guys, and lived this aura of being the daughter of power in a sort of public and different way. ■ YF: In terms of Romanian rock bands, how dangerous was it for them to perform, and under what circumstances did they? ■ AC: Well, there were a few bands. They were allowed for a brief period there when everything became liberal in the end of the '60s and early '70s. And there were Romanian rock bands, and some of them were pretty good. They were approved if they did one or

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two anthems in praise of Ceausescu, which you could barely hear, it being rock and roll music. They had people dancing to lines like, "long live the sun that rises from the earth, our leader Ceausescu, who brings about the golden dawn," and things like that. But, in fact, I think there were then some other young bands that just were not allowed to play. Their lyrics were pretty good. When I was at the television station in Bucharest in December of 1989 I heard a tape of some of the underground bands, and their songs were dark, but interesting. ■ YF: You said once that Romanians were very affectionate people. Given that, why does it seem that Romania has produced such monsters of both sexes: Dracula, Baron Bruckenthal, Elizabeth Bathory, the dictator Anna Pauker, Elena Ceausescu, et. al.? ■ AC: But those are just excesses of affection, you know. (Laughs.) This is affection of its passionate dark side. (Laughs some more.) The truth is that Romanians really quit fucking in the 1980s because they were too depressed. The government asked every Romanian family for five children, and Romanians just simply quit making them. And that very optimistic Latin libido really became turned in, and Romanians became Russians for a while, dark, brooding Slavs instead of open, backslapping, fanny-tickling Romanians. ■ YF: With Communism obviously dying out, do you think that theocracy will take its place? ■ AC: Well, there is a fit of millennial madness that they're all experiencing. It has certain definite breaks of irrational frenzy, including nationalism and fundamentalism. But the situation is different in different countries. In Poland the Catholic church will actually play the role against the Communist regime, and so they have some credentials as fighters. And people still admire them for their position. In Romania the Romanian Orthodox church is a very faithful servant of the regime. Many of the priests are in the secret police, and they use the confessional to turn people in. The church doesn't have a very good name. Neither does the Rabbinate. The chief Rabbi Rosen made deals with the government. And so, people don't trust the official churches there. Now the Evangelical movements are all converging on eastern Europe because they sense that there is fertile ground there for converts. And they do make converts, but I'll say that about half these converts see in the Evangelicals a way out of the country. They often help them to immigrate and set them up somewhere else. So how much of that is religious fervor, and how much self interest is open to question. Now, I don't think that anybody's overly religious in those countries or turning to religion. Because a whole generation grew up without it, or two generations, or three generations, and it's hard to invent or fall to that idea when you don't believe the official church. Personally you feel that things are more mechanical than religion would have us believe. So I don't see theocracy taking any kind of role, unless it's the direct result of the victory of nationalism. Because nationalism employs sentimental and religious rhetoric to further the interests of whoever is running that scam. And so that scam is being run right now. And it's an alternative to misery, because if there is no food, then people have visions. And nationalism is just about the easiest and cheapest one, because it throws the blame on somebody else. That's the reason why we, the pure people, are screwed up, is because the Hungarians, the Jews, the Russians, someone is doing it to us. ■ YF: Being a refugee from communism, how did the New Left strike you? ■ AC: Well, you know, my sentiments are always with my generation, actually, so I was very naturally a part of the New Left, in that I didn't like war, I didn't like people in uniform. I didn't like the police anywhere, whether it was in Romania or here. And so, I had a lot of sympathy. On the other hand, I was dismayed by the naivete of parts of the New Left that thought that things are better in communist countries. Because that was just willful stupidity. And I pointed that out quite often, which also got me into arguments, particularly toward the end of the '60s when everybody got militant and Marxistically rhetorical



in the most skin-creasing, stupid way. ■ YF: You mentioned in 1975 that on campuses people were "full of fantastic positivism" and "the immediate unfolding of the universe." Is that still the case? ■ AC: Well, no, it's not the same case. I think we had a tremendous window that opened to us there, thanks to LSD in a large part. It was a very specific historical opening. I think that since then the powers that be have gotten very good at preventing any mass defection from the status quo the way it happened then. And everybody who does see the need for an alternative now has to work a lot harder. And I really admire the kids now, because they have to deal with the more complicated details of the world now, but also with some of the mess that we've left behind. ■ YF: Is there a dark side to American culture? ■ AC: The dark side of American culture is its lack of a dark side. We've quite cheerfully put all the most horrible things about human beings, murders and cannibalism, on TV so they're out there for everybody to see. So there is no hidden side, as it were. It's dark, but it's not hidden. And so in this kind of funny obviousness there is a lack of perspective. There is no time to give it another dimension, to make a judgement about it, because it all exists on the same plane. You have a movie star's face-lift side by side with a guy who eats faces. you have a little TV war, and then you have something else. There is a kind of—you can call it postmodern if you like—flatness, a flattening out of the political and the social and the moral in a kind of impossible to sort out, continual MTV picture show. ■ YF: What would be your policy on immigration? ■ AC: I say just let them all in, man, there's lots of room. I mean, Wyoming would be terrific with about ten thousand Pakistani restaurants.

As a refugee himself a generation ago, a no-speaka-da-English alien with authority figures slamming his balls to the wall, he decided, as he wrote at the time, "to disguise himself, disappear, fight dirty, be insidious, change identities."

See what happens? ⑧

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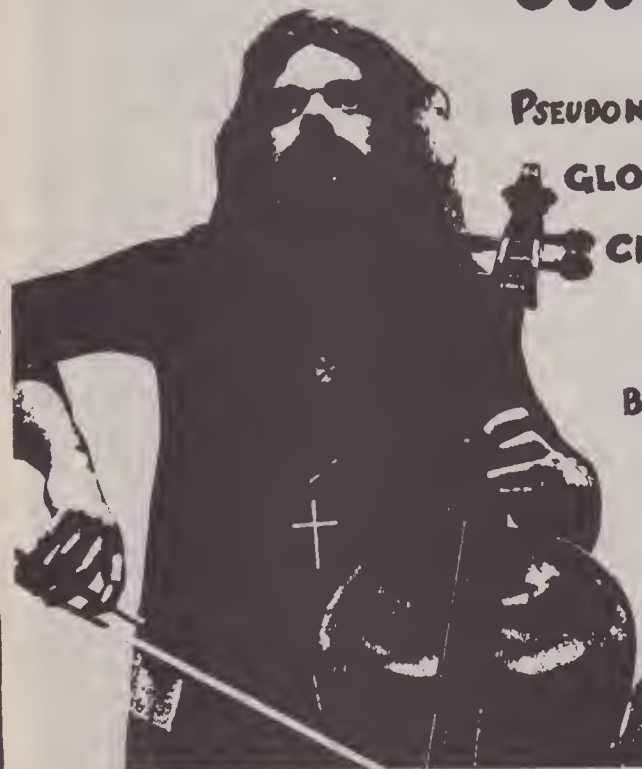
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# SHADOWY MEN SPEAK!

by Patrick Whalen

Reid Diamond (bass), Don Pyle (drums) and Brian Connelly (guitar) are Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet: An all instrumental rock band from Toronto, Ontario. They "borrowed" my tape recorder at the Minneapolis Fleshtones show, whom they were supporting on tour. I got it back but they had erased my carefully outlined and executed interview with Pete Zarcmba, recording their own ramblings instead. Reid held the door to the First Avenue offices closed while Brian and Don recounted the following. Brian has a soulful baritone similar to that of a young Fred Gwynne. Don's voice is a dead ringer for that singer from Quarterflash.

their pieces to. One of the first songs we ever recorded is the theme music. Because we were friends right at the start, they used our record to open their live shows. As things progressed, they were doing theater shows. They called us in to do support music. ■ DP: We do most of the music in the show. ■ BC: MTV's got a couple of videos, I think, that have been running our hard rock thing. The character is a sixteen year old kid who sort of lives in a garage. He plays guitar. A lot of his fantasy things are him playing guitar, so we have to do this heavy metal thing. ■ DP: The short stuff is actually a lot more challenging because we have to come up

## SCABS

■ BC: The big generalization is: If you're an instrumental band playing three chord rock music, you're a surf band. ■ DP: Bands like the Pixies or Jesus and Mary Chain do some surf-type stuff, but you wouldn't really call that a surf band. Because we don't have singing, we get called a surf band. When we started, I hadn't played drums before. It was the easiest beat to play. ■ BC: Crash Kills Five was around 1980. It was power pop sort of guitars. A barrage of pop music. ■ DP: Reid and Brian and I were in Crash Kills Five at the same time with a drummer. Then Brian left the band. ■ BC: Yeah, Don was the singer. He decided to pick up a trade. ■ DP: Something to fall back on. If the drumming thing doesn't work out, I can always be a singer. ■ BC: When we started, Don had two drums. Both Reid and I were playing guitar. We just had this little Fender amp. It happened to have a reverb thing and the tremolo stuff. A lot of what we were writing was influenced by the sounds we were making. It's hard to write hardcore with like, boi-yoi-yoi-yoing (simulated tremolo effect). That's how it started. It wasn't even a band. We just got together to write and have fun. ■ DP: It only became a band to get a free rehearsal space. We didn't plan on doing live shows. ■ BC: There was a lot of time between Crash Kills Five and this band: five years. Enough time to forget everything you know. You have to start all over again. ■ DP: Enough time for the scabs to heal. ■ BC: There's some good stuff happening in Toronto now. ■ DP: There's a band called King Cob Steelie from Guelph, Ontario who are really amazing. ■ BC: The Lawn, who've been around forever. Change of Heart. We did a record with Change of Heart. They're a really good band.

## NEW KIDS IN THE HALL

■ BC: Sometimes they'll have a script that requires a definite style of music. It varies. We write for their pieces. We write stuff that they script

with, usually, forty pieces of music a year. They might be only fifteen second pieces but most of our songs are only a minute and a half, so fifteen seconds is a major part of a song for us. ■ BC: Those things are completely ours. They have no say over those at all. They just say, go in and give us some stuff. As far as their themes go, they know what they want. Very rarely do they say, just do something. They give you maybe, under a week. It's usually under a week. ■ DP: Sometimes the day before. ■ BC: The shortest one was, I think, six hours. They called me at midnight and said, you're going in tomorrow, we need some stuff. I had to write-to-pleture. I didn't have a VCR so we just fluffed it. It's really hard. There's no set thing for NEW KIDS IN THE HALL. It's always a mad rush. They go in blocks. Right now, they're shooting film stuff, which they don't need us for. So we can piss off for a month (tour), come back and catch up. ■ DP: They're paying us for a minimum amount of time in the studio. It's not by number of pieces. ■ BC: The royalty thing is really a promise thing because royalties are two years behind the fact. They keep saying, "Someday you'll see a hell of a lot of money from this show!" We've been doing it for three years and it hasn't exactly been



Photo by Peter Davis



flooding in. ■ DP: Some of the little bits of music end up working their way into songs. Some of them were taken from songs we already had. If we like the idea, we'll take it and write a song around it. We don't remember them, though. We hear them on TV and go, "Oh. I forgot about that." ■ BC: It always amazes us when people come up and say, I first heard your stuff on this TV show. Because I don't remember who did the music for the Mary Tyler Moore show. Somebody took the time to put the machine on pause and look at the name. ■ DP: We're in a pretty unusual situation for TV soundtracks. We are a real band that makes records. We were a band before we got involved in this. I can't think of any bands that actually make records and do TV soundtrack stuff. New Order? Us and New Order.

## JEU D'ESPRIT

■ DP: I hate comedy. Sandra Bernhard? Is she considered to be a comedian? I would pick her, off the top of my head. ■ BC: Don Knotts, The Ghost and Mister Chicken, old Marx Brothers stuff. Buster Keaton had some wonderful films. ■ DP: I guess I do like comedy. It's stand up comedians that I don't like. Jerry Lewis. Jerry Lewis is an influence on all of us. ■ BC: The Fleshtones are huge in France. So is Jerry Lewis. I think there's a parallel there.

## MARRIAGE AND SINGLES

■ DP: Beck wrote to us and she said, "We're putting on a really special party and we'd really like you to be able to play it." I wrote back to her

with my phone number and said, "Since it's a really special party, OK, we'll do it." She phoned me and she said, "Well, we haven't told anybody yet but we're getting married." I chatted with her for a while and she said she plays in this band called MOTO and the guy she's going to marry plays in this band called Tar. She sent me a few MOTO singles and they're amazing. They're really kind of raw. Beck plays drums. This guy, Paul, sings and plays guitar. They're a duo. They're sort of like a punk rock Beatles. There's sort of a group of people in Chicago that all found out about us through this guy, Botch (the famous agent for the Jesus Lizard, Urge Overkill, Mekons, Pavement...), who had seen us in Windsor. Botch lives with Steve Albini. Botch bought some of our singles in Windsor. Steve heard them, Beck and John heard them, their friends heard them, so there's this whole sort of like extended family of people in Chicago who know us from Botch. As time passed, we ended up becoming friends with them. They asked us to do the single. ■ BC: The single was recorded in a room, a shed where we practice. We just picked our favorite love songs.

## CAREER MOVES

■ BC: We've never run around with a calendar of things to do. We work mainly on what sounds funnest. KIDS IN THE HALL wasn't a major financial decision or anything. It sounded like a fun thing to do. So we did that. That's pretty much the way we work. ■ DP: We're lucky enough that we get offered a lot of things that are fun to do. We're able to pick and choose. It's usually simple things like, we'll go to the west coast. We played at this thing in the summer: The International Pop Underground Festival in Olympia, Washington, which was just amazing. Because we had a single out for K, we were invited to it. Things like that happen. I would never imagine that being a big goal for us: To play at a big festival with thirty-five other bands. It was the most amazing time we've ever had playing. ■ BC: This Fleshtones thing. It's the first show we've done, going on tour with somebody. It's only because it's them. We like them so much. We have to see them, like thirty times. ■ DP: We thought we'd see them thirty times but we always seem to have stuff to do when they're playing.

## Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet discography:

Love Without Words 7" (Jet Pac) 1985  
Wow Flutter Hiss 7" (Jet Pac) 1986  
Live Record With Extra Bread and Cheese\* 7" (Jet Pac) 1987  
Schlagers! 7" (Jet Pac) 1987  
Explosion of Taste 7" (Jet Pac) 1988  
Reid Does Neil\* 7" (Jet Pac) 1988  
Saavy Show Stoppers LP (Glass, UK) 1988  
Saavy Show Stoppers CD/LP/CS (Cargo) 1990  
Music For Pets 7" (K) 1991  
Tired of Walking Up Tired split 7"/CS w/Change of Heart (Cargo) 1991  
Dim The Lights, Chill The Ham CD/LP/CS (Cargo) 1991  
The Dudley-Mohr Wedding Single 7" (Jet Pac) 1991  
Spring 1992 releases pending on Estrus, Cargo

\* giveaway

## compilations:

It Came From Canada Vol. 2 (Og)  
It Came From Canada Vol. 4 (Og)  
Beautiful Happiness (Sounds magazine)  
Estrus Lunch Bucket (Estrus)  
release pending on K

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# Why 'Bewitched' star's family pulled the plug

The family of "Bewitched" star Dick York confesses they made an agonizing decision to remove him from a hospital respirator and end his suffering.

"As painful as it was, we couldn't bear to see Dick like that," York's son-in-law, Mike Altman, told **THE ENQUIRER**.

"We decided to just let him go."

In "Bewitched," which ran from 1964 to 1972 and is still seen in reruns, York created the role of Darrin Stephens, the befuddled husband of a witch named Samantha, played by Elizabeth Montgomery.

With his family present, the 63-year-old actor — housebound for years by emphysema and a crippling back condition — died February 20 at the Blodgett Memorial Medical Center in Grand Rapids, Mich.

The first sign the end was near came a week before York died when he began to suffer horrible pain and couldn't keep food down.

He was rushed by ambulance from his home in Rockford, Mich., to the hospital with his devoted wife of 39 years, Joan, by his side.

"I held his hand, I prayed — but I knew he was dying," said a distraught Joan.

"They put him in intensive care and discovered complications with his heart. His kidneys had failed, his lungs were shot and pneumonia had set in."

"He was put on a respirator to keep him breathing."

Quickly, Joan summoned loved ones. The couple's five children and their families, including the Ynrks' 13 grandchildren, arrived to be near for the final vigil.

And it was a heart-wrenching scene because Dick himself knew the end was coming and wanted it over.

"At first, Dick was trying to tear all of the respirator and life support hoses out of himself," said son-in-law Mike.

"He thrashed about, until doctors restrained him."

"During the last four days, Dick was barely conscious and when he was, it wasn't for very long at all."

As Dick grew weaker, the



**'I held his hand, I prayed — but I knew he was dying'**

DICK is comforted by his beloved wife Joan (top). And as his fans remember him best — with "Bewitched" co-stars Elizabeth Montgomery and Agnes Moorehead.

family had a conference with the doctors to confirm there was no way he could survive.

"The family as a whole decided to disconnect the respirator, which was the only thing keeping him alive," said Mike.

That was done on February 19 and York lingered for another 24 hours.

"He still didn't go until Joan told him it was O.K. She

went in with him alone, told him that everyone would be all right and that it was O.K. for him to leave," said Mike.

It was York's back problem and an addiction to painkillers that forced him to leave "Bewitched" in 1969 after five seasons.

Although York beat his painkiller habit, his acting career was over and there were years of hard times. He

and his family survived on welfare, or unemployment — and York even worked at menial jobs like cleaning apartment house toilets.

He received no residuals from "Bewitched" and in the 1980s was living on a small pension from the Screen Actors Guild.

Despite all his troubles, though, York had the love of a wonderful family who stood by him — and he truly cared for people.

By 1987, York's emphysema was so severe he had to

stay home hooked to an oxygen tank just to breathe. But that year, he founded Acting for Life, an organization to feed the homeless, and immersed himself in the project.

"It used to take Dick quite a while to get his strength up enough just to move from his bed to his chair," said his wife Joan.

"But then he would start making phone calls to raise money for the homeless. That was the main thing in Dick's life. He would work all night, writing, making calls, all for homeless people."

Ironically, on the day York was buried, a new mobile kitchen that he'd helped raise money for took to the streets of his hometown of Rockford for the first time to feed the homeless.

Said Joan: "Dick's anguish and suffering are over and he's gone on to better things."



## I'm still alive, says the other Dick

Dick Sargent — who replaced Dick York on "Bewitched" — is alive and well and still acting.

When health reasons forced York to leave the series in 1969, Sargent (right) took over the role of Darrin Stephens, the husband of witch Elizabeth Montgomery, until the show ended in 1972.

The change was done without fanfare or announcement and

since the two look alike and are both named Dick, fans frequently confuse the two.

"Fortunately, no one thought it was me who passed away," said Sargent, 58, who made headlines recently by announcing he is gay and kept it secret for years.

"I've always thought Dick York was a marvelous actor and I greatly admired him."





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# ROLAND S. HOWARD

## "The evolutionary thrust and parry of man and guitar"

by Mike Troughon

For the better part of 20 years Roland Howard has played guitar through one of the most varied and eminent pedigrees underground rock'n'roll has ever seen. From the seminal punkoid bashing of the Young Charlatans to the incredible wake left behind the Birthday Party's ascendant work and finally to primary conservator of These Immortal Souls, Roland Howard has lived music and in the course acquired more than a few engaging accounts. This interview took place over the phone on March 6, 1992.

**YOUR FLESH:** Let's talk about the early part of your musical career—what was the story behind Tootho and the Ring of Confidence?

**ROLAND S. HOWARD:** How the hell did you find out about that?

■ **YF:** I read about it in an interview with Ollie Olson that appeared in *Forced Exposure* a few years back. ■ **RSH:** Oh right, well that's just the type of thing he'd bring up. Tootho was the first band I ever joined. It was one of those groups that starts out as a high school joke basically, and it went on to play out for probably one gig under that name. That was like a year before I joined.

■ **YF:** What year was this? ■ **RSH:** Probably about 1975 in Melbourne. ■ **YF:** Had you been in any bands prior to that? ■ **RSH:** No, I could barely play anything. I used to play the saxophone and that's how I started playing in a group. I could sort of play the guitar and started writing songs, and so as I had written the songs, I could do what I liked on them basically. ■ **YF:** What came after Tootho? ■ **RSH:** Well, when I was still in the band I met Ollie and we discovered that we had relatively similar ideas about music and so we formed a group called the Young Charlatans. I think we played thirteen times or something and it was the most traumatic band I've ever been in. I think Ollie left twice for a total of about four months during the one year course of the band. It was a really good group, but Ollie has a very strange approach to things. If things start developing any level of success, he seems to abandon them. ■ **YF:** What sort of music were you folks listening to at the time that influenced what you did in the Young Charlatans?

■ **RSH:** It was at the time when we were first starting to hear about punk rock and stuff like that, but probably most of the influences, because punk was something that was relatively new—most of the influences would have been things that had come out earlier in the '70s. I know Ollie was really influenced by people

like Can and early electronics bands like Neu. Also people like Roxy Music and David Bowie, who have since become, unfortunately, vapid.

■ **YF:** At the time the Young Charlatans made a splash in the Melbourne scene was there anyone else doing something similar? ■ **RSH:** Not really. The Boys Next Door were playing and so forth, but they were very





much like a garage band at the time. They did things like "Gloria" and Alice Cooper songs. There wasn't really anybody who was combining more aggressive elements of music with something that was a little bit unusual—which is what we were trying to do. ■ YF: When did you leave the band to join the Boys Next Door? ■ RSH: It must have been 1978. I knew them for ages and I used to go see them play. They were always a really good live band. I think the third time Ollie left the Young Charlatans it just seemed more trouble than it was worth and Nick had asked me to join the Boys Next Door a couple of times already, so I did. It just seemed like they were relatively stable as a unit and Nick was such a great frontman—it just seemed like it would be really good fun.

■ YF: How did the band's association with Mushroom records come about? ■ RSH: Before I joined the band, punk had become a "thing" of the media and this businessman named Barry Earl, who had been in England managing some Australian rock band which had failed, came back to Australia and decided that punk was going to be the next big money spinner. He convinced Mushroom to invest some money in a subsidiary label called Suicide Records that put out a sampler of all these Australian punk bands in 1978, called Lethal Weapons. The Boys Next Door were on that and then went on to record an album for Mushroom before I was in the band. The label didn't do anything with it for ages. A year after I joined the band, Mushroom wanted to release the record and we asked if we could go into the studio and record some songs that were more up to date. They said no and so we ended up paying for the recording ourselves. The second side of Door Door is the side I'm on. The people that the band worked with production wise for the earlier recording wanted to make a pop record and what the Boys Next Door wanted was a completely different thing. ■ YF: How long did the Boys Next Door last before transforming into the Birthday Party? ■ RSH: It

lasted until we moved to England in January of 1980. ■ YF: The Birthday Party wasn't a band prior to your arrival in England? ■ RSH: Well, the Birthday Party as such really existed from the time I joined the Boys Next Door or shortly after that, but in effect, it was just too much trouble to change our name—it wouldn't have been terribly viable. So, moving to England was like getting a fresh start and we could be called whatever we wanted because nobody in England had ever heard of us before. Also it gave us the freedom to change. ■ YF: When did you return to Australia? ■ RSH: We were in England for like seven months and we played about five times. Then we went back to Australia and all of the sudden we were accepted on a much greater level because we had had good press in England. Australians have a massive inferiority complex, so they didn't think very much of their own culture at the time and nobody took us seriously prior to having gone to England. We were seen as being neither one thing nor the other; we didn't devote ourselves entirely to the cerebral sides of music and we didn't devote ourselves entirely to the aggressive sides of music. We were stuck in the middle, sort of being neither an art band nor a rock band. ■ YF: Did you guys land a recording contract when you were in England? ■ RSH: We released a single ourselves, "Mr. Clarinet," on Missing Link, and then 4AD rang us up and expressed interest in us. We released the "Friend Catcher" single with them, but there was no contract, just a verbal agreement. ■ YF: What sort of scene was present when you returned to Australia? ■ RSH: As far as bands go, I suppose Ollie would have been in Whirlywird at the time. There were also people like the Laughing Clowns, Ed Kuepper's band. For some reason or another, the people that I think are interesting that have come out of Australian music all came out at the same time. There's the people that were in the Birthday Party, Ed Kuepper, Ollie—I can't really think of anyone else off the top of my head,

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but nobody seems to have come along to replace those people in the last fifteen years. ■ YF: Do you keep in touch with what's going on musically in Australia these days? ■ RSH: No, I have very little contact with anyone in Australia. ■ YF: Why did the Birthday Party break up? ■ RSH: What lead to the Birthday Party's demise was to a certain extent media-related. We portrayed ourselves as being one thing and then the media took it up and we started believing our own press. Basically, it was just the fact that we no longer had the ability to communicate with each other. We were under this mistaken belief that we were all trying to do things that were completely different from one another. I think Nick felt that he wanted to have more control over things, because in the public's eye, the band was starting to be seen as Nick Cave and the Birthday Party. He felt like if something happened within the band, he was going to be seen as being the originator of the idea, or if we were doing something he didn't like, it made it difficult for him I guess. Basically, people's personal lives got out of hand and nobody was prepared to meet in the middle. In 1983, Mick Harvey declared that he was going to have a holiday away from the band, because for about nine months, whenever we played, Nick would be sitting in the band room with his head in his hands sort of saying, "I can't do this, I just can't go on." I agreed to Mick's proposal and Nick took it as us turning on him in some way and then he said it's all over. The original idea was that we would all have a holiday away from the band and if everybody was enthusiastic enough, we'd get back together, but the situation was fraught with politics and all types of Machiavellian thoughts. Mick and I lived in London at the time and Nick and Tracy were living in Berlin, which didn't help the communication problem. Eventually, everything just fell apart. ■ YF: What did you do after the breakup? ■ RSH: Well, nothing very much. It was all a bit devastating really. It was an incredibly intense thing to have been involved with and I think everybody came out of it feeling a bit betrayed 'cause we had been together a long time. I ended up sitting around for about a year not doing anything and then I did some demos for Mute for what was going to be the first These Immortal Souls record. That was fairly miserable, so I procrastinated about it for a long time. Then Mick Harvey asked me to join Crime and the City Solution. ■ YF: You weren't with them for too long, right? ■ RSH: I did an EP, a mini album, and an album with them. It was never what I thought it was supposed to be and a lot of the time I was at loggerheads with Simon and Mick as to what was going on. ■ YF: So These Immortal Souls was your primary interest? ■ RSH: Yeah, what happened was when we left Crime, These Immortal Souls was already going and so it wasn't a terribly big trauma for anyone. It was just something that was completely natural because there was not very much interest from anybody to continue the relationship. So we just went on working on the These Immortal Souls album and put that out. ■ YF: Is These Immortal Souls still together? ■ RSH: Yes, we've just recorded a second album. It's taken us a long time to complete for a couple of reasons. We went into the studio about three years ago and we spent about a third of our budget and it just wasn't good enough, so we scrapped everything that we had. This left us with the problem of how to record an album with only two-thirds of a budget. Mute then decided that because we had gone into the studio and scrapped everything, they wanted us to have a producer so that there was somebody there to watch over us and make sure that we worked. Then we had to find a way to make an album on two thirds of a budget and pay a producer, so it took years to find somebody you could even entertain the idea of working with and who would do it for such a small amount of money. ■ YF: How does the new album differ from the first? ■ RSH: When we recorded the first album, we'd never played live. This record is very different from the first one 'cause we've done a lot of live work in the last year. It's consequently a lot more electric than the first

one and considerably more uptempo. ■ YF: For the past several years you've been working with Lydia Lunch. What got that started? ■ RSH: That came about 'cause the Birthday Party played New York and Lydia came backstage and met us. I'd been entertaining the idea of recording a version of "Some Velvet Morning," but I couldn't really think of anybody to do the female vocals until I met Lydia. ■ YF: What's the story behind the Honeymoon In Red album? ■ RSH: After "Some Velvet Morning" was released, we were approached by a German record company who wanted us to go to Germany and make a record with basically the "S.V.M." line-up. We went to Germany and recorded for a couple of weeks, but we were having a lot of problems because the engineers were absolutely bofeless and the record sounded like it was being recorded in a cardboard box. So we decided we wanted to go to England to work with a decent engineer and we took the tapes back to the hotel we were staying at and as we walked in the door the hotel owner said let me help you with those and put the tapes in his safe. He then said you're not going to get the tapes back until you pay the hotel bill. Of course the man who owned the record company didn't have any money—no money to pay for the studio, to pay us, or pay the hotel. In a couple of weeks we got the tapes back and went to London and finished the record, but of course the guy still didn't have any money to pay for the studio, so the tapes just sat there for like four years. By this stage, Lydia had decided the tapes needed more work, so she took them away and gave them to Jim Thirwell, who changed them in a way he saw fit—which is not necessarily what I would have done with them, but that's what happened. ■ YF: Was the album ever intended to be a Birthday Party project? ■ RSH: No, it was recorded around the time of Junkyard, but it was probably just supposed to be a Roland S. Howard and Lydia Lunch record. ■ YF: How did Shotgun Wedding come together? ■ RSH: During the time I was trying to find a producer for the These Immortal Souls record, I was desperately in need of something to do, so I wrote Lydia and said why don't we make a record. She had moved to New Orleans and that seemed like a nice place to go spend some time. She got the people together, I went to New Orleans, and we wrote the record's songs in about six weeks before going to Memphis to record them. ■ YF: Speaking of the South, it seems like your guitar playing on the album is influenced in subtle ways by the blues. Do you feel you're influenced by the blues more so than say rock'n'roll? ■ RSH: Well, I never listen to blues music, but the whole idea of blues I find enormously appealing—just the idea of something being incredibly intimate and raw and truthful. I mean the whole point of music as far as I can see is for it to have some kind of humanity and convey some sort of emotion. I guess that's what I try to do and that's certainly what blues music is about, so there's a similar approach. I guess some of the idea was to make a record that was our version of blues music. ■ YF: What bands are you listening to currently? ■ RSH: I really like the new Aints record by Ed Kuepper. I think it's great. It's like the loudest record I've heard in about ten years. And it's sort of been responsible for me falling in love with the electric guitar again. I tend to lose faith in electric guitars occasionally because so very few people play them well. I really like Leonard Cohen's last record and I also listen to the things everyone else listens to, like the Stooges. I don't find there's an awful lot of contemporary music that appeals to me, certainly not in England. ■ YF: What are your plans for the future? ■ RSH: These Immortal Souls will be touring Europe in September and hopefully America whenever we can. Also the album will be released simultaneously here and in the States. ■ YF: Anything else? ■ RSH: At the moment, I'd really just like to consolidate the band and really work hard to make people see it's a full time thing. I'd like to focus on one thing for quite a long time and achieve some success with it. ⑧



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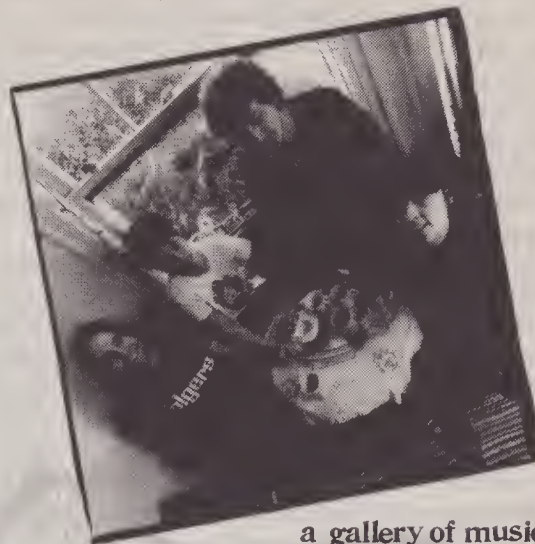
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# HITTING BIRTH and the Glorious Triumph of Spectacle.

By David B. Livingstone

Dateline: Portland, Oregon, 1989. I saw Hitting Birth for the first time in a coffee-and-had-paintings joint called Blue Gallery in their hometown of Portland. It was my band's show and they were in the opening slot. Up to that point, our tour had seen a seemingly-endless procession of Echo & The Bunnymen or Dinosaur or All clones in the support slot. I wasn't expecting much.

Two minutes into their set it was evident that we might as well pack up and go home then. Never, and I mean never, had I been this floored by a band I'd never heard of before. And it hasn't happened again since.

What I saw was a churning, boiling, frenetic maelstrom of sight and sound generated by a set of people who were so into what they were doing that they seemed almost entirely oblivious to the assembled multitude. The music was hypnotic in the purest, most literal sense of the word; the two hundred people crammed into the tiny, oven-hot white room went from being glassy-eyed car wreck spectators into a throbbing, sweating mass who didn't dance so much as levitate and collide in the ecstatic, cathartic throes of utter release. Onstage, someone hanged on an electrified shopping cart, creating unearthly percussion effects; someone else played two basses by hitting them with hammers and sticks as they lay on the floor; someone shouted into a microphone and wailed on a guitar, and a female dancer frantically gyrated beneath a strobe light. What in lesser hands could have been a cheap set of parlor theatrics was transformed, through sensitivity and discipline, into a one-of-a-kind experience of sublime power and majesty.

Time dribbled by and I wondered what had become of Hitting Birth. Your Flesh got a cassette from them in the mail, which someone else snagged before I could get to it and proceeded to slag in print. Then more silence. And finally, in March of this year, the "Love Me" 12" single arrived in the mail. One spin was enough to tell me that my memory had served me well, that lurking out there in the wilds of Portland, OR was a hand capable of...probably, almost anything they put their minds to. Hyper-rhythmic, electrifying, and immediately engaging, "Love Me" immediately convinced me that an interview was necessary.

What follows is the content of a telephone conversation with Daniel, Keith, and David of Hitting Birth in April of this year. Thanks to the shitty quality of the Radio Shack recording equipment, the tape came out like shit, and some of the statements are probably improperly attributed to members other than those who said them; so it goes.

DANIEL: Hitting birth started when I moved to Portland about four years ago from San Francisco, I hooked up with this cat named Steve Spirit and his friend Alpo, who was an electric shopping cart player, and this woman named Kristin Cole. And we just got together to bang on stuff and make some noise. Someone wanted to play a show, so we

picked a hand name out, threw it out at random, and ever since then we've rotated members—we've probably had a dozen different members come in and out of the hand.

YOUR FLESH: What's the core membership at this point? Anybody who's been there the whole time? ■ D: I think I'm the only one who's been there the whole time. Dave came in shortly after I did. And about a



Photo by Tom Robinson

year ago we got Keith, who's also here on the phone with us—

■ KEVIN: About a year, year and a half ago. ■ D: And in the last couple of months we've gotten two new members, Jeff Brown and Mary Morgan.

■ YF: Why do people keep disappearing into the void? ■ D: I don't think they really disappear; they're just doing what we're doing for a while and then they're doing something else. For one, we stay busy a lot and we move fast, and there is a definite pace to be kept up with what we're doing musically and in every other sense. It's a lot, and it's really a strain on people to keep up and keep active in something as demanding as performance. ■ YF: By the way, do you still use the electric shopping cart? ■ D: Yeah. ■ YF: What do you use on there, pickups or what?

■ D: Contact pickups. We run them through five or six different foot boxes and then into a stereo amplifier. ■ YF: When I heard that for the first time, I thought it was simply glorious. I thought it was a beautiful, beautiful instrument. ■ D: It's still got quite a glorious sound to it. We thought it was such a great idea because it's such a representation of the commercial society that we live in. It's the Winnebago of the '90s. Because just about everyone in Portland who doesn't live in a house lives in a shopping cart. And that's probably about half the people who live here. ■ K: There's a lot of homeless people anyway. ■ YF: That leads into one of my questions. From the limited time I've spent there, Portland always seemed like a really weird place to me. ■ DAVID: It's got all the





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great elements. ■ YF: It's this weird, dead industrial culture, and then a drug culture, and then the homeless population, and the repressed and gloomy middle class. And I wondered what effect the surroundings have on what you do. ■ DAVID: It has a lot to do with it, I would say, and not only that, things are being focused on here in a social sense. There are a lot of people working to change that. And if it's more up front than in other cities, I think it's because people are more willing to deal with it.

■ D: And it's always constantly changing, in the four years that I've been here. I moved here the same week that David moved into town. When we moved here...It seems like it's progressed a lot since then. A lot of people moved from California. We still have some fresh air left, and some decent water. Once in a while anyway. It's a pretty good scene here, not just the music scene, but the people scene, the art scene. ■

K: Very creative. Very supportive. ■ D: That leads into something I was going to ask you about. Out here, all anyone ever thinks about when they think about places west of the Mississippi, they think of Sub Pop or L.A. And I wanted to know what sort of things were being created there, and what sort of environment there really was. ■ K: I would say that things are really more connected here on the grassroots level. Things are really great here in terms of being able to transfer information and having resources. ■ D: That, and the willingness of people to seek out new forms of music, rather than just accept, say, Sub Pop and one familiar sound. A lot of people are really looking with open eyes right now. ■ K: And it's not as bad as a lot of people might think. It's not like we have to play to a lot of loggers. ■

YF: About the live shows. I got the videos that you all sent me, the studio one and the live one. And it's pretty apparent that things have gotten a lot more complex... ■ K: Not necessarily. ■ YF: Really? It looks like there's a lot more going on... ■ D: For that show there was. But every show is different. Depending on where we're playing, how we feel, who we're playing with. All of it affects what we're going to do. ■ YF: So scale and spectacle aren't always of the same importance, depending on where you're at... ■ K: We've always brought more to shows than we intend to play on. ■ YF: Has it gotten any more complex to orchestrate that kind of stuff? ■ D: Yeah, some times it has. We like to keep everything with a chaotic edge. The performance as well as the music is a good 40% improvisation. We can riff stuff really well, and that's pretty much what we've focused on for the last four years. Being able to get up onstage and perform and do all kinds of weird shit just off of the top of our heads, by connecting with each other. And just recently have we decided that we want to concentrate on some other things as well as that, such as recording and some video stuff. ■ YF: It seems like all of a sudden that after this long, steady incline, things are starting to break out a lot more for you guys. Is that true? ■ K: We've been on a steady flow since we started, I think. We've always been patient, just waiting.

■ D: And now a lot of the attention isn't so much because people aren't more into our music, but because of the whole media hype. I don't like to say the N word, Nirvana, but it has a lot to do with that. And it trickles down into a Sub Pop thing, then a Seattle thing, then a Pacific Northwest thing. So a lot of the media focused on that, and I think that's why we get a lot of our attention. I don't know what to think of that. ■ YF: Well is it generally good to be getting it, or do you prefer to operate more clandestinely? ■ K: It runs itself. We just focus on the

musicianship and the relationship between band members. ■ D: We try not to pay much attention to it, but there's good stuff and bad stuff. Like, talking to someone like Your Flesh, that's something we could get interested in. Rolling Stone, that's not something that we could get that excited about, because that's not something that we wanna go out and read. Our moms would like it, but we'd be more into going out and picking up Your Flesh. ■ YF: That's cool. Is "Love Me" the first excursion onto vinyl? ■ D: The first thing we had on vinyl was on a



Photo by James Rexroad

Satyricon compilation album... ■ K: "Pleasure and Pain."

■ D: ...recorded on a cheap tape recorder in the basement. We really weren't concerned that much with recording, nor did we have the resources to do it. We were into playing, and we just happened to be asked. And since then we've released two full length tapes and the 12" single, and we're going to be putting out a CD, which we just finished mixing last night. It's gonna be a collection of a bunch of new stuff, things from the last two tapes, and some live stuff. ■ YF: What's it called? ■ D: I think it's gonna be called HB93. ■ YF: And it's going to come out on what label? ■ D: TK records, same as the 12." ■ YF: I wanted to ask you a little more about the live shows. What do you want the people who come to experience? Anything in particular, or just to go with it? ■ K: Challenge 'em. ■ D: We don't really have much focus on what we want them to feel, we don't have a certain message or philosophy that we have to get across. But we'd like them to feel the same thing we feel when we're on stage, and that's a high that you can't get from any drugs or sex or anything like that. When you're onstage and playing the music, it's cathartic; you get that really spiritual kind of high. Sometimes you can get that from listening too. That's the kind of feel I'd like to convey to people, not something you can explain but something you feel. Something that just happens. ■ YF: One of the things I liked about you when I saw you at Blue Gallery was that the music you made—even though it seemed designed to cater to your tastes, rather than anyone else's—still managed to really entertain and draw people in who I wouldn't expect to get into it. Some of the straights I saw in there were still paying attention. I wondered how you go about striking that balance. ■ K: I think the drums is the major key in drawing people in. And you put sound on top of that and you open up things inside of people and it's really hard not to watch. It's like fire. ■ D: It's a total hypnotic thing. And we've experienced that, going to see other bands or jamming with



other musicians. That's something we all felt strongly enough about to bring into the band and make it the main thing. And that's why we started banging on junk and hooking up electric conveyor belts and electric shopping carts, stacking these sounds on top of each other and orchestrating them in our own mutant kind of way. ■ YF: Considering that you said a couple of minutes ago that you wanted that chaos to come into it, it all seems so well planned somehow. It doesn't come off as the sloppiness that a lot of people call their "chaotic edge." ■ K: We've practiced a lot. ■ D: I think it comes from going down to our practice space, plugging in and going. We don't talk about it too much. By doing that, we challenge ourselves to communicate musically on more of a psychic level. We don't say "verse, chorus, verse, chorus, bridge..." ■ YF: Is that how you go about composing your stuff? ■ D: Yeah, I'd say that a good sixty percent of the music has got a loose structure to it, and the rest we just riff. ■ YF: I always wondered with bands like yours which weren't straight guitar, bass, drums, vocals how you went about composing stuff—who seemed to start first, who seems to join in later. ■ D: The rhythm section. It starts with the rhythm about 90 percent of the time. Me and David live together; I play bass and he plays drums, and we go down and play together all the time. Or we'll just get a chunky rhythm going and the rest of the band will just layer stuff on top of it. We can take what anyone does and take it in any direction. If it sounds like heavy metal, that's cool; if it sounds like disco, that's cool. If it sounds like industrial noise, that's cool. We don't care about any of that

shit. ■ K: It just has to feel good. ■ D: So long as it feels good, we go for it. ■ K: There's like hundreds of songs that we've only played once, at live shows as well as practice. ■ D: Every time we play live, we try and play one song that we've never played before. We'll have an idea, like a drumbeat, or a loose rhythm section. We'll fire it up and get it going. There's lots of bands that do that; Coltrane was into that. It's a million years old. ■ YF: Is there any kind of particular lyrical orientation? ■ K: Lyrically, we like to get across to people that we're as confused as they are. And it's OK to be confused, because the more confused you are, the more knowledge you're gonna get. ■ D: We like to give a lot of mixed messages too. We like to fuck with people. ■ YF: What sorts of things... ■ K: Say something nice and positive and throw a hook on the end. ■ D: It depends on what the show is and what the mood is. One of our favorite things to do is to deal with hecklers; we are into that whole audience participation kind of thing. Bring the hecklers up on stage. ■ YF: I know people always come up and try to tell you what they think you just did after shows. Does it seem like they usually get into the same mindset you do, or do they come up with wild-ass shit? ■ D: I'd say there's some wild ass shit. Everyone's got their own interpretation of what they think we are, and they don't know how to describe it. They say "I've never seen anything like that before. What's this electric thing here, what's that, what are you doing?" Most people seem to like it without knowing why, and that's OK. We'd rather they not know why they like it. ⑥

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# DRUNKS WITH GUNS

## Dead But Still Annoying

by Greg Chapman

This interview took place over the phone a couple years back when Mike Daskocil was still living in Phoenix. Since then, he split after marital problems and nearly died in a car wreck just outside St. Louis. Resilient Mike survived and is now living up in Tacoma; however, Bootbeast seems to be buried once and for all and Bullets For Pussy is defunct due to Mike reprising Drunks With Guns and buying the rights to the name. Anyway, the following conversation may seem somewhat dated, but for historical reasons it is necessary, as Daskocil takes it to task to explain his side of the Drunks saga. Please note, this is before the Drug Problem 7" and the Second Verses, among other things, such as the "unofficial" 7-inchers that came out on Shock and Glitterhouse. Also, the recently released Superstar 7" EP and the Dosed LP (still being recorded) are by the "new" DWG Mike has formed up in Tacoma, but let's face it, Daskocil is the Drunks With Guns. Be a cowboy and read on...

■ YF: Wherever you wanna begin. ■ MD: Good question. It was the summer of '84 and there was this punk rock show in St. Louis at Bernard's Puh. That's where I met Tom Wilkerson and Stan Seitrich who had this garage thing going in their basement. They called themselves the Horseholes, I think. It was just Stan and Tom playing guitar and bass and they were looking for a drummer and a singer. I had this friend of mine, Fred Broadhacker, so me and Fred came over, and that was about it. We wrote ten really stupid songs and played one party in the basement of this clothing store. We screwed around for the rest of that summer and then 45 Grave came to St. Louis with the Vandals. Right before that Tom left the band and we got Mike Deleon to play bass for us. I don't know how we got that gig, but we went there and we stomped. There was a big review in the paper and in the last paragraph they said we fell apart, or really just sucked or something. I don't remember, we were all pretty blind drunk. After that we didn't play out again for quite some time, and around Christmas we decided to play everything at half the speed we were doing it. ■ YF: How were things set up? Who came up with the name and ideas for songs? ■ MD: I wanted to call the band The Drunks the first night I came over, when we just made a lot of noise. Tom wanted to call it Scumbags With Guns 'cuz there was this DOA poster he had on the wall with this cowboy-looking dirtbag carrying these pistols. The idea didn't travel too far from the wall to the room. We merged the two thoughts and came up with Drunks With Guns. Songs like "Punched," that was really Tom's song. I think he was calling it "The Horsehole Stomp." I came up with the words and we fused the two. ■ YF: Was that the first song? ■ MD: Yeah, it was, as a matter of fact. We were doing these other songs too, that never even got recorded. We had "Dad's Gotta Die," and that, that was just fucking horrible. Y'know, somewhere, I think

Vicki Wilkerson has it, cuz Tom was married to Vicki, and the first place we practiced was Vicki's basement. But she had a video camera one night and we were really drunk and we played the whole set in front of her Betamax. Somewhere that video tape is floating around. ■ YF: Got her number? ■ MD: I don't think she talks to me anymore because after their divorce she seemed to think that I sided with Tom, and Tom thinks I sided with her, so I don't talk to either one of them anymore. I'd like to find that tape, just to make sure someone like Stan doesn't reissue it, or



do something really stupid with it. I'm leaving for St. Louis tomorrow morning, maybe I'll drive by her house. I'm just afraid she'd slam the door on me. That's why I don't look up a lot of people. ■ YF: A lot of people do it? ■ MD: Yeah. "Mike, no, get away..." ■ YF: So getting back to the chronology, Tom Wilkerson left the band for the Navy? ■ MD: I guess when we did that 45 Grave show, Mike Deleon joined just before that. We didn't have a place to practice since Tom left the band, so Mike came over one night and I walked through the songs with him. This was like a week before the show. At the show we did "Leprosy" and "Drug Problem," "DWI." ■ YF: How would you get pumped up for a show? ■ MD: Well, um, I was seeing these two girls at the same time. At one point in the evening both of them caught me in one sort of compromising position or another. So basically I was really drunk and doing rude things with girls (giggles like a teenager). After our set I went out in the parking lot and passed out. After 45 Grave came off, somebody said to them "You should come to our party" because at the time Fred Broadhacker had just moved into this really great mansion. We called it the Hellhouse 'cuz it was really eerie. It was a really great party, never-ending beer. ■ YF: Was Don Bolles there? ■ MD: Yeah, somebody caught him up in the fucking attic with little hoys and girls, I

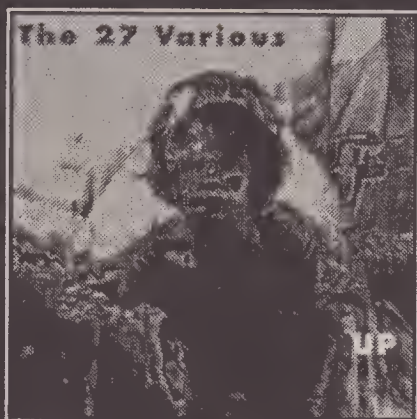


don't know what the hell that guy was doing. I don't feel so bad looking back, I had my fun with the little girls, everyone else did. I think it was a totally different concept what with no AIDS and no herpes. I think it was a little more acceptable. ■ YF: What was the next matter of importance? ■ MD: We didn't play all winter. Actually, we didn't do anything until March. I think it was March of '85 that we went to Webster College. We went there and recorded the first single. ■ YF: You recorded it at a college. ■ MD: Yeah, on this really cheap 8-track that was like twenty years old. The engineer was Peter Tessler, this German media/ art student who couldn't speak a lick of fucking English. We were like "Yah yah, das bass drum." We just set up the drums and put the mics up and played. Then we went back and tracked the second guitar and a second vocal track and that was it. We did all of it in about an hour and a half. Whoah, big deal. We were all unimpressed, the quality was horrendous. ■ YF: How much did it cost to record and release? ■ MD: I didn't know it was going to be released at the time. We only had a rough mix of the three songs that the Tessler guy ran off onto a used cassette. About two months later Stan was like "Yeah, we're gonna put out a record." He went ahead and took that tape to the record company. A week or two later we tried to call Tessler back and he'd gone back to Germany, he couldn't be found, and the people at the studio had lost the master tape. We paid like \$50 to record there for an hour. Anyway, Stan went ahead and pressed the rough mix. I didn't really care, although my musician friends at the time were like, "This is horrible." ■ YF: How many copies of the single went out? ■ MD: 300. But again, it's been reissued a few times. After Stan left the band he did that Strangulated thing, now he's just in the process of re-releasing the old stuff over and over. But I guess that's better than washing dishes. If you smoke that much pot and you're

uneducated and you don't have a job... I can understand why he was in it for the money. ■ YF: What happened over that summer? ■ MD: That summer? I don't think we played at all in '85. Correct me if I'm wrong, did we? Somewhere we played with Samhain but that was a disaster. Mike Deleon was still the bass player. I think that was in '84 or '85, I can't remember. ■ YF: Why was it a disaster? ■ MD: Stan threw a temper tantrum. We started into the first song and Stan was throwing temper tantrums cuz the PA was a piece of shit. That Vicky Rokerson girl, that girl whose house we used to practice at, set up the show. I'm almost positive our first single was out, that must've been '85. Anyway, she set up the show like three days ahead of time with no flyers and like six people came. She promised Glen Danzig like mega amounts of money and if she was charging people to get in it was damn sure she was paying those guys. ■ YF: Did you hang out with Elvis, uh, I mean Danzig? ■ MD: No, no, they stayed in their trailer and we stayed in the backroom, 'cuz somebody was passing out the brew. We were getting all weird and I'm sure he was getting all weird. Now when he wants to get weird he dips his hair in water before he plays. Whatever was the equivalent to that when he was in Samhain I'm sure he was doing it; however, when they came out, they had wet hair. So anyway, when we got up to play a song... the place was giant, it was the same place we played with 45 Grave at. You could've crammed 1,500 people in there, it was like an airport... ■ YF: What place was that?

■ MD: This place called Reflections out on Highway 21 in Charles County, Missouri. St. Louis. It used to be a cowboy bar, but I think it got struck by Jewish lightning. ■ YF: So then you played the Samhain show and started working on the next single? ■ MD: Yeah, we tried to do that Samhain show, y'know, but the PA was like really nominal and you

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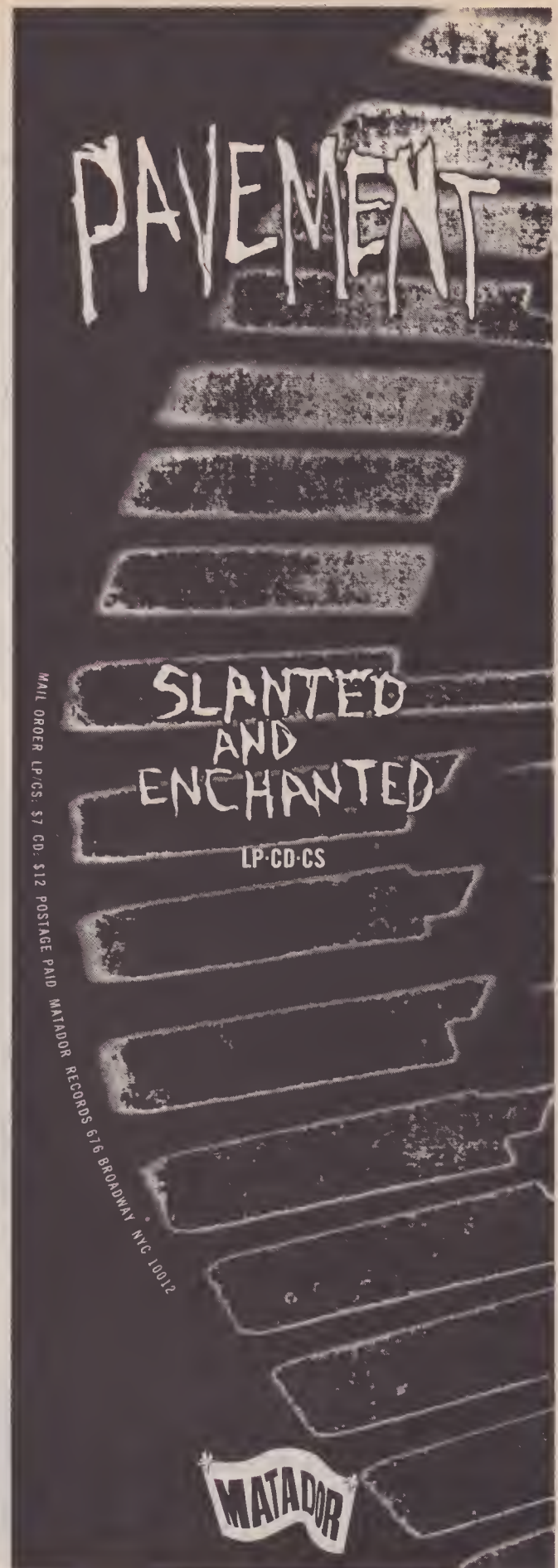
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couldn't hear anything. Stan threw a temper tantrum during the second song and fucking threw his guitar off and said, "I'm not going to fucking play." All six people there were like, "Big deal." We weren't getting along, it was just a bad night. He just wanted to blame a bunch of people about the fact that nobody was there. I think I delivered the lyrics that night sitting with my back to the audience just mumbling into the mic. He didn't like that at all either. He was like, "Get up, get up!" cuz he wanted me to do the cock rock walk, I guess. I didn't know what he was getting at. He just got really upset. After that, we didn't do anything again until we opened up for the Battalion Of Saints in August of '85. That was our best show 'cuz we were really tight. At that time we had bass player Jim Broles. ■ YF: You only played three times then. ■ MD: Yeah, that was it. ■ YF: What songs did you do that night with Battalion Of Saints? ■ MD: Seven or eight. We opened up with "Cowboy," then we did "Hellhouse," "Punched," "I Got The Gun," "Dick In One Hand," all the hits. We did "Cowboy" again, we opened and closed with it. ■ YF: Any memorable stage antics? ■ MD: I remember the place was packed and there was lots of skinheads, and every time they came in contact with me they flipped me off, like "Fuck you," but other than that, everyone else was into it. Which is obvious, if you listen to the music there's ultimately no skinhead influence at all. ■ YF: Yeah, you're not singing about being a buttboy. ■ MD: Whatever skinheads sing about. I don't know. I was never close to their culture, or lack of. But that night I was really drunk and right after we played I walked off the stage and passed out in the car. Nothing happened after that until the middle of December. I got a job then, working at UPS, y'know, just doing the normal grunge. I got a call from Fred and he said, "Well, look, Jim Broles is going to play bass, and Stan's gonna play guitar and we're going into the studio to record a couple songs." And I was like "Sure, fine, when?" and he said "Tonight." So we drove out to this studio in Earth City, Missouri, set up, and did songs for the second single. ■ YF: Thirst For Knowledge. ■ MD: Yeah, those five songs. The guy from the studio, he was a buttonhead, he did what he could, but it's a shame that the songs couldn't have been better. Jim Broles really wasn't into playing, and I hadn't seen Stan since the Battalion Of Saints show. I just wasn't keeping in touch with any of those people. ■ YF: So you weren't even like a functioning band. ■ MD: No, not at all. We had ceased to be that by the time we recorded the first single, I believe. Back in the summer of '84, when we did the 45 Grave show, that's when we were a band. When we could sit in a room together and drink and have a good time. But with Stan's temper tantrums, I mean, dealing with him was like dealing with a fucking child. ■ YF: So you didn't cause any problems? ■ MD: There were no problems at this point. I didn't smoke pot and everybody else in the band did. ■ YF: Was that a big detriment? ■ MD: Well, I have a real short temper for potheads. ■ YF: Why? ■ MD: 'Cuz they're just stupid. They sit around and waste too much time. ■ YF: Yeah, it's obvious, I guess. What happened after Thirst For Knowledge? ■ MD: I was unaware of that getting pressed until Stan called me up six to nine months after we did the recordings in December. He was like, "We have to do another recording 'cuz Adult Contemporary wants to sign us." They sent us a check for five hundred dollars. We got together to meet one afternoon and he gave me five copies of Thirst For Knowledge and I said, "Where did this come from?" ■ YF: So you had no idea that any of this stuff was going to be put on vinyl? ■ MD: The only thing that was premeditated for me was the "Zombie" single and that's 'cuz I did it. ■ YF: How did the guy from Adult Contemporary get a hold of your stuff? Was Stan shopping it around? ■ MD: I guess so, 'cuz Stan's never worked a day in his life. He must've called up people. ■ YF: Any animosity towards Tom Smith? ■ MD: No. I mean, he sent Stan that \$500. So me and Stan got together, and he's like, "Let's go in the studio and do some recording."

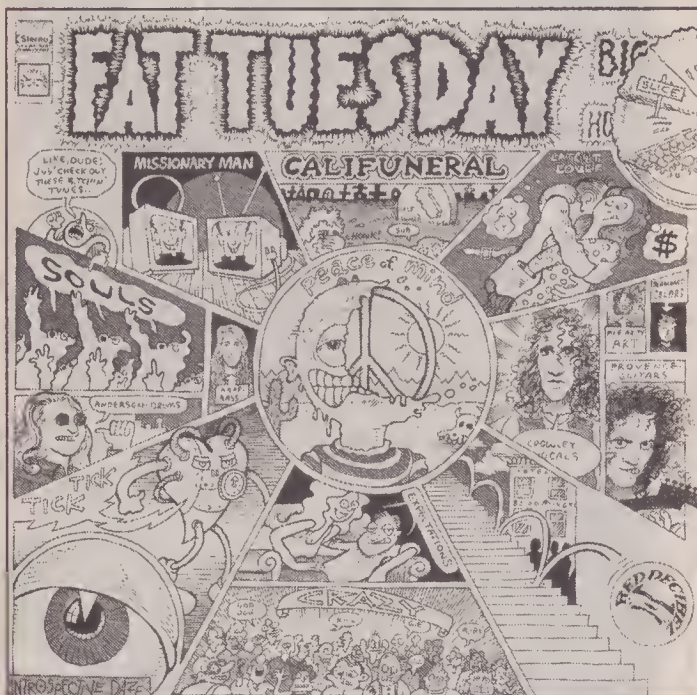




Mike Deleon's coming back from the Navy, we can go in and do it all in one night." The people at the studio we went to this time thought we were utter trash, they threw us out after one hour. That allowed us to record seven songs. ■ YF: In an hour. ■ MD: Okay, two hours. ■ YF: What songs were they? ■ MD: "Zombie," "Leprosy," "Enemy," "Drunks Theme," "Wonderful Subdivision," another version of "Punched," and this song called "Two Minutes." ■ YF: Back to Adult Contemporary. ■ MD: Stan claimed the check bounced. Whether it did or not, only Tom and Stan know that. Stan claimed he therefore had to pay for the studio time out of his own pocket, and he wanted me to pay for half of it. At this point we had signed the contract with the label and Stan was like, "Just give me the money, just give me the money. We're signed with these guys and we're gonna be stars." I thought, yeah, I wouldn't mind this. So I gave him the \$250. We kept trying to call back that studio so we could go in there and remix, but they just wouldn't return our calls. We found this guy, Dave Reis, who had a compatible Fostex 1/4" 16-track and a studio. Stan took the tape over to him and he loved it. We went in to remix those seven songs. We were there about an hour and went through a large tequila and a whole lotta beer, Stan was going through those joints. The first song we wanted to remix was "Zombie" and Stan wanted to re-track the drums, he claimed they weren't what they oughta be. And it was my song. I liked things the way they were, I liked the sound of it. One thing led to another and Stan just said "Fuck you," and I said "Fuck you," and he pushed me, so I slapped him. After a couple of punches we had the engineer and Dave pulling us apart. Stan's screaming, "Fuck you, fuck you, I'll take all the shit and I'll make all the money." And I said, "No,

you're not. Dave, rewind that fucking tape and erase all my fucking songs, right now." And that's what we did. What Stan walked out of there that night was all the songs the band had written. They were "Drunks Theme," "Punched," "Wonderful Subdivision," and "Two Minutes." I walked out with... ■ YF: Basically what became the Alter Human Industrial Fetishism 7". ■ MD: I sat on the cassette for the summer of '86. I was thinking, "What to do, what to do," and I made some calls and figured I'd just go ahead and press the 7". ■ YF: Which is the best Drunks 7", by the way. ■ MD: Well, I think so, too. I took my cassette into the studio, got that onto two-track, and sent it to the pressers. We did a photo shoot one night in a drunken haze with a Mossburg shotgun and that was the cover. ■ YF: That was you on the cover? With the wig on and shit? ■ MD: That's not a wig. I just had hair at the time. So I went ahead and did that single. Stan found out about it and he was extremely displeased. I still thought I owed him another single on top of that. He had done two singles without anyone's consent before. And we never asked for any accounting of the money that might have been made on those records (although I know for a fact that the first single never made a penny). ■ YF: So you could say that if there was any money made off any of those singles, he pocketed it. ■ MD: Y'know, after that studio event, I didn't try to call Stan, but he didn't try to call me either...

Continued next issue, whores, if we don't lose the tape or anything. Look, it's a fucking two hour interview and what's above ain't even fifteen minutes of it. Shit, I haven't even gotten close to where Mike finishes the Drunks saga and begins the chapter on the Bullets... 'Scuse me, while I go get drunk...⑧



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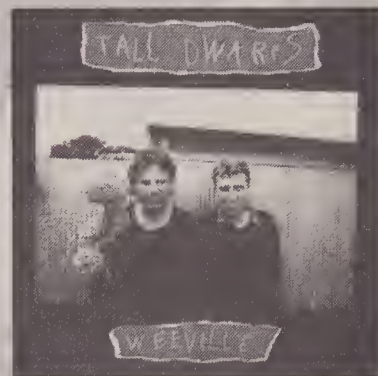
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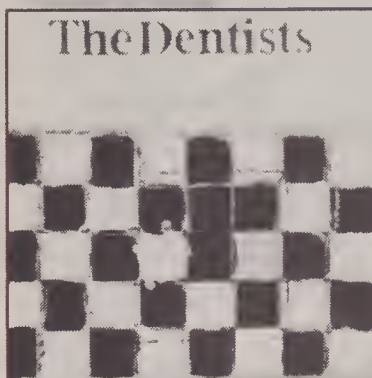
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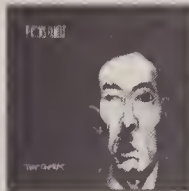
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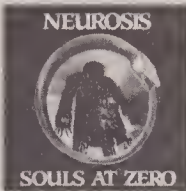
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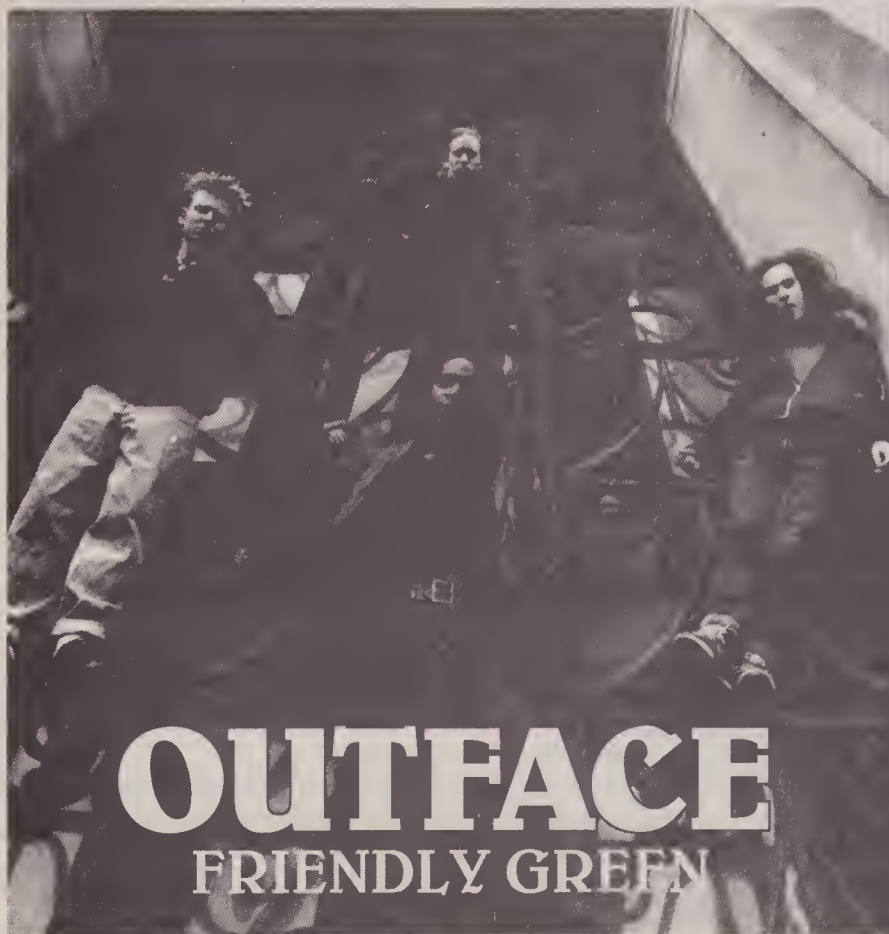


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# CHARLES PETERSON

## He Made Them Look Like That

by Jennie Boddy

On days like these when you're wondering what you did to deserve your lot in life, when killer is not even adequate for the insane cramps you have, when the only mail you get is from the Crown Hill Dental Center and you have to hide from the phone because Ken's Market is going to call with a friendly reminder about those bounced checks, and you just really need to hide from the phone anyway, then the cramps and you have lots of work to do and you're evicted and you know your life sucks more than anyone's—yes, it's days like these that it sure is awesome to know there's a Charles Peterson in the world. At first, I was thinking I'm just too hungover and sick and tired to write this, but then I realized, duh, that's perfect.

You see, Charles Peterson is a photographer extraordinaire, the visual part of what happened in Seattle. It's a package deal, all the great music and the look and the band Cat Butt and the coining of the word grunge and producer Jack Endino and the media whoring Sub Pop and Seattle bands' smart-ass humor or that pulled-the-wool-over-everyone's-eyes and created the sensation Rolling Stone calls "the new Liverpool." Uh, thanks, mainstream media. But by the same token this has made Charles one tired man. Or was he born a tired man? Anyway, it's great to listen to him bitch and moan in his bored, monotone voice about—well shoot, go ahead and name it.

But just consider all the little shutterbug has been through. He had to hike up in the mountains and take mushrooms with TAD for a photo, finally braving it along with the rest of them for a Soundgarden photo shoot; he had to shoot debauchery in Las Vegas with the Dwarves and a British writer from Melody Maker; he has to listen to buddy Bruce Pavitt call him Chaz; he has to have every bloody newspaper and magazine under the sun call him up for photos—preferably overnighted—to go along with their little obligatory Seattle scene story. On a more personal level, recently his cat Nils died; his hot water heater exploded, flooding his basement and ruining all of his dirty laundry; and he got hit by a car, all in one week. Worst of all, he's fucking responsible for the look of the Seattle scene—now that's a lot to answer for. Especially since he himself doesn't look "grungy" (as perceived as somewhere between Pearl Jam and toe jam). Sure he's hairy, but more on his body than his head.

Yet in this world of overbearing, self-important talented people, what a relief that here we have a talented person who knows what's what and is ready to tell you, who isn't running around being Mr. Schmoozeball and getting in everyone's face with all the impressive work he's done. Still, Charles has run the gamut, with his photos appearing in everything from People, Us and Spin to the New York Times, Village Voice, LA Weekly and Melody Maker, and the poor boy has almost more work than he can handle—and he works all the time, minus the time he's out whooping it up with the locals; he even built a darkroom in his kitchen. It gives a body hope that someone can get success on the basis of talent rather than talk.

"You know how Seattle is. It's pretty easy to just sit back and coast, you know, just sit back and let things happen," he says. "In New York or LA you have to hustle more, you have to hype yourself more. And you really have to come up with a promo style and stick with that."

Are grainy black and white live shots a postmodern style? Not very. Unless some second generation picture-taker comes along and cops his style—that might make it promo. Otherwise, his pictures kind of give the viewers a reality check, as in this is what's really going on, instead of,



Self Portrait

oh, let's say a bunch of guys standing in a circle, heads down contemplating the importance of the moment, in a big old bonding high five stance. Hey dude, real powerful. Ten.

"I like to always concentrate on the band personality," he says. "Most bands don't want a stressed-out, keyed-up photo; they want a more relaxed, characteristic sort of picture."

Relaxed? Maybe his studio stuff, but my God, when you think of a Charles Peterson photo, you think of emotion and stinky bodies and energy. He didn't graduate from art school and go on to shoot the big arena shows. No, Charles started as a club photographer, right there in everyone's face. Sonic Youth went as far as pulling him right up on stage with them (come to think of it, that was a big arena show, on the Neil Young tour). Now how this lanky frame can squirm in and out among all those kids going wild and still come up with the most amazing shots, well that just beats all.

"Part of it is what I hold in my hand this very moment: A beer. But no, I think part of it is spending a lot of my youth diving off stages and slam dancing and stuff, so I kind of got to know what to expect. I know how to fall; I know how to stiff arm somebody if need be. I just know how to react. I know how to keep one eye looking through my camera, one eye looking out behind my head," he says. "Part of it is suiting my



gear to what I do. I use a motordrive; I use a heavy-duty flash; I always have extra batteries that I can just plop in. Simple things like that can make the work easier."

That's the thing—Charles can go off on composition and print quality and lighting and other photographers—he can and he does. But I suppose he has a right to. Not because he has Leica tattooed on his arm, but because, I dare say, the whole look of Sub Pop and Seattle might have been photos of a bunch of geeky looking guys just standing around if Charles hadn't captured the live mayhem and made everyone cool and tough. Then no one would've cared about Sub Pop and maybe there wouldn't have been a Mudhoney craze which would've meant no money to ever put out other bands and that means it would be a Nirvana-less world. That would suck. But his photos work in a way others don't. Like when you look through a fanzine or something and see this live photo, and you can tell it has great potential, but it's really washed out, or say there's a guy flying through the air, but you can't see the details in his face.

"The thing is, if it wasn't for the technical part, people wouldn't get to see the thrill of the moment; the two go hand in hand," he says. "I've always been a real perfectionist when it comes to the look of the finished product, and when I see a photo that looks washed out—and it's not done on purpose—and it's too dark, ugh. I think that comes back to art school when someone would put up a photo and ask me to critique it. I'd say, 'I'm sorry but it's got dust spots all over it, or it's too dark,' because it's like a film. If you're watching a movie and it's all scratched up you can't enjoy it as much. Photos are the same sort of suspension of reality, you need to get into it, so it needs to be printed right and it needs to look good. And that's on a very surface level, not composition. You see a lot of photos with bad composition. You see them with funny-colored lights or some neat effect, but the composition isn't there, that they're not portraying the band as who they really are. There's no reason for that."

He can be a feisty bugger getting that shot, too, getting right down in the trenches with his trusty wide angle lens. The injuries have been minimal, but the ones incurred have been pretty punk. Like at a Black Flag show he threatened a bouncer with a hefty old Nikon, or more recently when Pussy Galore stopped playing because Charles was fighting with some dumb-ass kid who was being a dick in a mosh pit. But the best was at the International Pop Underground Festival in Olympia this summer, oh that happy happy little summer of love and friendship and oodles and oodles and oooooooooooooooooodles of warm fuzzies.

"Trent from the Mummies fucking smacked me full-on in the head with his microphone because I was too close, but that's what you get."

Whoa, totally bad-ass. Who wouldn't love to be socked by a Mummy? And you know what? I think other photographers secretly want to be like Charles and Charles secretly wants to be like other photographers. And

it's a hard call—would you rather have that street cred, punk rock hipness and respect from all the cool bands, or industry suave that gets major magazine editors and records exec dorks to fly you all over the world for photo shoots and pay you outrageous wads of money? The thing is, Charles can now probably have the best of both worlds. Now probably...what's that? Shoot, as I write this he's somewhere in London doing a photo shoot with That Petrol Emotion for their album cover, Geffen Records wants to have an oversized book of his photos out by Christmastime so all those 50 trillion Nirvana fans can do some spending,

he's doing more studio shots and working more in color, and he's made the move into the glamorous world of video. Already he's done two Mudhoneys, a Love Battery, a Treepeople, and the best video ever for The Monkeywrench.

"Yeah, too bad he says shit and there's hooze and guns, y'know," he says. "I was pretty confident going into videos, though. I had to be because I wanted to do it so bad. Basically it started when Mudhoney said they had this idea for a video in a white room, wearing lime green tuxes and with a girl on rollerskates."

That one got on MTV, even if Dan Peters was wearing a knitted Budweiser can hat. MTV, god, whoever thought it would come to this? Even his mom gets surprised. I mean, my god, he used to do nude self-portraits of himself in art school—pretentious twit. What's with



Charles in the flesh

these art school goofs? How lucky for the world he was punk rock, and that he met Mark Arm.

"I lived with Mark when he was still in Mr. Epp (pre-Green River, indie rockers), and I had no concept that someday I'd be flying to London to photograph Mark on stage in front of thousands of people," he says. "It seemed totally absurd at the time as he was practicing his pawn shop guitar in the bedroom next to me and I'd pound on the walls trying to get some sleep."

Oh, but he always seems to have the wrong view of himself. Listen to this one.

"I've been reading The Tao of Pooh lately, and that's like, what happens, happens, but you have to keep a good attitude and just keep slugging away at it," says the positive and perky picture boy. "I'm definitely an Eeyore type, but when the dust settles I think I'm more of a Pooh type."

Ha, no way! TOTAL Eeyore. He's just a hoxer short-wearing kind of guy, but that's OK. He'll slug along taking the best photos and put together the best videos; maybe he'll even get lucky one day because someone mistakes him for a famous person.

"Well, maybe in the future I think I'll be working it," he says. "But have I ever gotten lucky because someone thought I was famous, uh, that would be a no. I don't consider groupies off-limits, though." ③



# The Charles Peterson Photo Page



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# ALL PERCOLATER

PERCOLATER, the fourth studio LP from ALL, could only be recorded by a band that lives, works and breathes the credo ALL OR NOTHING. ALL erupted five years ago from the rubble of the DESCENDENTS and BLACK FLAG with a So Cal based pop-core guitar, bass and drum jolt. In their quest for the "total extent," ALL lived and played together in the same Lomita, CA living /office space until 1990 when they relocated to a four bedroom affordable house in Brookfield, MO. Being in the middle of the U.S. enables ALL to support their eight month a year touring habit, and they get some quality fishing done in Brookfield Lake as well. On PERCOLATER, ALL blends hard playing and heavy hitting with the band's knack for writing memorable songs, served up in a straightforward, highly developed musical attack. CRZ 022 (LP/CA/CD)

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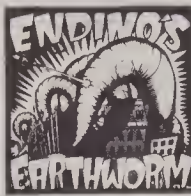
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ENDINO'S EARTHWORM is a creature concocted by guitarist/producer, Jock Endino, that is penetrating and unsettling as a liberated concentration camp. As a founding member of the psychopower quartet from Seattle, SKIN YARD, Endino has staked out gritty territory with his menacing guitar style for six years. Endino has gained the "Godfather Of Grunge" title for his production and engineering work on many of the independent rock releases from the Northwest US during that same period. On ENDINO'S EARTHWORM, Endino launches furious, muscular guitar blasts that strike right between the eyes.



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CHEMICAL PEOPLE by CHEMICAL PEOPLE isn't what anyone would expect from these graduates of Beverly Hills High, simply based on the four albums and one EP they've released over the past four years. Sure the TV show, Beverly Hills 90210, has made their High School famous but the CHEMICAL PEOPLE party and play much harder, faster and oomped-up beyond what any network censor would permit. A key to the Chems crunch is drummer/vocalist Dave Naz and on CHEMICAL PEOPLE, he takes over on guitar to turn up the female magnet potential. Ed Uriik anchors down their hard pop sound with rivet-gun shots of his bass.



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# REVIEWS

## PULP

Close To The Knives: A Memoir Of Disintegration,  
by David Wojnarowicz

David Wojnarowicz was the unhappy hooker. Beaten and kidnapped by a drunken father who eventually hung himself in a basement on Xmas eve, Wojnarowicz ran away and hit the Times Square kiddie skids at 10, selling sex. He was *Oliver Twist* with spread cheeks. A Greek tragedy. Now an HIV victim-warrior, he's made himself bad news to the breeders that coughed him up. Written with a captivating bleakness reminiscent of Louis-Ferdinand Céline or Jean Genet, Wojnarowicz uses rage-inspired language to describe the human debris of the nihilistic gay world of waterfronts, dumps, abandoned buildings and truck stops.

The book itself tends to disintegrate into parts, some dealing with politics, others with hard to swallow aspects of gay life like dodging dangerous and unwanted anonymous sex partners in alleys and slums. Wojnarowicz narrowly escaped several murder attempts. While dealing with his own personal hell, Wojnarowicz established himself in the New York underground as a multi-media artist known for spray-painting murals on the fronts of galleries that rejected his work, and starring in two of Richard Kern's transgression films of hyper-violence (*Stray Dogs* and *You Killed Me First*). In the last section of the book, the character who appears as "Joe" is really Kern himself and what follows is the most intimate and extensive known portrait of the super-8 sicko during the time he was immersed in his own deathtrip of heroin, stage blood and cinematography.

Before the book was even published, legal furniture was flying all over Random House over copyright to the letters of Montana Huston, which were almost used in the book's spectacular finish. Huston ("Dakota" in the book) makes a cameo appearance in Kern's *Stray Dogs*, a nightmarishly unsettling-looking skin head and junkie with a hideous smile who "ran every imaginable scam on his friends." He had a reverence for life that wouldn't allow so much as the killing of cockroaches. He saved his piss in jars. He evidently dealt with a lot of rejection. However, one day he borrowed a switchblade from Kern, went up to some street scum who burned him in a drug deal and said, "y'know, you're OK." Then buried the blade in his kidney. Death. He fled to Texas, but "a person like Dakota couldn't live for too long in a place like Texas...breaking into people's houses and putting on cowboy hats and...gun belts and walking around the house naked and fantasizing about being involved in these people's lives...and jerking off into their beds...He was a brilliant guy...where could [you] find people that think like him..."

After Huston committed suicide, his family burned everything connected with him, all his paintings, drawings, diaries, letters, and Huston himself, retaining his ashes in a jar. For once the kid could be in the house without causing trouble. Escaping the fire were the letters in Wojnarowicz's possession, but the publication rights were legally owned by the totally non-cooperative family and couldn't be used. Wojnarowicz sails over that obstacle beautifully by substituting

recollections and tape recordings of desperate conversations, making the book's final half the most artistically unified and rewarding. On one level it's another pretty example of certain deviates and criminals coming off more humane and honest than their law abiding detractors.

"I always tend to mythologize the...things...I love," Wojnarowicz writes, "always wanting them to somehow extend forever through time and motion." Like Genet, he transforms what is ugly to others into a personal mythology of transcendent fascination. His many references to violence and mass murder actually seem poetic, and by expressing them the way he does makes the difference between salvation and pulling the pin in a pancake house. *John-Ivon Palmer*

**World War 3 Comic**

When I think of World War III I think of heca-mega death, nuclear winter, mutilated survivors dragging their own guts across a rad-wasted landscape of screaming agony. What a starting point for a story line! So when I came by a few copies of *World War 3*, the comic book, I was ready to enjoy another thick coat of black on my darker side. What I got instead was a civics lesson. "World War 3" is a metaphor for bad living conditions in a pre-World War III world, to wit, the old struggle between the greedy have's and those misplaced, maladjusted, homeless, harmless, hapless, hopeless who's-its known as the have-nots.

*World War 3* was started by toon jockies Seth Tobocman and Peter Kuper the year Arthur Bremer's buddy hit the Big Oval. It's been a more or less yearly event ever since. Although a lot of WW 3 is preachy, and naive (did you know that cops can be cretins or that hard drug peddlers are doing a bad thing or that it's not easy being a woman?), there are still flashes of talent and originality in all the varied styles of panels and collages within its pages. There is suspense in the story in pictures of war machine saboteuse Katya Kamisaruk by Villa Piazza, insight into New York squat life by Lawrence Van Abbema, and some eruptions of pure imagination in the jungle metaphor of city parks by Peter Kuper or the chthonic nature of subways by Eric Drooker.

In a recent interview, talented cover artist and frequent contributor Sabrina Jones said in relation to politics and art: "I've got a beef against people who separate them." And I guess I have a beef with those who put them together. Go ahead, bite me. I was homeless myself once, living in pay toilets for six months, a recruitment problem for the work force as well as religious and politicians. Drugs and hostility are what saved my ass. So what the hell, ignore me and let WW3 break out all over America, especially in the comfy burbs where the over-fed complacents of today will become the haves (and have-nots) of tomorrow. *John-Ivon Palmer*



**DWIGHT EDGAR ABBOTT with JACK CARTER** *I Cried, You Didn't Listen: A Survivor's Exposé of the California Youth Authority*

If nothing else, Dwight E's early life—starting from the age of nine, carrying through to near adulthood through California's youth penal system—is nothing short of a bummer. Naturally, given the subject matter, it should go without saying; having to be subjected to violence, sexual assault and psychological torment by adults and peers alike countless times at such an early, developmental stage in any persons life ain't exactly anyone's idea of an idyllic, Sunday picnic with the Flintstones, but like most are apt to say, "shit happens." Unfortunately for *I Cried...*, there isn't a hell of a lot strike-like-lightning insight beyond the see-spot-run paced barrage of molestations, beatings, escapes, etc. Sure, the story in and of itself is harrowing, and you can't help but feel sympathy for a real life character too young and naive to ever stand a chance of seizing control of his situation at hand, or to feel certain anger towards a system that willfully turns it's back on the punishment it both inflicts and condones. No, the problem here is that this, like other written works based on the tribulations & sheer brutality of imprisonment (save for maybe Jack Henry Abbott's story on the subject) doesn't do much to showing the victim/author learning much about himself and the mistakes he as a person makes. Yeah, there's plenty of legitimacy to the argument that early incarceration fosters an innate default system into the prisoner, creating a career in crime, punishment and lock-down time, but does that really exonerate the victim to any responsibility for himself in managing his destiny? Okay, so maybe I

am being way too harsh, but my argument is that if you have the iron willed strength and tenacity to survive the shit hole in the first place, why is it so fucking hard to stay out of it once you do have a handle and/or you're given the chance at freedom? But hey, maybe Dwight will tell us all about what he's really learned since then in the upcoming sequel to *I Cried...* rumored to follow; then we can hear all about his tenure with the Aryan Brotherhood—something that might ultimately be of much more interest, though I seriously doubt it will be any more literary, beyond the usual tried and true horror show. [Feral House] *Peter D.*

**VAMPIRE MIKE KASSEL** *Graveyard Golf & Other Stories*

The original art by S. Clay Wilson emblazoned across the cover dovetails perfectly with this nifty little collection of short stories: Kassel's stories are clean, surgical backhanded swipes about the losers, the boozers, the junkies, poets and perpetual n'er do'ers—a pure fucking laugh riot—and if I didn't know any better I'd say some of these scenes are straight out of a "ladies night" at the Uptown Bar. Imagine for example a blues band consisting of several hasids playing in a seedy dive, whipping an already murderous crowd into a froth only to have their fun spoiled by the bands mommala telling them they must go home and yanking them out by the ear. Pretty meshuga, no? [\$6.00 from Manic d Press, Box 410804, San Francisco, CA 94141] *Peter D.*

**GIRLFRENZY**

I really wanted to like this zine but I just didn't. My first impressions of Girlfrenzy were actually really good. Flipping through

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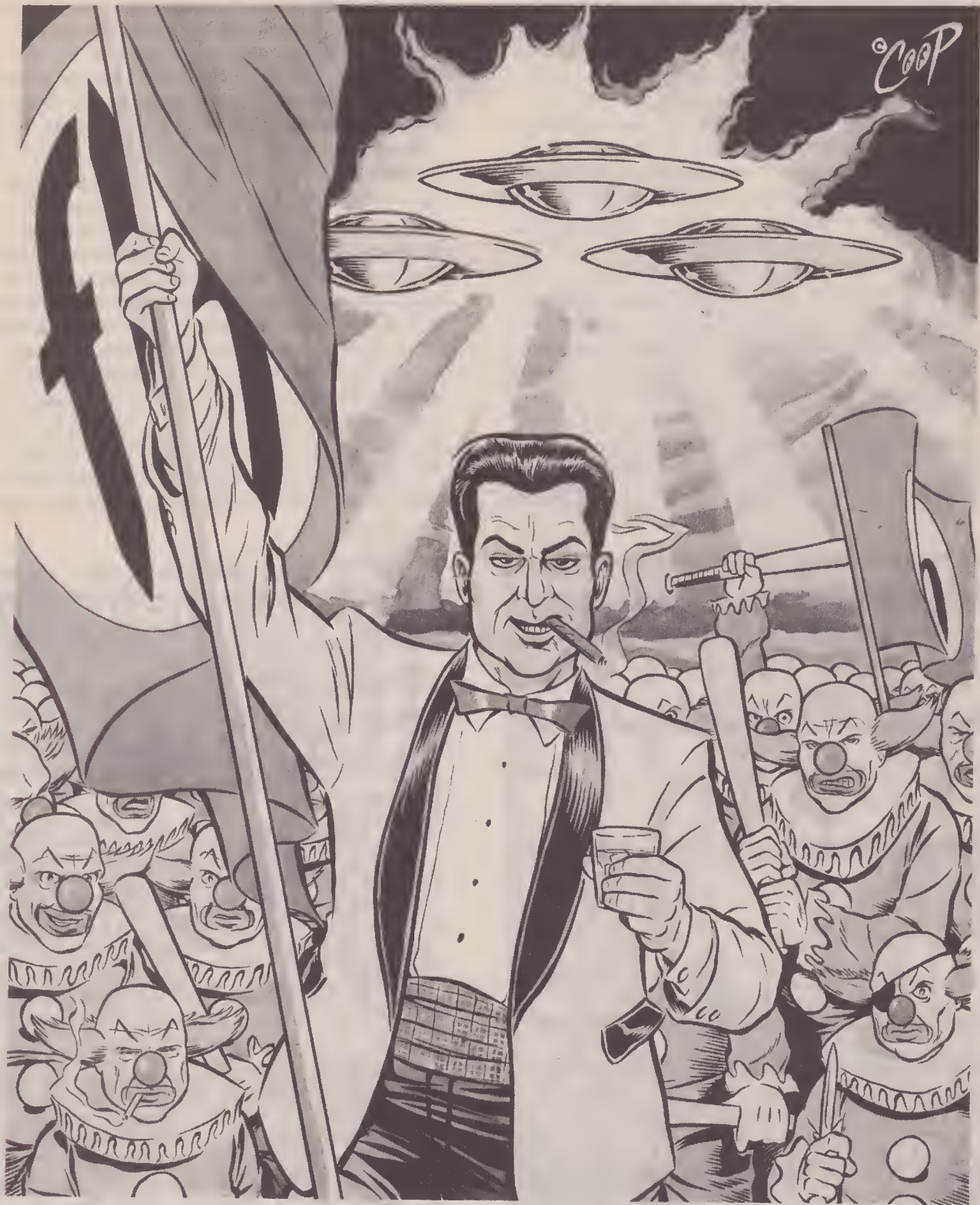
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it I noticed how nicely laid out it was, I also noticed there were lots of comics and that is always a good thing. A not even scratchy little punk rock comics but meticulously penned aesthetically pleasing comics by bonafide comic artists of the x-chromosome sex. And it says on the inside cover in bold type "GirlFrenzy—by women, for people," which I think is very beautiful. Unfortunately, this zine didn't come anywhere close to fulfilling the expectations I had after reading that ditty, and aside from what I just said there ain't a whole hell of a lot to like about GirlFrenzy.

To be fair, I'd have to say there's not much to dislike about it either (except for the article on the last page but I'll get to that later.) Mostly this zine just left me cold. All the articles are way too brief and stop just short of saying anything substantial. And the comics, however beautiful and artistic they may be, suffer the same affliction. They all start off with a really interesting premise and then they just go limp, ending up pretty much where they began. An example: There is a comic in here called "One Cold Wet Sunday" that starts off with "Maureen woke from a dream of 'The Exorcist' insanely randy and tossed off. Again and again... All day long..." And for six boxes we see Maureen "tossing off" and grunting until we get to the grand finale where she is sound asleep nestled under her blankets, "She slept like a top that night." I mean, who fucking cares?

There are some notable exceptions along the way, like a comic about Madonna being captured by aliens, an unfocused but seemingly genuine article about the pros, cons and how-tos of body hair removal, and another comic about "that time of the month." Overall

though, I felt like the GirlFrenzy crew were holding back. Like maybe they were afraid of saying too much and getting lumped into the shaman testosterone-haters camp as vocal females often do. I figured this was just a mild lameness phase (it is, after all, only their second issue) and that once they got the balls to actually say something, GirlFrenzy would be as magnificent and wonderful as I would like it to be. I thought all of these things before I read the Corrective Party article and now I think it is better if they just shut up.

On the last page there is a piece about someone named Lindi St. Clair and the Corrective Party which, according to GirlFrenzy (the article is uncredited, as most masterpieces of stupidity are) "present radical but rational arguments" regarding GB's social ills. The Corrective Party favors, among other things, legalized prostitution because "Shy, ugly, or lonely people have as much right to sexual relief as anyone else, and depression and rape could both be diminished by legalising sexual services." Excuse me?! Maybe I missed something, but the last time I checked, rape was a crime of hate, violence and oppression, not something shy, lonely blokes do to get their pee-pees stroked. And even if you were dense enough to believe this is the cause of rape, despite evidence to the contrary, how can you possibly fucking believe legal prostitution would diminish it if illegal prostitution hasn't? And how can the legalized use of human beings as nameless, faceless fuck toys be anything but depressing as shit? And while we're at it, who's going to be doing the servicing and who's going to get serviced? What color/ socio-economic group/ race/ religion/ sex will these prostitutes be who serve the lonely ugly ones

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as they come forth to assert this newly-claimed "right?" It's kind of funny how this article talks about "sexual freedom" and campaigning against "the Victorian taboos which surround sexuality" yet neglects to mention something very related and very nineties—AIDS. This ain't the summer of love, you could die from being this stupid.

I could go on and on with this shit, whacking away at all the other brilliant ideas presented here (chemical castration as a means of rehabilitation, etc.) but I think you get the idea. I obviously don't agree with the Corrective agenda, but that is not the point. I just find it really scary that there are "feminists" out there who actually believe this archaic "he was horny and wasn't getting any so he raped her" crap. And it ticks me off that these individuals would go ahead and print a blanket endorsement without even examining the issues I've raised. Any article worth its woodpulp would have forseen and countered my arguments, maybe even changed my mind about a few things. But its pretty obvious the Frenzied ones haven't even thought about these concepts in any sort of real sense. To them its something nifty and different and radical, kind of like those stupid haircuts were in the eighties. I don't believe in sending four dollars to people this inane. [BM Senior, London WC1N 3XX, UK] *Nicole Marie*

#### BOX NINE by Jack O'Connell: Mysterious Press

Here's a crime novel that a few people we know will relate to. The plot not only involves, but revolves around sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. That's not an untried revelation but finally someone has figured out that there's more involved than decadence. O'Connell has written a book that captures the psychopathic nature which defines the difference between listening to Def Leppard in the missionary position and playing you-know-who while...just imagine. The heroine of the novel, Lenore, is a speed-sucking detective who gets thrills from guns and speed metal demos. She gets caught up in tracing the origins of a drug called 'Lingo' which has three stages of effects: First, the user experiences a phenomenal increase in linguistic ability and comprehension. Next comes the sexual euphoria and the inevitable third stage...paranoia accompanied by homicidal rage. Unfortunately, Lingo is so untried that no one has been able to stop at level two. Lenore infiltrates the drug hierarchy and, like any other noir detective, lives life somewhere between black or white and right or wrong. Box 9 won Mysterious Press's award for the best first crime novel though it's much more than that. Combine the best elements of gritty Science Fiction, Suspense and Horror and you've got the gist of Box 9. *Ernesto Drudge*

#### CAGES by Dave McKean: Tundra Publishing

I can't speak for the first three volumes of this series, but Cages is an appropriate title for Number Four. The narrative is exclusively a monologue of an elderly housebound lady. The humor (believe it or not, the situation can be funny) is bittersweet as it revolves around the woman's estranged husband and death. Ironically, the real bitterness comes out of the beak of the woman's pet bird. The artwork doesn't vary between frames as much as it could but at least McKean uses more than the standard perspectives. All in all, this is an intriguing publication that could only loosely be called a comic.

*Ernesto Drudge*

#### SNAKE EYES II

Right from the cover this thing grabs you 'round the throat and drags you down into the slithering, soulful ink noir of its pages. Spend an afternoon with this thing and I guarantee you won't be reading Spidey-Man no more. Its Mad magazine on bad acid with a loaded .45 and an itchy finger.

This is the second of what I presume/ hope/ pray will be a full-on series of these delicious Snake Eyes "post-Popeye, Picto-fiction" anthology things, and like the press release says, its the equal of Snake Eyes I, rather than its sequel. The first one has been out of print for quite a while but they'll be printing more in August and you should buy it if you don't already have it. In the meantime though, buy this one. Almost a hundred pages and not one dud. Ten bucks and worth it. *Nicole Marie*

#### SUPERDOPE Mag #1,2,3

Major rebuttal on my part regarding this publication. Because I'm a fanzine freak, (at least "2 See Hear" stops a week), I found Superdope a kind of West Coast trendy version of Conflict. Sure, the layout could be livened up, but I care about that like, uh, not at all. Hinman is a wiseass, and a snappy writer whose barbs and praises are at least centered into some kind of order. Sure, I probably wouldn't dig some of the stuff he likes (Radio Birdmen's only use to me is as a pseudo-sleeping pill, yeah, collective gasp), but at least Hinman can write well enough that I understand why he likes them. And as for his supposed "rock-elitist" stance, that's bullshit. It's not like he's reviewing recs in a holier-than-thou manner, nor describing whatever color vinyl is in today, the guy genuinely seems to like the records which is why he's gone through the trouble of putting out the mag. And where else have you seen a Gories interview, not to mention a very funny and lively one. The review of "Talkin' Trash" was decent enough to make me go out and buy it and Hinman doesn't keep sacred cows (Re: Monster Magnet) and calls a dog a dog. Lest anyone think I have any vested interest in this mag, Superdope called by band "the biggest dicks Nationwide," slag city. Definitely in my top 10 fanzines and I hope a gala summer ish comes out before I hit my parents' beach house for some middle class leisure time. *Sean McDonnell*

#### UNSUPERVISED EXISTENCE by Terry Laban: Fantagraphics Books

It may be pointless to draw attention to this comic since this edition, Number Seven, was the final one in the sequence, but the creator, Terry Laban, will have a new comic called CUD coming out this Fall. This story is rather weak as it relies on the usual adult topics of sex and relationship woes. The first and last three pages are exclusively filler which is probably why there are going to be no more Unsupervised Existences. There are some clever asides in the artwork, however, so if you happen to pick this one up it actually is worth paying attention to. *Ernesto Drudge*

#### VOX by Nicholson Baker: Random House, NY, 1992, 165 pps

Heard of Vox? No? What line have you been dialing? The wrong one, obviously.

Nicholson Baker's bestselling new "novel" is a provocative set-up really, a bit o'titillation, a bit o'fantasy, a timely installment in the honorable body of erotica. In a recent interview, the author wondered if his take on sex was really weird or just mundane. And that question is exactly what pervades the pay-per-minute conversation that is Vox. As the semi-sultry end of a two-year phone 'thang, I like the idea and I like the book. The voices of Jim and Abbey in this little volume touched me where it matters, and made me think about the battle over "appropriate" sexuality which rages through the present day. And faced with the women who clearly don't inhabit the 1-900 wonderland for my pleasure, Baker's equal attention to male and female experience/ fantasy stories is refreshing.

To my body and mind, this book is provocative, kinda regular, kinda fun, pretty mainstream soft-porn. Baker's characters exchange



experiences which are neither outlandish nor spectacular—a lot like the funny, odd, idiosyncratic sex we've all had. Often, Abbey's attempts to seduce some uptight yuppie guy with a bottle of olive oil—the stories aren't at all unlikely but rather the sort of thing you might tell your friends about, or imagine, with equal doses of embarrassment, bravado and humor. Many of the stories these two tell work just as spoken tales both to evoke and create a sort of excitement in the telling. Voyeuristic and ideal, sure, but harmless certainly. Plagued by popular therapeutic notions of intimacy and such blather, I at first thought the whole scenario was a bit strange, a bit empty. But who's to say? Yeah, I might often prefer sweaty grunting body sex, but a psychic set of Samsonite and past-marked physical presence aren't all they're cracked up to be—that's the sort of junk that just won't fit in a latex catch-all. So much for the baldest reality; fantasy, thank god, works differently. In language and image, Vox moves way beyond those fucking spread shots of airbrushed babeliciousness to infuse the everyday with sexual promise, to ask questions about sexuality and the place of porn in our lives, as it offers up pleasure at the hands of its characters' fantasies and experience.

For a quick couple of pages, Jim tantalizes Abbey (and me, I admit), by describing the cunnilingus he imagines for her pleasure. It reminds me of an Emily Praeger short story where a woman recounts her attempt to buy such service from a massage parlor guy. Complete bust. And she was rightly, if shame-facedly, incensed, given the long

universal tradition of twenty-buck blow jobs. Vox is different by comparison to most other mainstream porn, as it refuses to privilege male sexuality and does away with the pervasive underlying sense of female anatomy as dirty, icky, something to be cleaned up or exploited via literary convention. Masturbation, obviously, has a special place in the book—not just simply as something men do but as a means of transformation for women. Jim is fascinated, almost obsessed, but notions of real women doing it all the time, everywhere—beautifully transcending all other criteria by which they might be assessed, as they fly. Baker plays on the power of words, from rechristening masturbation as “strumming” (but we, loyal rockers, have known that from the jump) to the provocative nature of language as a means of highly sexual connection between people.

With the Pleasure Police out and watching us all, talk about sex—much less action—is fraught with anxiety. I guess it often depends on where you sit, or upon whom, in the argument. Reading Andrea Dworkin will certainly get those grey cells moving, but mostly it will make you hate yourself and anyone you've ever touched or been touched by. No fun, just shame and repression for all. Pleasure moves in mysterious ways, not to be legally standardized or morally reigned and really, this stuff won't incite those who enjoy it to brutality. Vox might give voice to a whole new realm of fantasy possibilities—endow the real world with fantasy, give fantasy its shape from a pleasure-filled reality.

Relax and enjoy. *Lisa Fischman* 8

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# LEONARD COHEN

## AND THE DEATH OF COOL

by David Sprague

He was the first next Bob Dylan, the first to bring to "rock" the idea that impressionable young girls will flock to a dumpy, middle-aged shlub, providing he's got a good enough line in smooth talk, the man who made monotone semi-marketable (thereby setting the stage for lessers from Bob Smith to Barry White). Yep. Leonard Cohen's cut quite a swath through rock's rich tapestry for a guy who's released just eight albums over the course of the past quarter century.

As a depressive poet, Cohen is still peerless, as proven by the lyrics he recites from a due-in-'90, but still forthcoming, LP. His work even holds up in the hands of the new wave losers that hurdened I'm Your Fan, last year's Cohen entry in the tribute album stakes. Okay, folks like John Cale, Nick Cave and, oddly enough, Kiwi loungesters Dead Famous People seemed to "get it," but for the most part, the musos in question had little clue as to the formality, dignity and self-surrender that makes a Cohen tick: Then again, asking 'em to do so is like asking a prep schooler to "interpret" Bukowski.

From his days as a Montreal Beat poet (his first book, *Let Us Compare Mythologies* was issued in 1956) with a country music fetish until the 1967 release of *The Songs of Leonard Cohen*, he wandered across Europe, returning from his travels with (for better or worse) the concept of the beautiful loser—which became the title of his best-selling crank epic. The past two-and-a-half decades have seen him alternate periods of total isolation with periods of, well, moderate isolation. Highlighted by a collaboration with Phil Spector—who kidnapped the tapes of 1977's *Death of a Ladies' Man* at gunpoint—and a religious awakening that, like few others in popular music, produced works (like *Various Positions*) that might actually win a few converts, it's been a career that Cohen characterizes as "modest." Don't believe it for a minute.

■ YF: How did the tribute project come about? ■ LC: I had nothing at all to do with it. I didn't know when it began and I didn't know when it ended. It was the brainchild of Christian Fevrier, who is the editor of a rock magazine in Paris whose name no one can pronounce. It's a magazine that holds up the flaming torch of rock 'n' roll. ■ YF: Do you find it easy to let go of your songs? ■ LC: I'm one of those parents that's happy to let go; I'd be happy if it was made into Muzak. I don't have a sense of proprietorship, which probably stems from coming up as a folksinger where it was understood that songs develop a patina through interpretation. I feel that's the mark of excellence. I was struck with the respect the singers paid to the arrangement or to my own delivery, which was very gratifying. ■ YF: Do you prefer that people

abide by a strict interpretation of your work? ■ LC: I've never gotten over the pleasure of someone covering one of my songs. My career has really been quite modest in the world and not many people have done so. Somehow my critical faculties go into a state of suspended animation when I hear someone's covered one of my tunes. I'm not there to judge it, just to say thank you. ■ YF: You're known as a pretty fair interpreter

yourself, given your handling of Lorca. Is it difficult for you?

■ LC: Unfortunately, all my efforts are painstaking. I'd prefer it if I were gifted and spontaneous and swift, but my work requires a great deal of painstaking. That's no guarantee of its quality, but it does. With the Lorca poem, the translation took 150 hours, just to get it into English that resembled—I would never presume to say duplicated—the



greatness of Lorca's poem. It was a long, drawn-out affair, and the only reason I would even attempt it is my love for Lorca. I loved him as a kid; I named my daughter Lorca, so you can see this is not a casual figure in my life. She wears the same name beautifully; she is a very strange and eccentric soul... ■ YF: That same amount of effort must go into your own songs; let's face it, you're not exactly prolific. ■ LC: I wish I knew. If I knew where good songs came from, I'd go there more often. I have friends...Dylan gave a concert in Paris I happened to be at, and we met the next day and got into a lot of shop talk about writing. He was doing a song of mine called "Halleluja" and he liked the song and asked how long



it took. I was embarrassed to tell him, "I'm lying about this, but I'll say it took two years" 'cos it was more than that. The conversation went on and I praised a song of his called "I and I" and I asked him how long that took and he said "15 minutes" and I believe him. I wish I was in that tribe: Hank Williams could write songs in half an hour, or so the story goes...

■ YF: Did you benefit from growing up before making your public debut? ■ LC: I don't know if we ever grow up, but I was trained in a school of writing that no one will remember called the Montreal school of poetry. We were a bunch of poverty-stricken writers who cared a lot about poetry and nothing else since in those days there were no grants or prizes...there weren't even many women. We put out little magazines or books and read to one another and it was probably the most savage and most discerning panel of critics you could ever face. I think that's where most of my notions developed. ■ YF: Would it have been different if you had been forced to go to the masses from day one? ■ LC: We were so naive and so out of it and so far from the mainstream that we thought we were writing for the masses. There was never a sense of elitism in the groups I was in. On the contrary; a very radical sensibility informed the whole thing. In effect, we were in revolt against a literary establishment that spoke with an English accent and declared you couldn't really write great poetry unless you came out of Oxford. They didn't think people who spoke like us could write English verse. It was designed to be read by everybody. It wasn't; it was read by about 400 people. ■ YF: Did your concerns change when it became 400,000? ■ LC: Well, my bank account changed, but I don't think my concerns did. I had songs like "Suzanne" ripped off, stolen from me, I didn't make as much money as I should have, but it was still a degree I never dreamed of. ■ YF: The early songs were so unrelievedly sad... ■ LC: There is a great deal of sadness. ■ YF: ...Yet over the years you've developed a wonderful sense of humor, mostly about yourself... ■ LC: It's refreshing to hear you say that. I was reading the reviews of this in England, and there they were calling me Laughing Len and saying they oughta sell razor blades with this record...you get into the computer with this image and whenever they punch up your name, there it is. ■ YF: Was there a change for the better that affected your writing, making you less desperate? ■ LC: When things get truly desperate, you start laughing...you experience what it really means to crack up...I remember what Ben Jonson said: "I've studied all the philosophies and all the theologies but cheerfulness keeps breaking through." (Laughs) I've read that as you approach middle age, the brain cells associated with anxiety start to die—so it doesn't matter whether you go to church every Sunday or do your yoga or whatever, you'll start to feel better about yourself. ■ YF: There's no nastiness; do you see chinks in your armor? ■ LC: It's not so much armor, as it is threads, band-aids and chicken wire. Some kind of triumphant cheerfulness starts to arise; I dunno where it comes from, maybe up above, but you become able to lean on it and to laugh. Not at others, there's no point. ■ YF: Do you feel responsible for perpetuating, or even inventing, the myth of the beautiful loser? ■ LC: I do think there's a difference, but it's hard to judge. There's a blessing in traditional Judaism that I always found quite profound: It's called the blessing on hearing bad news. When you hear bad news when you see what appears to be a loser, and before you make the

determination about whether this is a guy who deserves to lose, its good to remember that blessing. When you deal with suffering, it's appropriate to be reluctant about making a judgement. In the realms of pain, it's best to keep quiet and lend a helping hand. And if you can't lend a helping hand, at least offer a silent blessing. If you can't do that, it's best to do nothing at all. ■ YF: You don't get hamstrung by nostalgia, do you?

■ LC: That's a very interesting observation and I appreciate it very much; I'm not nostalgic. There are people I know who have a very finely developed sense of nostalgia and they can draw me into moods where I look at the past in a way that's uncharacteristic. I don't look at the '60s as the good old days; people ask me "isn't it terrible what happened to the ideals of the '60s" and I have to say I don't know. Maybe it is, but during the '60s I never thought it was so great either, with the amount of charlatanism and hustling that went on—there's really nothing to regret about its passing.

When you reach a certain level of disintegration, the degree to which you can put yourself on is greatly diminished. Since you're writing to recover your self-respect in some way, to discover some sort of significance to your own life, then you find you can lie less and less. The style then takes on a certain bluntness, a certain honesty. It's no virtue, it's just that it hurts more to put yourself on.

■ YF: Does that sense become more acute? ■ LC: I think so. You get...these paradoxes are popular, but that doesn't mean they're not true: you get more vulnerable and stronger at the same time. ■ YF: Do you have to detach yourself or not? ■ LC: To really hone in, you have to detach yourself from your own cowardice, your own laziness, your own doubt. Then you take the plunge into the material and get ready to drown...or swim.

The thing that we're hungry for cannot be described by a political position right now. There is some kind of moral resurrection that people from all positions on the spectrum can participate in. I don't want my songs to be slogans for the Right, Left or middle. I want it to be a cry defined in very concrete images.

■ YF: That runs contrary to today's sound bite mentality. ■ LC: I don't have the chops to comment sociologically. Maybe I'm just getting cranky and old, but there's very little in the public realm that's not gibberish to me. There's very little real commitment—the artists are doing exactly what the politicians are doing: Staying right at the surface, not really committing to anything, just taking easy party positions. They may be on the right side, but they're offering slogans, not commitments. ■ YF: And they elevate "Cool" above everything else. ■ LC: Cool. The notion of cool has been destroying the heart for years. I remember when I came to New York for the first time in the early '50s, when cool was starting to be developed as an important position. I remember sitting in a coffee shop in the Village, and I'd heard about a new spirit, a sweet spirit and I remember sitting there taking my paper placemat and writing in big letters "KILL COOL!"

Something has crossed the threshold that we never thought would. It's inside, in us. The wind isn't howling out there anymore, it's howling within us, and everyone understands the beast has been unleashed. Extreme caution is advised. ☉



# WATCHING THE MAGGOTS CRAWL OR MY VISIT TO THE END OF THE WORLD

WITH "MR.  
APOCALYPSE  
CULTURE"

ADAM  
PARFREY



Adam Parfrey: Nazi? Satan worshiper? Or, man with a monogrammed bowling ball who yearns for a simpler time when the lines between good and bad and ugly and beautiful were more clearly defined. Some people would say that we are living in one of the darkest and most depraved times in history, but what does that mean? What does it look like when we get down to the bottom

and see our worst nightmares come true? These issues are taken to task in Adam Parfrey's *Apocalypse Culture*, a book that has stirred up some much needed controversy by challenging everything this society has settled into believing. Parfrey states on his role as scribe to the decline of the empire, "I see myself as being the facilitator between the primary material that very few people are taking a look at, really digging deep under rocks, seeing the maggots crawl, smelling the shit, repackaging it and presenting it to the really venal, gross business people."

The primary material includes interviews with necrophiliacs and child pornographers, psycho killers and mad scientists, side by side with informative essays on lycanthropy, eugenics and mind control. All this wrapped up in a neat little package, ready for sale to the hungry, smiling masses, available at your local B Dalton Bookstore. The rather bizarre icing on the cake is Adam Parfrey's desire to involve Richard Simmons in the proceedings. "I respect Richard Simmons. I think he's amazing. If *Apocalypse Culture* is going to be made into a movie, I'd like for him to narrate it. (In an amazing impression of Richard's voice) 'And now boys and girls, let me take you to the wacky world of Necrophelia!'"

Parfrey himself is as complex as his controversial book. He's done everything from tour the country as a Shakespearean actor to write for *Hustler* magazine. Most importantly though is his publishing company, Feral House, which is responsible for bringing light to some very dark corners of today's societal sickness. Where others merely scratch the surface of this kind of material with freak show photos and tease interviews, Feral House titles such as *Nightmare Of Ecstasy: The Life and*

*Art of Edward D. Wood, Jr.*, which offers a privileged glimpse into the world of B movie making in the '50s and '60s through the story of the transvestite director of *Plan 9 From Outer Space*; and *Secret Life of a Satanist: The Biography of Anton LaVey*, take serious, in-depth looks at some of the most disturbing and fascinating subjects of our time.

His most recent publication, *Cad, A Handbook For Heels*, is a humorous examination of "The forgotten lore of the red-blooded American male," complete with articles on Burlesque, Beatniks, Black Velvet Art and how to mix the perfect martini. As with his other books, it works on several different levels. On the one hand it is nostalgic satire of 1950s bachelorhood; on the other it is a subtle but powerful indictment of the sorry state feminism has forced on the relationship between the sexes.

In person Parfrey is an intriguing combination of suave '50s throwback with cigar in tow, and serious commentator with a deep concern for the world's current death wish. At his house in Hollywood we drank Scotch (neat), listened to some Space Age Bachelor Pad Music (a *Cad* term for a certain type of mood music that is long overdue for its revival) and discussed the oncoming *Apocalypse*.

**YOUR FLESH:** How did you get from an interest in "underground" material to your current role as publisher?

**ADAM PARFREY:** Well, I've never been particularly satisfied with the material I've received through the newspapers or through the venues



where everyone gets their information. I've always been curious, I've always been sort of a revisionist, if you will, since I was a little kid. I've never really trusted the mouthpiece of America to provide me with the material I should know. So, I grew up, I won't say jaundiced or cynical, but knowing there's another layer, another reality that isn't being explored. How that was brought to bear on publishing really started in '78 after I did this tour as an actor in a Shakespeare company. I sort of felt revitalized personally with the punk thing. Los Angeles in the mid '70s, nothing was occurring, just drive aimlessly, and there was a sort of malaise that seemed much more focused and specific when punk came around. I went to the Masque, early punk shows and all that. At the beginning it was very disorienting and disquieting to me which took my interest. It wasn't that I loved all forms of punk music per se, but it was that kind of restless energy, and there was a certain intelligence happening with some people

in exploring the nether region of the human psyche. IDEA magazine was my first magazine. I guess it was sort of a punk paper without the the music, I mean who wants to read another article on the Buzzcocks or something? It's stupid. All these kids have this tunnel vision about "music music music," and there's a whole wide world out there. From there I moved to New York and slaved away working as a clerk in bookstores and whatnot. I finally latched into a job working for a small publisher and then began to learn the process of actually dealing with the book industry. And I took all that knowledge with me and started, with a friend from Los Angeles, Ken Swezey, a press. He was putting together the Amok Catalogue with a bunch of people, and I interested him in starting a publishing company. He convinced me to call our company Amok Press due to the synergistic merge between the press and the Amok catalogue.

Our first book was the novel Michael by Joseph Goebbels. We struck a deal with the translator, Joachim Neugroschel, because he collected Joe Coleman's work, and I got a good deal on a painting because Joe's a good friend of mine. The next book was Apocalypse Culture. Apocalypse Culture was something I was working on in the guise of another project I

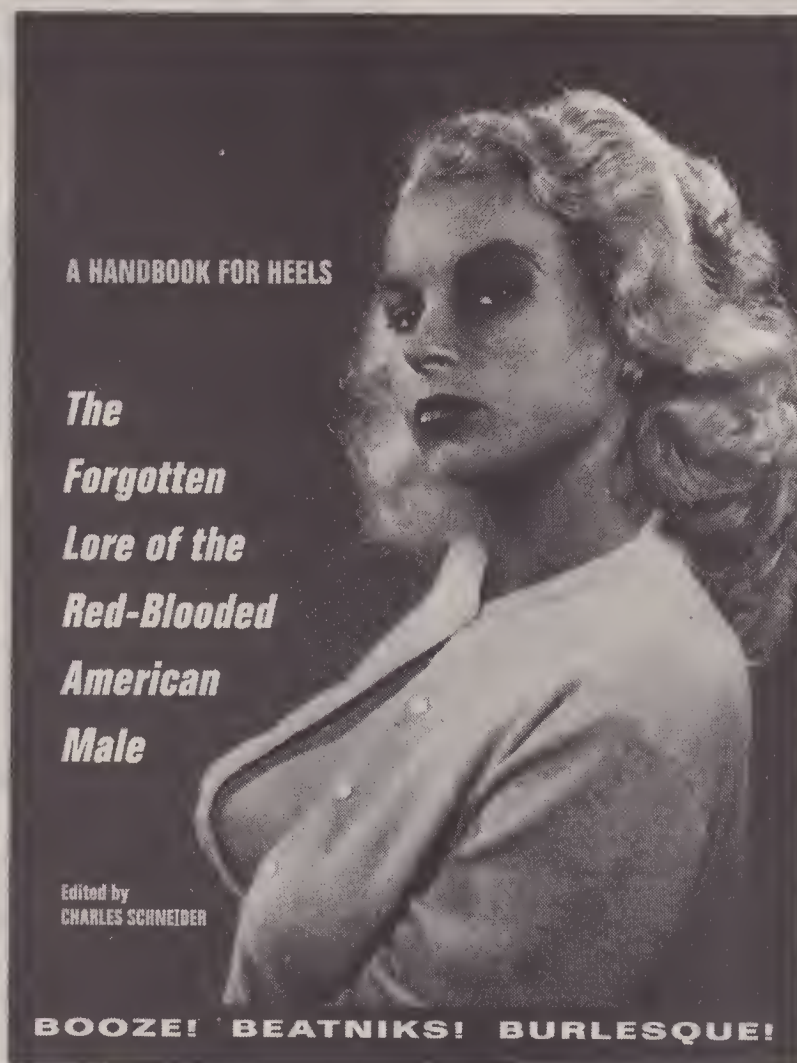
had in mind, called The Journal of Unpopular Views, which was to articulate my antipathy and misanthropy for modern times in one volume. It was very influenced by Celine and revisionist historians. I'm

not talking about Holocaust revisionism, but just another way of looking at the world and current events and interesting obsessive, schizophrenic, fetishistic influences that were happening but weren't being documented. Apocalypse Culture got an advance order of maybe a hundred copies. The B Dalton buyer threw my distributors' sales rep out of her office after pitching the book. Fortunately it has caught on and has sold more than 25,000 copies since then.

■ YF: Why did you get out of Amok Press? ■ AP: After a while I didn't want to be associated with the Amok catalogue people due to some disputes, mainly over business practices. We kept getting complaints about slow or non-existent order fulfillment from the Amok catalogue and I was worried that the mail authorities would step right in. There were also a lot of personal disputes. Ken and his brother at the Amok store don't speak anymore, there's so much bad blood. And

the Amok store or catalogue refuses to sell any Feral House, Amok Press or Blast Books. Ultimately it seemed best for us to cut our losses and start fresh under different imprints. Fuck it, if I hadn't let Ken talk me into naming our imprint Amok Press I wouldn't have wasted my time helping to drill the name Amok into the popular consciousness. ■ YF: Where did you dig up all those people in Apocalypse Culture? ■ AP: Well, you'd have to ask that about every single piece in there. You'd have to start at the beginning. A lot of this is just my ear to the ground. I run into some interesting people. Sometimes you talk to people who most would consider unsavory or extremists, and I talk to them. And I listen.

■ YF: What people would they consider unsavory? ■ AP: Well, for example, there are people in the right wing movement, you know, who are conspiratorialists, and a guy named Michael Hoffman for example, without talking to Michael Hoffman I wouldn't have known about guys like James Shelby Downard or William Grimstad. But these people, Downard in particular, are so freaky and paranoid and so on, that they couldn't really interface with the publishing world on their own. Sometimes you look at material that is offensive or degrading or is





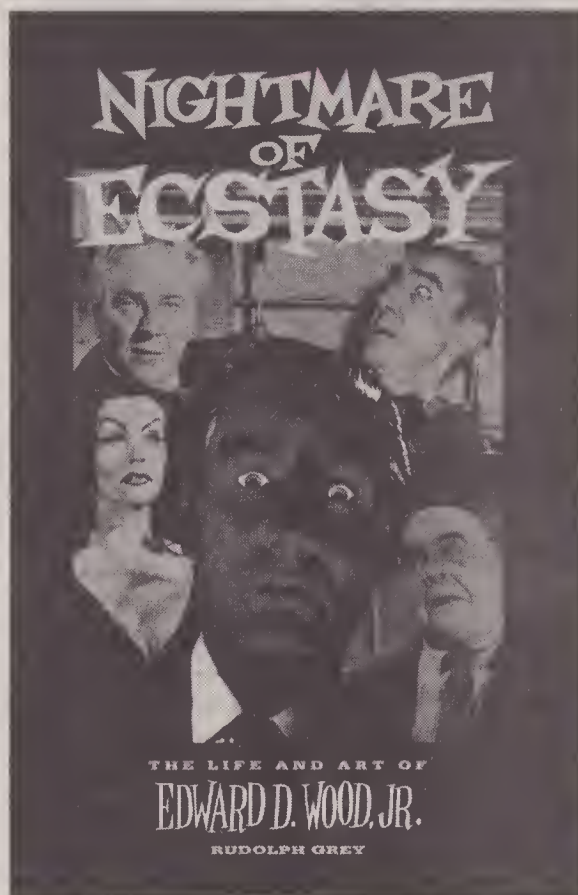
against your own ideas or ideals, but that's what's interesting about it. You have to examine that. To know what your point of view is you can't just rely on your own emotions to sort of vaguely feel some sort of firm opinion and stick to that stance and never admit to any kind of interest or curiosity into anything that isn't like that. It's almost a kind of Christian point of view. Liberals are like Christians in that way that sometimes they remind me of a bunch of psychotics who have this philosophy that allows them the temerity to feel that their psychotic behavior is right, and MORE right than anything else. And it's based not upon curiosity or upon skepticism or upon investigation or making up your own mind. It's not an individualistic thing, it's a sheep-like thing. They'll have facts colliding with their opinions or religious beliefs or political beliefs. The facts of nature will collide with them and they'll look at those things and they won't admit that they're dissonant. They will just somehow work it to some kind of warped analysis that somehow proves their opinion. It's getting kind of frightening right now because I think people's minds are becoming more and more closed as people become more and more afraid and it's a kind of millennial idea and something I put across in my book, which is, when things become a little more chaotic, people require this kind of open and shut trap-door mentality that will admit no light. And it creates this kind of medieval, crowd-like behavior which is easily manipulated and will cause great cataclysm. And the cataclysm is that when you have five hundred million people believing insane beliefs, they will all shift with that one person's say so, but if they're individualists, you can't control them so easily. Apocalypse Culture is sort of a meta-book in a way. You look at it and all these things are colliding with your belief systems, the way you feel. There are things in there that you may believe and the next sentence you won't believe. Is this fact, or is it a joke? Is this serious? The process of putting that book together was like throwing those things together in a kind of synthesis so that when people were reading it, they would go through a different process, they would evolve to a different level perhaps. A lot of people get caught up with the content, but there's another way of looking at it too. They say, "Oh, that's a weird thing with Karen Greenlee," you know, and that's true, that's weird and that's interesting, but it's not just that. There are a lot of connections within, and it pays to keep your eyes and mind open. ■ YF: Does your own book frighten you? ■ AP: No, not anymore. ■ YF: But it did at some point. ■ AP: It might have, yes, things would disturb me a bit that I put in there. See, what really disturbs me more is not so much acts of violence or perversion, as much as acts of violence and perversion glossed over in this psychotic, Christian way as

being good and comfortable. It scares me the state of the world, the state of the environment, it scares me to death. But it's making money, and that's good. People saying, "Be Nice," and support this type of thing. That is frightening to me because that's unnatural. An individual act of perversion, now, is honest. Jeffery Dahmer is more honest than the head of Exxon. You know where he stands. And the real "devils," as you would say, are the people who wield this enormous power, who are average citizens, churchgoing people who feel they're doing the greatest good and are destroying the fucking earth. So, the things that frighten me are the things that everyone else feels nice and warm and cuddly about.

■ YF: Do you really think that for art to be effective it has to be criminal? ■ AP: Well, that was in my "Aesthetic Terrorism" piece. I wrote it when I was in New York and it was a critique of the so-called, subversive underground artists that were occurring there, the Barbara Krugers and Jenny Holzers, and I just tried to strip away some of the pretense of Modern Art. I was so full of bile and very dyspeptic about these pretentious assholes who thought they were defining the world and getting paid kings' ransoms for doing garbage, being court artists. I think that the guy who went into Luby's Cafeteria, drove in there and started

massacring a bunch of people was something that is saying what these people are saying, you know, the Karen Finleys and the Lydia Lunches, who are trying to do what they're doing, but on a far more sophisticated and meaningful level. ■ YF: Do you think the people and the ideas in your book are the symptomatic results of a problematic society or that they're people who've found some solution to living in a problematic society? ■ AP: Well, they're both really. And you can be both actively. I like the idea of living paradox and conflicting things happening at once; I find it texturally interesting. If you're all the way one way, it's really dull. People can read that. It may also be my genetic predisposition. I'm half Okie, sheet-wearing KKK type people, and half Eastern European Jewish. And that in itself creates a tension genetically. Another tension is that I have a misanthropic and cynical and skeptical point of view, yet I do believe that that comes out of a certain idealism and

empathy for the world, and for what the beauty the world could be and isn't. ■ YF: Was it ever? ■ AP: Certainly more beautiful than it is now, than this subdivision of resources and destruction of natural beauty for the artificially supported. This result of runaway goods commodity capitalism. Am I answering your question? ■ YF: Yeah, you kind of are, without being specific. ■ AP: Which is what? ■ YF: Are the people in your book symptomatic or solutional? ■ AP: Oh. It's interesting. They





could be symptomatic and solutinal. For example, Peter Sotos. If you take him as an example, you might say he's symptomatic of a disease in a perverted time. He's just the unhyppocritical version of it. He's like the guy who, you know, the city and the nuclear family and the late 20th century has created this type of personality. But he's not going to sit around like a Christian and flog himself for being this way. He's going to unhyppocritically, truthfully, honestly explore these things and articulate it in a way that pleases him. And I think that's better than the Christian who is a pervert and who has these same type of feelings. But they put this gloss on it like they're good guys.

■ YF: But they don't really DO it.

■ AP: Yes they do! If you look at the child abuse figures for priests, it's far higher than the regular population. ■ YF: Other people I

have talked to have these really specific visions of what they want the world to look like when all the problems are solved. Do you have one? ■ AP: Gosh, I think it would be kind of boring. I'm not a utopian, that's

really hard for me. I need the bad and the good mixed together to create a fully formed thing. I think once you have something that's pefect you're no longer alive. Perhaps what we're going through right now, the world problem, the world situation, maybe we should look on it as an apt process of our evolution. You know, the

only thing I really worry about is that the limited intelligence that we have as a species will not be allowed to evolve because we just have intelligence enough to know how to destroy the earth. And we may not survive our little genetic experiment. All my opinions are changing. They're changing and evolving. They're not going 180 degrees around from something I've done before, but I'm accumulating information and changing the way I perceive things, adding on things I'm learning and milling through my experiences beforehand. One of these experiences is knowing that not having a struggle, not having a conflict is certain death. I think organisms need conflict. I think they need to be irritated to do something. Otherwise they'll just stand still and be static. ■ YF: So you're irritating people.

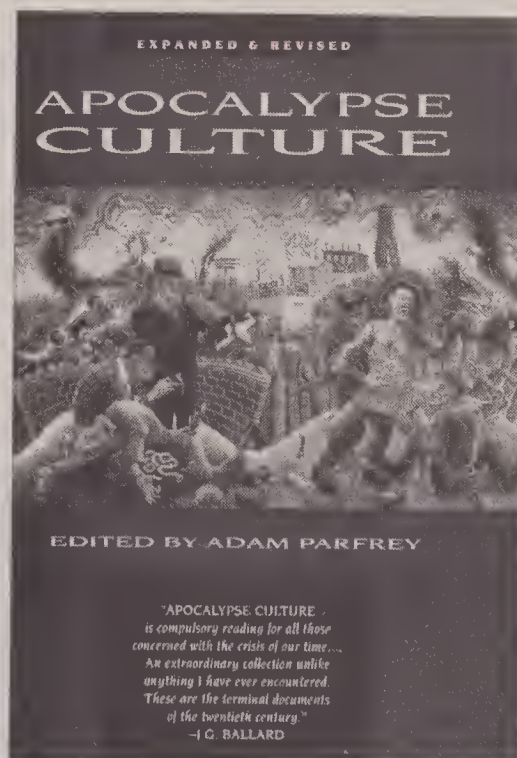
■ AP: Yes, a necessary irritation. ■ YF: Let's talk about the new book, Cad, what's in that? ■ AP: Cad evolved from an idea a friend of mine, Charles Schneider, had—he's the editor of the project—to put out a men's magazine like they did in the '50s. And I looked at some of those things and they're kind of remarkable because what they had in these magazines was a kind of prurience to them, prurience meaning something forbidden and titillating about the way women were. There was this sort of idea that there was secret information, something to be revealed. Right now it's basically gynecology, women splaying their beavers and holding them open and they look bored and it's like, you know, what's the excitement in that? It's

weird, that type of attitude. And I think, why is this so dismal and dull and kind of depressing? What's happening with males? They're either becoming wimps or they're perverts or they're not interested. And I thought, that's not what men were like back at one time. I'm talking about a good quality of action, I'm not talking about stupid fraternity guys with their tongues hanging out and being an asshole about it. I'm talking about normative

courtship factors and mating rituals. Men psychically are on the fence now, completely on the defense. The passivity almost stems from a fear of approaching women because they are afraid of being known as bad. You're not supposed to chase a woman and pursue her with flowers and take her out and have sex. I'm doing Cad at the same time RE/Search is doing a book called Angry Women. I think I got the best angry woman in Rants, which was Valerie Solanas who wrote the SCUM (Society For Cutting Up Men) manifesto. She makes RE/Search's angry women look like whiney women. ■ YF: They just seem sort of dissatisfied. ■ AP: Yeah, dissatisfied with themselves. And that's their take and divisions are going to be drawn in this gender relation thing when we bring out Cad because it's totally '50s, you know, "Cad about town," and how to seduce a woman and all this kind of stuff. It's really going to bring back the stuff that these whiney

woman thought they'd finally pounded the nail in the coffin. There it's going to be, popping up again, right in their faces. And it's going to be fun. It's a juicy, spicy, titillating book. It's got cartoons by Bill Ward, he did a lot of stuff in the original men's mags. It's got great illustrations by Dan Clowes, he did our mascot, Cadwallader J. Cadd, the guy with the top hat and the kind of crazed glow about him. It was really a lot of fun to put together and I hope to do more along those lines. I don't know how people are going to take it. It's just, again, a personal obsession. ■ YF: I don't know if it's really good timing or really bad timing. ■ AP: It's probably both. It's like the worst timing possible for it so it may be good timing. As I said, men are on the defense, and I think it would be a good time for them to realize that they don't necessarily have to feel like a piece of shit for feeling as they do. Cad says to appreciate women's bodies, enjoy fucking them, and not feel bad about it! Andrea Dworkin has a book called Intercourse, and she contends that heterosexual sex is akin to violence, makes a woman into a victim and the males who do it she calls National Socialists. This is the main level of feminist discourse going on now. That heterosexual sex is a crime against women. And it's insane.

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# OF GOD, THE DEVIL AND A TALK WITH PHILIP K. DICK BIOGRAPHER EXTRA-TERRESTRIALS LAWRENCE SUTIN

by Lisa Janssen

For those not familiar with the name, Philip K. Dick is best known as a science fiction writer whose stories have been made into the films *Blade Runner* and *Total Recall*. That one fact would cause many to disregard this article altogether. When asked what kind of books I read, I find myself hesitating to say that my favorite writer is Philip K. Dick. This is most often met by, "Who?" I struggle to explain that he is much more than a science fiction writer, that in a better world he would be known in every university as one of the greatest thinkers of our time. But if that really happened, maybe I wouldn't love him so much. One of his many ingenious qualities is his ability to take elements of philosophy, theology, and psychology, mix them together and THEN tell an entertaining story. An unforgivable sin in any university.

About four years ago I was lucky enough to be in a writing class with Lawrence Sutin. At this time his biography of Philip K. Dick was still in progress. Sutin's biography, *Divine Invasions: A Life Of Phillip K. Dick*, is now the most well known and respected to date. It is obviously written by someone who loves and admires Dick's work, but who is able to distance himself enough to see the flaws in the man. It is certainly as compelling a story as any of Dick's novels. You see, Philip K. Dick talked to God.

In 1974 Philip K. Dick had a series of visions and experiences in which, among other things, he claimed to have come into contact with an extraterrestrial life form, ancient Greeks, St. Paul, and God. He spent the next eight years of his life researching and writing about these events and compiling them into what would become an 8000 page Exegesis. Most critics dismissed this as the result of basic craziness or Dick's past addiction to amphetamines. It is of special significance that in Sutin's biography these events are taken seriously and examined from several different perspectives. I, for one, am of the belief that something very "real" took place, and that Dick was always gifted with an exceptional perception of his inner and outer worlds.

Sutin's most recent task was to take these 8,000 pages of handwritten notes and scribbling and transform them into a comprehensible whole. This he has done miraculously in the *Selected Exegesis* (Underwood-Miller). It is highly recommended reading for anyone interested in Dick, psychology, mysticism and/or writing.

Sutin is presently working on the biography of another misunderstood madman, Aleister Crowley, the twentieth century occultist who was at one time pronounced "The most evil man alive." This time around Sutin has gained access to a massive amount of never-before-seen photos and writings by Crowley, and the book promises to be as enlightening and insightful as *Divine Invasions*. At his home in Minneapolis, he talks of Dick and Crowley as if they are old friends. But being friends with guys like these is no bed of roses. After a while they could start driving a person crazy!

**YOUR FLESH:** What do you think REALLY happened on 2-3-74? What's your opinion of the reality of that incident?

**LAWRENCE SUTIN:** Well, there you go. My real opinion is a damn complex opinion. What I think happened on 2-3-74 is that Phil experienced a series of auditions, hearing voices, dream messages and transformations of the atmosphere around him, that he believed could



have been or could not have been contact with a higher intelligence. Most of the time he believed that it had been, or he yearned to believe that it had been. That's what I believed happened. I believe something happened that Phil Dick couldn't make up his mind on. For having this radical belief, I have taken shit from people—well, mostly shit from people who are going, "Oh, come on, admit that he was crazy. Just ADMIT it." There was a review that just came out in *Gnosis* over the *Selected Exegesis*, and the reviewer says, "Well, look, Phil Dick had all the symptoms of a paranoid schizophrenic, you know, and, come on, editor, face up to it. This guy is a schizophrenic and you should just know it." And my answer is that, first of all, the desire to attach a psychiatric label to Philip K. Dick's experience, the intensity of that desire astonishes me. I encounter it everywhere. People going, "Yeah, yeah, he was a brilliant writer, but, for God's sake, his ideas were NUTS!" And I wind up saying something which satisfies them not at all, which is that I'm sure it would be professionally responsible for some psychiatrist to say, "Well, based on



the posthumous evidence, I think there was a good chance that Phil Dick was a paranoid schizophrenic, or a multiple personality disorder, or temporal lobe epilepsy victim, or toxic lingering effects from years of amphetamine abuse that could have made him into a hallucinatory personality." All these labels are possible. But the fact is that, I talked to a psychiatrist who saw Philip K. Dick in 1972 and thought he was sane. And I talked to a therapist who saw him for many years and is a character in *Valis* and he said, "Well, yes, he seemed like many things, but I wouldn't call him crazy. He had some worries and some personality problems and some depression." So nobody here agreed with the diagnosis during his life, and the one that he was the most terrified by was schizophrenia. But he never decided about that either. And I've decided that I can't decide what label would be most appropriate for him. I think several labels would be possible. And I think most hopeful of all for me is to acknowledge that I cannot accurately label him, and that the value of the label would be pretty limited. So, I prefer to see it as something he never made up his mind about, and that I am free to glean

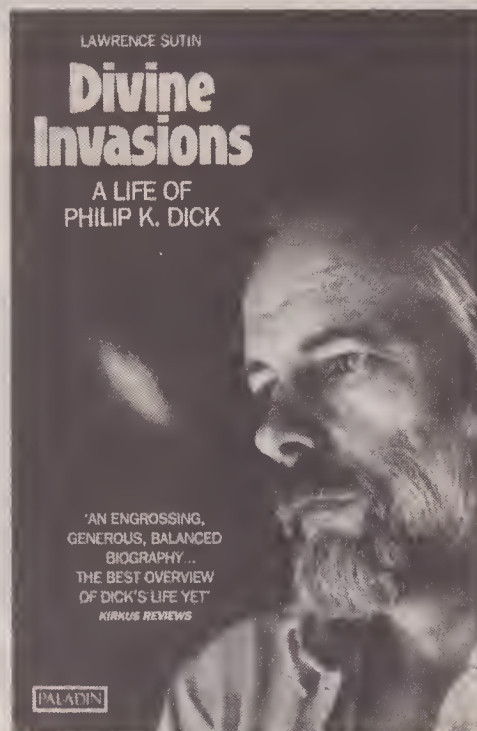
some of the fruits from. In other words, I think his ideas are brilliant, and if he happened to have been crazy while he was thinking these ideas, then they are brilliant ideas thought while he was crazy. But the problem is that people don't want to deal with the ideas. They want to first decide that he was crazy and then go in and sift through the ideas as patterns of craziness. Or they are just so repelled at the idea of metaphysics or speculating or believing in the power of brain to reconstruct reality that they just will not give heed to this man. And at the same time believe that his novels are brilliant. So, that a totally crazy idiot who, when he starts to think about the universe, must be crazy, still manages to write novels that are works of beauty. So, he is a pretty complex guy. That's what happened on 2-3-74. A lot of people pissed off because they can't put it in a box. You know, to me, I just want to be clear, I'm not saying Phil was crazy, I'm not saying that he wasn't. I'm saying I don't fucking know. The End. And I don't know how many people have asked me to own up to the fact that Phil was crazy. ■ YF: I think he really talked to God. ■ LS: Well, see, there you go. I don't disagree with you. I kind of, in my heart of hearts, feel that there was some contact with something pretty amazing. Otherwise I don't know how all this writing that's so beautiful came out of him. ■ YF: Had Philip K. Dick lived, what do you think would have been the outcome of 2-3-74? do you think he would have been locked up or had his own TV evangelist show? ■ LS: I think the truth of the matter was that Philip K. Dick would have gone on writing novels that constantly would have reflected on this and he would have made more and more public statements alluding to it maybe over the years. But he never attempted to become a prophet figure. He never looked for public attention for having had this. He mainly looked upon it as a way to literally figure out the universe, which he really thought he

could. And at the same time sort of using it as material for his writing. Sort of a wealth of involvement and speculation and joy that he could write from, and overcome a lot of other aspects of despair that he was dealing with. So, I think that he would have just still been writing books and a few people would have taken him seriously and a few not. But I

think he would have been horrified if people had started coming to his door and going, "Oh, great seer and prophet Phil Dick, what does the universe say today?" I think that he would have just not liked that at all. He was a private man and he had no illusions of being a spiritual guide to others. ■ YF: What is the most surprising thing that you came across during your research? ■ LS: Yeah, there were some things. There were times in the *Exegesis* when he was writing late at night, and this was stuff I didn't choose to select for the *Selected Exegesis*, that was really bitter, stupid. In other words, what surprised me the most was that Philip K. Dick could be just an ordinary, neurotic jerk. That was surprising. I think it was surprising to me also; I'd known he'd had tough marriages—how tough some of those marriages were, speaking generally, surprised me. That there was this level of dissatisfaction and even violence. In other words, a little bit of pain at finding out about these aspects of him. And the fact that he committed his third wife involuntarily, I think that was the least respectable action I know of. Other than that I would say that he was a very brilliant and loving man and I find myself able to swim along with his flows of thought pretty nicely. ■ YF: How did you go about editing the *Selected*

*Exegesis*? Is there going to be more? It seems short.

■ LS: Well, truthfully, one of the reasons it's short, and I have to own up to learning, there was a huge number of xeroxed pages and there was just a miscalculation on how much would go into a book. I still think also that there's another part to that, that what's in the book is really everything that I thought was the best that I'd come across. It could have been longer, but the quality of the writing is already there. What I did to edit it was, and this was my take on it, it's very possible to edit the *Exegesis* in such a way that you make a psychological case of some kind. You really could...I mean, he's terrified about schizophrenia and there are stretches of the *Exegesis* that are intensive introspection about the Xerox letter that I talked about in the biography (Dick at one time thought he was being watched by Communists and received a mysterious letter relating to this) and about the break in at his house in 1971, and whodunit and why are they testing me, and all that I found would be of diagnostic interest maybe, but nothing of real interest to a reader who was looking for the best of Philip K. Dick. So, I tried to give the best. I tried to give the best in all categories, the eight categories that I selected. I wanted to create a book that would be homey for people interested in the philosophy and the mysticism, and I also wanted lovers of the fiction to have their section. To me, one of the most interesting things that Philip K. Dick did in the *Exegesis* was to speculate on his own fiction as though it were written by somebody else. So, you get Philip K. Dick changing his mind about his novels, what they meant, over and over again, which to me, is a treat. I believe there's going to be another book, and it'll be jam-packed. And actually for the next book, what I'm planning to do is include essays and speeches and letters as well as the *Exegesis*. And try and make it from the '50s, the '60s as well as the '70s. In other words, I





want to show some of the continuity in what Phil was thinking about over all that time. Because there was...I mean, that's one of the misconceptions about 2-3-74. That it was the only time. It was certainly the major time, but he was always trying to figure out what it all meant.

■ YF: That sounds great! You're working on a biography of Aleister Crowley now. Do you see any relationship between Crowley and Dick as the two people you've chosen to study? ■ LS: Oh, absolutely. I didn't see it until after I got to work on the Crowley, I never see anything in advance. They're both in despised genres, science fiction and the occult. Serious intellectuals walking into their serious bookstores do not go to the science fiction section, do not go to the occult section because that's where the icky, stupid, too imaginative, too illogical, hokey bullshit is. The other thing about them is they're both trying to grasp the universe and understand it. They're both asking the largest possible questions. They both really want to know how reality works. And they are both in serious doubt. Now the one is rare enough. I mean, most people today say, "Oh, metaphysical questions, great, what a waste of time." So the idea that there's actually a meta-knowledge or extraordinary states of experience where you can begin to put answers, or at least new possibilities to these ideas is pretty much outlawed. So, there's no good place for it to live. Just freelance, ontological re-creation of your world is a very difficult field to work in, and Philip K. Dick and Aleister Crowley both work in it. So, I had to sort of seek them out and devote myself to finding out about their lives.

■ YF: Do you think that Crowley had "magic" powers? That he really conjured "demons" from another dimension? ■ LS: He certainly seemed to conjure up demons. (laughs) I think Carl Raschke would say that he conjured up demons. I mean, that's the amazing thing about these cult books written by these Carl Raschkes, these kind of "save the world from this evil" types, is they're so rabid in their intensity that they actually wind up imputing to someone like Crowley this tremendous demonic power. He is given the status of a man to be feared because of who he was. So, they're serving their own fantasy purpose. The truth is that magic boils down to ultimately two outlooks. You can say that it's sort of this intense mental discipline, this sort of, "yoga of the west," and that it produces these states that are not verifiable and are simply spiritual states. People don't argue over whether or not yoga works. Or you can say, magic actually contacts other spheres of being and other intelligences. Aleister Crowley throughout his life, as best as I can tell, hovered between those two views. He never made up his mind. He even says in his memoirs that he wonders if he wasn't more of a mystic than a magician. And whether he believed in spiritual intelligences, I think you have to say, based on his 1904...oh, we forgot parallels between Dick and Crowley, 1904/2-3-74. What happened in 1904? Crowley went nuts! Crowley saw God! So, it's the same damn piece of pie with a different fruit in it.

■ YF: Any surprising things in his papers? ■ LS: Yeah, he was just an incredibly extreme personality in about nineteen, twenty-three different directions at once. What's astonishing is that he could literally hold together his life doing what he did. I don't know if there's a human being I've ever heard about who was more intent on living out his desires and his imaginative life in such a particular sort of way as Aleister Crowley. What courage to do what he did! Then again, not to say, he was an incredibly dreadful human being on a number of occasions. He was very cruel, he drew people to him that he should not have drawn toward him. He was not a good judge of who he spent his time teaching. He was pompous as hell, sadistic and masochistic, but what a human being! What an amazing human being.

■ YF: What kind of new light do you think your biography will shed on the subject? ■ LS: You know, this is going to sound very egotistical, but here goes. The other biographies of Crowley were written by very intelligent people and some of them are very well written and have lots of interesting stuff in them, but the simple truth of the matter is that so much material on Crowley has not yet been utilized. John Symond's just didn't use all the material on Crowley that he could have. He had access to it, but he wrote a very swift moving, magazine article-style biography. But a real analysis of Crowley's diaries and his magical rituals and all the wealth of friendships he had and all the range of writing he did. I mean, there's just tons that I can say that's never been said. And that would be true of the biographer that came after me. But yeah, I think I can safely say that however else people react to the Aleister Crowley book, they will say, "there's a lot in there that I haven't heard about before." That's a given. For the rest, trying to make sense of the guy is a challenging proposition. I once was sitting up, and this was actually the incident that made me really trust this man, I was sitting up one night with Caliphymeneaus Beta, who is the national head of the O.T.O. (Ordo Templi Orientis, an occult group that Crowley was associated with) and I was asking questions about Crowley and he was being very helpful. I finally said, "What do you think of this guy?" And he closed his eyes and said, "I've thought about it for so many years that I don't know what I think of him anymore." I think the real reason that Aleister Crowley is a challenge is that he is so bristly and diverse and beautiful and stupid that you can wind up driving yourself nuts trying to figure him out. So that's what I'm in the process of doing. Going nuts.

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# EX-PROSS BOSS/HUSTLER/AUTHOR

# POP THE PIMP

## ICEBERG SLIM AT 74

By John-Ivan Palmer

*"I was so terribly and devastatingly youthful looking."*

—Iceberg Slim

He referred to Svengali, Rasputin, and Dorian Gray when talking about himself, which he stopped doing years ago. In the press, at least. In getting women to sell their snatch and give him the cash, the word "hypnosis" and its cognates blink through his interviews in newspapers which have long since biodegraded. Like the Ancient Mariner, he lived a twisted tale in a bygone time and was compelled to tell it. And retell it. In *Death Wish*, a novel so grim and sadistic you want a hit of smack after reading it, Iceberg Slim paints the scene of his existence circa 1940: "Loudmouth hoodlum winds lunged across the Chicago heavens and muscled away a mob of sooty clouds...the black Caddy cruised the snow-gutted ghetto."

It was Iceberg Slim's diamond-studded world of bleakness. He was the dude with the Caddy, the Chicago pimp, the flesh peddler, the hootchie-kootchie free enterprise entrepreneur—6'3", 180 pounds of smooth mothra cool. He was handsome as a Billy Dee Williams, but in a jaded way. He was as sexually attractive as Little Richard, but coldblooded. He had his hair processed weekly so it was perfectly straight. He was right up there with John Waters in terms of mustache devotion. He was pretty. Pretty fucking cool.

On the surface it all worked. Shoes shined to a dazzling buff, trousers tailored to a perfect drape, rocks all over his fingers, and a multicolored three quarter length coat so gaudy it looked like Liberace threw up on him. He was the ghetto version of Donald Trump. Within the limits of racist America he had success up the wazoo. Nice car, plenty of heroin, babes galore, money to piss away. He packed a piece in his pants and sported a big wad. His main worry seemed to be dabbing his cheeks with the small powder puff he always carried so his face wouldn't appear shiny.

But under the crawl space of all that shine there was a nasty rot. A rot that made him famous. A study of Iceberg Slim (born Robert Beck in Chicago, August 4, 1918) is a study in time and paradox. In the first part of his life he was the rot, then he wrote the rot, and now the rot supports his silence in apt. 8 near the luxurious View Park area of Los Angeles. Apparently he's the only known pimp in street history to retire gracefully and go into another profession. Reportedly frail, suffering from phlebitis, his wife Catherine protects him from interviewers and won't even let his publisher talk to him.

I looked through the Reader's Guide To Periodical Literature for the past 10 years, trying to search alphabetically for "Slim, Iceberg," and got only as far as "slime mold, problems with." He's gone silent as a Beckett character. The few interviews he granted years ago were in obscure newspapers and magazines. Yet his literary voice is preserved for all time in seven paperbacks with matching covers by the black publishing behemoth, Holloway House. As most enduring authors realize, their words take on a life of their own, in a strange way drawing audiences that didn't exist when the words were first put together. Today, Iceberg is read

and revered by the newest crop of black prison inmates. He has fans among the splatterpunks and lily-white seekers of morbid curiosity. He is evidently quite popular in France where a documentary on his life was recently completed.



He used his looks and verbal skills to recruit mostly—but not exclusively—black females into *The Life*. "When I was young, I was absolutely irresistible to white women. But they were brittle, absolutely brittle." He used to say that most white women who went for black dudes were really trying to piss off their racist parents. Most pimps, according to Ice, are left by their mothers in garbage cans so they grow up without affection. The best pimps are the most merciless. Iceberg escaped the can and so "always had sucker residual."

Why are there so few white pimps? Because there are so many other ways for them to waste their charms, like preying on rich widows. "Why would a personable, attractive young white guy have to get down on the street level? Black pimps are the best because of the crucible in which they operate."

The Iceberg's leitmotif is: the pimp bizz is a bummer. Oh, the things that happen to a pimp shouldn't happen to a dog. According to his 1969



magnum opus, *Pimp, The Story Of My Life*, it's not that easy managing a stable of hateful, hissing vixen. There's always the problem of turnover. Back in the '30s and '40s, as director of street personnel, Iceberg had to con, charm and slap around over 400 loose women. He had to deal with poor job performance and less than perfect work attendance. In spite of



*Iceberg Slim and his 1939 Lincoln Continental—"He may have done for the pimp what Jean Genet did for the homosexual and thief: articulate the thoughts and feelings of someone who's been there."*

his best efforts the Iceberg was sometimes forced to put down his powder puff, wrap two coat hangers together, and heat the shit out of some "hitch" who wouldn't do another sixteen hours of blow jobs because of a flimsy excuse like illness. If you're a pimp, you hate that. Iceberg Slim was a pimp. One day he shot one of his "ho's" and she almost died. My god, the stress.

For Slim it got worse. There was a small matter of the police. And then an overdose of jail. Four times. Waukon State Prison. Chicago House of Corrections where he was locked in solitary for 10 months in a steel punishment cubicle known as "the casket" because he was a hard ass. Leavenworth Federal Prison. Iceberg Slim just wasn't having a nice day. So he made a dramatic escape. He was dramatically recaptured. Frown face.

By this time his mom was really pissed at him. For a man who honestly admits to degrading both women and his own race, it turns out that it's women who saved him. His foxy beautician mother, with a lifelong addiction to jerks, came down with diabetes and other complications and died slowly in an oxygen tent. Using the only maternal option left to reform her kid, she put a guilt grip around his hall sack and twisted those suckers tight. It worked. Pig knuckles failed, steel coffins failed, jailhouse shrinks failed. In the end it was mom who pulled it off. He went straight as those old process jobs he used to get as a whoremaster. Instead of cruelty to women, he took up cruelty to bugs. He became a \$75 a week door-to-door insecticide salesman. Once a hustler, always a hustler.

A Los Angeles college professor, whose hugs Iceberg was giving the high chill, read about his release from prison, and struck up a deal to write his life story. Soon it was all on tape. Then some papers to sign. After years of the sickest action on Con Street, the Berg's instincts were sharp. Between the microscopic lines of the book contract's fine print he saw the familiar con-rot. As with his old persona, on the surface the contract looked good, but underneath it was bullshit. Most of the book's proceeds were going to the professor. The shoe was now on the other foot. He was being pimped. He was getting screwed. But not for long. He beat the prof to the publisher by going off on his own and writing *Pimp* in three months. It has since gone through 19 printings and sold 1.75 million copies. To this day, like Nixon, he has a dislike for tape recorders and interviews.

The author has some unique literary aesthetics. Entertaining a reader is "like when you're talking to a whore, you have to fascinate her...For every nuance of pimping there's a literary name." For those interested in the Iceberg's oeuvre, here's the Slim pickings:

**Trick Baby (1967):** Besides *Pimp*, the most famous of Iceberg's books, made into a movie, about the cunning Caucasoid negro, "White Folks," who scams his way into trash heaven.

**Pimp (1969):** The cautionary bible of sexploitation made into a movie which almost starred the author (the role went to a younger man). Written in black street slang sure to be a source for linguists, psychopathologists and woman ranchers for generations to come.

**Mama Black Widow (1969):** In an attempt "to develop some versatility" Iceberg creates a transvestite pimp and gayly runs us through the gutter again.

**Naked Soul of Iceberg Slim (1971):** The most down to earth and emotionally accessible of Uncle Iceberg's autobio works—when he's not parroting the Black Panther party line—although, granted, "there



are times when you have to choose sides if you're going to be a black writer."

**Airtight Willie & Me (1976):** This anthology is like a pross hotel in its cavalcade of tricks, flat backers, stuff players and all around street scum living fast and dying young.

**Long White Con (1977):** Further adventures of "White Folks," the blue-eyed, white skinned negro "trick baby" and his slippery pals the "High Ass Marvel," the "Vicksburg Kid," and "High Pockets Kate."

**Death Wish (1977):** Revenge freak and black gang leader, "Tit For Tat" Taylor, takes on honky mobster Jimmy Collucci in one of the most sickeningly violent books by the jail-Berg.

I used every White Boy con I could think of to talk to Mr. Ice. I weaseled his address and wrote him but was told all it would do is piss off his wife, Catherine, 20 years younger, to whom he's totally devoted and who has kept one of the most infamous pimps in recorded history both sane and monogamous for 30 years. How would you like to try and get around a woman like that? I dropped names, I called in some favors from jailbirds and a private dick, trying to scam my way in for an interview. Not surprisingly, nada. He was playing this game long before I was born. After all, he has so repeatedly denounced pimping and all forms of inhumanity both in writing and school lectures that what more can he say? He told an interviewer once that he put as much effort into being a family man (a son and three daughters, all in their '20s) as he put into pimping. And another time, when asked if he ever had any interests outside of pimping he said, "when I was pimp I was all pimp." I guess that says it. He's played the game and lost heavy, won heavy. So who am I, some ofay Twinky, some narrow-nosed Wonder Bread sandwich, to come in long after the fact and try to invade Bob and Catherine's well-deserved privacy? ⑧

## UNREST



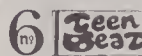
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# REVIEWS

## VIDEO

Nekromantic, Super 8, color, 73 min.

Nekromantic 2, 16 mm, color, 100 min.

Directed by Jörg Buttgerit. Film Threat Video, Box 3170, LA, 90078.

Talk about fatal attraction. If you saw the 1987 film *Nekromantic* by German director Jörg Buttgerit, you know it's about a female Jeffrey Dahmer (played by Beatrice M.) who is heavily into sex with dead people. After 70 minutes of eyeball sucking, dismemberment, entrail pulling and oozing putrefaction, she dumps her one living, breathing boyfriend (played by Daktari Lorenz), the only man who really understands her. Out of loneliness and desperation he goes through some desultory cat killing and whore ripping, then commits suicide. In the final scene the camera zooms in and lingers on his fresh grave. You think, yea, that's what happens when you keep the wrong company. Then in the last few seconds before the credits you're hit like an ax to the skull with a totally surprise ending.


*Nekromantic 2* carries on the story. It is a more dwellingly cerebral study of *amour fou* and at the same time more violent. So violent that the district attorney of Munich, Germany stopped the film in mid-showing and confiscated the print, disappointing and angering a whole theater of gutter snipe. The guardian of Munich's public morals didn't mind so much the scene where the heroine dismembers the corpse of her boyfriend from the previous movie and saves his penis in the refrigerator. That's OK in Munich. What got him a little too excited was the pornographic scene where she straddles her new (live) boyfriend and during intercourse hacks off his head in one of the most horrendous bloodbaths in cinematic history. Different strokes for different folks.

True, here and there there's some serious suspensions of disbelief. It's been said the only perverse act is one that can't be done. Would a dedicated corpse humper show up at a grave yard for power digging in high heels and a mini skirt? Could a man maintain an erection while eviscerating himself? Can a freshly decapitated male ejaculate? Maybe I missed school that day. Nonetheless, the philosophical foci of the *Nekros* remains sharp (even if the video transfer and subtitles aren't).

Unlike the now moribund American slasher films, the *Nekro* series is much more subversive because of the aesthetic framework. Through a technique that turns the movie's attention constantly back upon itself through the use of film within film, in both movies there's the frequent juxtaposition of animal behavior, butchering and dissection to anchor the horror in what is more familiar and acceptable. A farmer kills and skins a rabbit. Two biologists dissect a sea lion, wearing the same type of heavy rubber gloves the heroine uses while cutting up her dead boyfriend in the bathtub, sawing, tugging, yanking. In *Nekro 1*, a blood curdling torture film is shown in a theater, but the camera focuses not on the screen but on the audience, and you feel a queazy and unwanted identification with the rapt attention of the men and women watching.

The most perverse scenes have a background music (co-written by Daktari Lorenz), that is wistful and cerebral, the sort of thing that would accompany a nature film—melodic compositions that suggest

higher thought and richer emotion than the bursts of visceral noise that punch up fast cuts in run of the mill suspense movies. In the *Nekromantics* the horror is all the more terrifying because it is continually de-distanced and legitimized. Whatever it all adds up to, it's definitely not the same old Hollywood lie.

Buttgerit has spoken in interviews about the "strange relationship between exploitation and life," how self-righteous people love to read about grisly crime in the papers, or get off on the idea of cannibalizing a male virgin in the Christian communion. There's the ridiculous exploitation that surrounds the funeral and graveyard business, or the eyelids, scrotums and animal lips you'll wolf down in your next hot dog. Buttgerit is doing the world a favor by keeping that good post-Reich complacency nice and disturbed. To rephrase Ted Bundy, quoted at the beginning of *Nekromantic 2*, if you don't understand death, you'll never understand life. Both films will definitely pull your plug. Two thumbs up from Sicko and Eater. *John-Ivan Palmer* 



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# A SPANIARD

## A CONVERSATION

# WITH THE

## WITH FRANK KOZIK,

# QUIRKS

## THE SILKSCREEN

## KING

Interview by

Peter Davis &

Long Gone John.

Introduction by

David Livingstone

with Peter Davis &

Long Gone John.

## PART

The world of Frank Kozik's art is one in which 'Toon Town has erupted into chaos and self-degradation. Slathering, piss-panted Elmer Fudds, terminally-stoned Droopy the Dogs, and morally-compromised

Fred Flintstones and Betty Rubbles cavort through sinister, nightmarish 1990s permutations of their hypercolorful natural habitats. The once wholesome, cute, cuddly characters have degenerated into

whores and crack addicts with sadomasochistic predilections; in a too-true-to-life cartoon echo of America itself, something has gone hopelessly wrong in the town of Bedrock. The bourgeois dreams of

the Fred Flintstones and George Jetsons have collapsed around them, leaving them desolate, destitute, degenerate, and liberally tainted by psychosis.

Looking at some of Frank Kozik's (That's K-O-zik; long "o") deconstructed representations of the Flintstones and their fellow travelers for the first time can be jarring; in the back of all our minds, there was a tacit assumption that at least off in 'Toonland some things would always remain the same: Fred would always go off to work at Slate's gravel pit and return home to a slab of bronto ribs that his doting and servile pet wife would have lovingly prepared for him. As with TV's other reigning familial stereotypes—the Bradys, the Cleavers, the Riccardos—Fred & Co. were created to reinforce the post-WWII establishment party line on God, Family, Apple Pie, and Capitalism, but as the American house of cards has folded, so too has the myth of universal contentment and prosperity in Bedrock. One can't help but imagine what evil lurks just out of the frame in Kozik's comically sinister (or sinisterly comical) representations of his subjects: in a final moment of desperation, does a recently-fired Fred run home and toss Pebbles in the microwave? Does a fed-up Betty finally douse a dead-drunk Barney with gasoline and set him ablaze before heading for a life of prostitution in Tijuana? Have our childhood companions finally gone as mad as we have?

In order to find out, we had to go to the source. Just what type of person—what type of mind—would manage to invent such dire scenarios, and then manage to turn them into some of the most visually striking, attention-grabbing, and thought-provoking rock 'n' roll graphics to surface in the past twenty five years at least?

A different kind of mind than one might be inclined to expect.

In person, Frank Kozik comports himself with the demeanor of a mathematics/philosophy grad student. Careful in his speech, deliberate in his actions, he comes across as a somewhat world-weary and slightly wary scientist—a reflective, analytical man who has taken the time to think deeply about the world around him and his own place in it, who has adopted a strategy of self-imposed discipline and isolation as a means of survival as well as the mastery of his chosen craft. Unassuming, quietly confident, Kozik comes across immediately as an individual with very little tolerance for bullshit in himself or others. Highly articulate and possessed of an encyclopedic knowledge of facts ranging from the practical to the utterly arcane, Kozik seems to have reached the point where he can't help but see the world around him with something of the sensibility of an absurdist dramatist.

In addition, Kozik is a master storyteller, raconteur, debater, and theorist. He's got plenty to say. But unlike many people who have plenty to say, Kozik says things that provide plenty of good reasons to listen.

What follows is the first half of an interview which took place in Kozik's hometown of Austin, Texas during the South By Southwest conference/circus. Part two will appear in the next issue.



■ **LONG GONE JOHN:** Seeing as how he's a foreigner, you might wanna talk about some background...

■ **FRANK KOZIK:** My old man was a swank American dude, with a big car in Europe in the '50s. He made a big impression on my mom, got married to her, impregnated her, got back here and she found out that his hundred and fifty dollars a month didn't go very far in the U.S. So she went back to Spain, and I spent the majority of my childhood with her in Spain. I came back to the U.S. a couple of times, but pretty much grew up over there. I came to America in the mid-seventies.

■ **PETER DAVIS:** How old were you at that time? ■ **FK:** I was fifteen at the time. Kicked around the west coast for a while and ended up here, and I've been here eleven years. ■ **PD:** Austin, Texas. What brought you to Texas? ■ **FK:** Work. Job. I was an electronics engineer. ■ **PD:** And now you've forsaken all that for art. ■ **FK:** Pretty much. The high-tech world is pretty dismal now. It's not very interesting, and it's pretty political. A whole corporate structure to tell you how to work and stuff, and I got pretty lazy and pretty much walked through every job I ever had, due to laziness. And this is a job I can keep while being lazy.

■ **PD:** At what age did you discover that you had a desire to...like, create?

■ **FK:** I was probably about 26. ■ **PD:** That late, huh? ■ **FK:** That was pretty much a useless fucking time. ■ **LJG:** And never were involved in any sort of artwork that... ■ **FK:** Well, I began to draw earlier, like as a kid I'd draw airplanes and stuff, and in the late seventies/early eighties, I was involved in real marginal mail art for about a month. And in the early eighties, I did like two or three really crummy posters, and you know, some stickers, or other punk rock kind of shit, and it was totally a bunch of crap. And I stopped drinking and was working in an auto parts store and I went to a lot of shows and started meeting a lot of people in bands, so I started doing stuff and it got better and better and I started getting paid, so it kind of built up. I used to have to get commercial art jobs, like in T-shirt design. I spent a year working in this commercial place and learned how to use technology, how to do it for real. How to work real fast, real clean. And I kinda just went freelance from there.

■ **LJG:** Seemed like it worked itself into a livelihood very quickly, once you decided what you wanted to do.

■ **FK:** Fear is a really good starter. The need to pay the rent. ■ **LJG:** But you've succeeded where loads of people, no matter

what drive or initiative they have, never succeed. So... ■ **FK:** I think that...I never grew up being artistic and stuff, I always had regular jobs, so I learned how to deal with business and money and that sort of thing. I know a lot of really, really good artists who were a lot better than me, but were really spoiled and selfish because they never had to have regular jobs. ■ **PD:** The kind that were nurtured right out of art class?

■ **FK:** Everyone loved them, they went to art school and everyone told them they were great and they never learned anything about the real world. I had kind of the reverse blue collar life, and I learned the "You have to make money" kind of thing. ■ **LJG:** And you were telling me that your art just continues to grow and the availability of technology...

■ **FK:** Yeah, my whole trip is like, things are looking good now because I've got better stuff to reproduce it on. My trip has always been to make the nicest possible thing with what I had to use. It used to be that I had like five dollars and a xerox machine. So I would do the best possible xerox posters I could do. Then I got to work in a T-shirt company and had to print T-shirts with colors, like, each step up. And then I got to use camera equipment, and now I've got my own press set up...I'm going to get a computer and do computer shit, I wanna get photography equipment. I wanna keep getting more and better technology available to me and work up. 'Cause I'm really into technique and stuff... ■ **LJG:** How difficult was the transition from 2-color things to the full color posters that you're doing? That's the most striking thing immediately, the coloring. ■ **FK:** No difficulty at all, because I always knew the stuff would look better if I had more colors. I got a big charge out of it, and my work actually increased when I got the ability to do full color stuff. I used to do these three color things with an offset press, and it would take me about a week to do a design because I would have to hand-do all the separations. It would get all screwy. They looked cool, but the silkscreens, the instant gratification in them...you definitely get that with silkscreen.



photo by Samantha Deskins



Pretty much from now on, anything that I'm working with personally is all gonna be silkscreen...everything I produce myself, all the posters are all silkscreen posters. My medium of choice. ■ PD: You're fairly well known on an underground level now. Do you think...how much have you gone "overground" so far?

■ FK: People would see the stuff and like it and say, "do you do painting, do you do original art?" And I never did any of it, I never thought about it. And people started to want to buy the drawings from the posters. So what I did is I decided to start doing original quote/unquote "Fine Art"...one of a kind, painting/drawing kind of things. They sell really well, I sell them all. It's usually people that have contact with the entertainment business, somebody that has some marginal contact with the underground world and isn't really one of those people that kinda want to pick up something weird, so it's sort of more legitimate that way. I do about fifty of those a year. Fifty like "art" pieces that I sell as art. I just had a show in L.A. that went pretty well. ■ LGJ: How about the themes? Because just looking around right now it's sort of hitting me that there seems to be a lot of gun activity and a lot of cool bondage stuff. What are the inspirations? Where do they come from?

■ FK: I'm personally into a lot of the underside of American culture, like in the forties and the fifties. I collect a lot of the magazines and books from that period. And they're real primal images that everybody likes. One thing that I realized the other day is that everything's got eyeballs on it. I think that people like to look at something that reflects themselves. And why almost everything has, like, a human figure.

■ PD: Like the Sammy Davis poster...Sammy Davis's face all manipulated, like he's got three eyeballs on his face... ■ FK: People really respond...I actually did a bit of research about design and stuff, and people like to see themselves; they like to see human figures looking back at them. They like to put themselves into the little fantasy, on the poster or whatever.

■ LGJ: The world of posters seems really in love with itself, so who...was poster art a big influence?

■ FK: No, not at all. I'm into old advertising art, and 1970s British publications. Like the British division of Ballantine Books put out a series of war books in the seventies that were sold for a buck apiece, that had this really primal, basic black white and grey layout. That's probably one of my major influences, that series by Ballantine Books. ■ PD: What's the fascination with those kind of themes, do you think? ■ FK: I'm into illustrative art—stuff that looks like something. And I'm into the poster because a really good poster can communicate an enormous amount of

information with very few elements, and it's like solving a puzzle or something. It's a challenge for me to do something that really is a simple design that can transmit information like where, when and so on, but also get across what you're gonna go see. It's a real challenge, and I'm into that challenge. ■ PD: In what way do you think your interpretations warp or alter the actual true perspective of it? ■ FK: The fact of the matter is that I'm not from this country. And even though I've lived here long enough that no one would ever think I was from somewhere else, I've always been kind of an "outsider" kind of person. The punk rock scene was like the only time there was ever a lifeline to a group of people, and even there, you know how that is...I might be able to bring some kind of slant to it from the outside point of view that people find different, because I grew up really differently. I grew up in what is a really conservative European lifestyle, with nothing like this—no rock music, nothing weird, just everything like classical music—this conservative Old World lifestyle. And when I came to the states, it really blew my mind; I was totally into it. I immediately did tons of drugs, bought a motorcycle, listened to a lot of heavy metal, you know?

■ PD: How did pops deal with this phase in your childhood? ■ FK: He didn't dig it too much. I left home when I was sixteen. The year after I got

here I bought a car and just split. Had a total white trash life for a while.

■ PD: Lived in a trailer perhaps? ■ FK: I lived in my car for a while. Never lived in a trailer. Had friends that lived in a trailer. I'm slowly getting back to appreciating...I'm becoming more conservative, perhaps. I'm for total personal liberty, but I'm real conservative when it comes to things like people should work for a living, should pay their own way, and should produce. So it's kinda like I think I'm a liberal, but economically I'm a real conservative person.

■ PD: But at the same time, with a lot of the images that you put forward, people misinterpret that as being something else. ■ FK: I really don't know. I'm kinda clueless as to what people think about my stuff. ■ PD: What do you

expect from the Jonestown poster, you know? ■ LGJ: ...swastikas bothering people, or... ■ PD: Or the Butthole Surfers poster with Betty and Wilma kissing... ■ FK: I don't know, it's like different people...it depends on the person that's looking at it. Some people are going to respond just for shock value, so it serves them. I'm really calculating about what I do; I'm advertising this information, so it has to work on all these levels—visually, idea wise, and just as an object. One person will just see, "Ooh, wow, man, Wilma's got big tits." So it works for that





person. Another person will see it as a more arcane joke, with a lot of the Flintstones represented as an idealized set of American shit values, here's a glimpse into their secret fantasy life. The "I thought Wilma was hot when I was a kid, I want to fuck her" kind of thing. They get that kind of joke, right? So it works on that level. And on a third level it's pretty to look at. And on a fourth level, other people are going to totally fucking hate it. And that's cool, because they have a reaction and they have to think about something. I always stay away from really explicit violence or sex. I'd rather it be inferred. There's no penetration, there's no brains blown out, there's no really nasty shit. People think it's really nasty, but it's all in their head. ■ LGJ: It's all familiar cartoon characters...

■ FK: People have a visceral response to it. And at the base of all of it, it's only a poster for a show. It's nothing; it's this thing, and you can read into it whatever you want. That's what people do with everything anyways. It's only a poster, or it's a statement about American Society. It's whatever you want it to be. ■ PD: How did you happen upon the idea of using the Hanna-Barbara characters? ■ FK: Because they were always the lamest animated cartoons in the world. They were so lame, but they were so cool, you know? I'm into stuff that's really lame. I've had the shittiest car ever made. I owned a Corvair, you know? I'm into other lameness. It does make me

laugh; it's gotta be somehow funny, things ought to have a sense of humor. ■ PD: Like you were saying before, there's some calculation to what you're doing, so you'd want to elicit some sort of response...

■ FK: But it's gonna be a different response from different people according to their mental structure.

Everybody's got their own mental structure. It might mean something to me, it might be something totally different to John, but they're fairly nicely done posters so it's effective either way. It's advertising; the worst thing that can happen is that someone doesn't pay attention to it. Whether they like it or they hate it, either way it's cool because it works. It conveys information. I'm into information, I'm totally into history and complete sets of documentation. I'm a real information freak. I require a constant input of shit to make me happy. ■ PD: Hmm...well,

getting back to the Hanna-Barbara thing here just for a minute, you had a pretty funny story about a show you had out in California, where one of the actual creators... ■ FK: Yeah. Supposedly this guy stopped in who was like the main animator for the Flintstones for, like, forever. Went into the gallery and saw that I'd done a big Flintstones painting with Fred and Wilma, and they're mutant Flintstones with tentacles for arms and they're sort of rejoicing. And there's this two headed Dino and they're having a baby and his wife is pregnant. And he bought the painting, bought the

posters, the whole nine yards (saying), "I never had the balls, this is totally cool." I had balls, I ripped off some of his characters....(unint.)

■ PD: Have there been any outlandish occurrences or reactions to any of your posters, anything that's really lit a flame under your ass? ■ FK: Oh

yeah. I did this poster a few years ago for a Chris and Cosey show up in Dallas at the Star Club. It was a picture of this World War II Russian partisan girl that had been killed by Germans. It's a weird picture because if you look at it, it looks like this really beautiful girl flying through space, until you notice the rope, right? And then you notice she's dead, mutilated. This weird, fuzzy photograph. And the press just went apeshit, saying that it was a dead Jewish woman and that I was this Nazi and an anti-semiter. And that just blows me away, because it's a historical photo and it's not even a Jew, so it's like, to me, they're weird Nazis, totally weird. That

was a strange experience because I never in a million years thought anyone would go, "Oh, it's a dead woman, so obviously it's a dead Jew, this guy's a Nazi." But she looked really beautiful, even though she was all dead and mutilated, and it was for Chris and Cosey who were in Throbbing Gristle and it fit with their whole trip. But the politically correct press was waiting in the bushes for something to come along that they could pounce on. So I don't do shit for Dallas anymore, 'cause I didn't have a good experience up there. The liberal press was more narrow-minded than anyone else. ■ PD: You've got the Helmet/L7 poster going up...do you think you might be hitting a raw nerve all over again?

■ FK: They're milking that Lee Harvey Oswald shit for every penny, so I don't think they got any complaints. They got the fuckin' Lee Harvey Oswald Disneyland up there, charging money to go into a re-created assassin's perch. Gimme a break. Dallas is a weird place; I used to go up there for shows. Creepy fuckin' town. Fort Worth

is a nice laid-back kinda town. ■ PD: Do you think that being in Texas with all its traditions has any effect on your perspective? ■ FK: I think I benefitted a little from Austin, but I live a really insular life. I don't deal with the weirdo community in town. My only contact with the "real" world is when I've gotta pay the rent or that kind of thing, and I'm not into the redneck Texas thing at all. Austin is like a liberal oasis, because this is really the odd part of the state. When you go out of Austin (unint.) it gets fuckin' hairy, man. The Texas thing, I don't like it. I did a million





Texas Armadillo t-shirt designs for money, but it's a totally fabricated thing. This part of the country was settled by German farmers; it's not that romantic. It wasn't the wild west. ■ PD: So it doesn't have any particular

importance to anything. ■ FK: No. You see what it's like here; it's like any little town, a nice little capitol city. Could be Arkansas, could be Minnesota, could be Sacramento, California. It's just sort of like...tinkertown.

And I like it because it's real quiet. Boring. ■ LGJ: What's some other things you'd like to get into? Do you wanna talk about that art show you just had out in L.A.?

■ FK: I don't want this thing to come off as real self-aggrandizing...

■ PD: You're pretty careful with the posters, trying to keep it pretty much to stuff you're into, aren't you?

■ FK: Yeah. It's a natural process. If I get a job—and I do get some pretty highly-paying jobs—and if it's not a band that I'm into, it doesn't come out that good. If I like the band, then it's like “cool, I get to participate in something that's impressed me. That I feel privileged to do.

■ PD: Anything up on the wall that you'd just as soon forget about?

■ FK: Yeah, that boogey man Ball poster. That's the lamest thing in the world. The poster's cool, but the band is a sack of shit and...KMFD, I hate that band. I didn't like the last album cover, with the dude punching the chick out, so I did like the reverse thing with the chick strangling the dude. And those guys are utter dicks. But usually the people are pretty cool. Very few negative experiences. Most people are cool.

■ PD: You just had a recent experience with video. You wanna talk about that? ■ FK: That was a pretty good time. I got the big break, the Hollywood dream. Getting to be art director and production designer for an MTV video. You get lots of money. It was for Young MC. I'm into rap music, so...I didn't know much about him, I'm into the weirder stuff. I saw the “Bust A Move” video, and Flea was in it, and a lot of chicks. And I thought it would be a cool scene to hang out and direct these for a couple weeks. But it was the lamest. He's like the squarest, weird Christian dude.



He's got the evil manipulative manager guy who carries his wallet for him. I was in Los Angeles and I was working for this weird, burned-out production company that was just like every cliché you've ever heard with a bunch of stupid, dumbass, mindless motherfuckers, man. And we spent obscene amounts of money to make a four minute video...and it looked cool, but the way it felt...I don't ever wanna get involved...

■ LGJ: How did they contact you, with you never having had experience with that type of work? ■ FK: Because they were so sketchy that they saw my stuff in a gallery and said, “Hey man, we wanna take you out to lunch,” and we went to lunch and I guess I dropped the right names with this guy. ■ LGJ: One day you're a silkscreen poster artist... ■ FK: It's so tripped out that this producer guy thought I was cool because I dropped the right names at lunch. And it was like “I'm in Hollywood and I'm gonna go to a deli and have a power lunch with a film industry guy,” so I played the part to the hilt. I was mister fuckin' suave, mister cool. And it worked; he just looked at me like “you're god.” It was such a joke. The mainstream video thing...I saw it as an evil, evil business. They take talented people and no-talent fucks grind them into the ground out of sheer jealousy and hatred. It's a bad scene. It's so wasteful, man. I could

make ten videos for the money they spent on one. They are dudes that are, like, “Oh, we need a hammer. Let's rent it. We need a 'cup of coffee; we'll call the catering company and have it delivered on an airplane.” These people work such long hours that they have no life, no personal life. So they live a fantasy, and they use other people's money. It's sick. ■ PD: So, speculating that you might want to give it another stab, given the opportunity: what would have to be different? ■ FK: Hopefully the people involved would have a realistic sense of what reality is. My job in the video was to design the set and stuff, which I did, and all these working,

wacky props. And it all had to be manufactured, it all had to be built. But you'd spend all this time building something, and the guy would go “No, I want it to be...rounder.” And he wouldn't understand that there was no way to make it rounder in time. I go, “This is what you approved, it took three guys a week to build this and it cost fifty-seven thousand dollars. It's what you get.” We'd spend six thousand dollars building a prop...a lot of them weren't even used...and we'd spend all this money building things that were used for three-tenths of a second. They just get crazy,



man. They have no sense of reality. They're so insulated that they think (snaps fingers), "I need a giant cartoon tongue three feet long by tomorrow," and they don't understand that someone's gotta build it and paint it and carry it around for you. And they think they're making Apocalypse Now, but they're making a four minute pop video. And to me, some of the coolest videos are the simplest. One of my favorite videos of all time is this Sonic Youth thing. They're covering "Addicted To Love," with a projection of some Vietnam war footage, totally cool. It cost like a hundred bucks to make. ■ LGJ:

Actually, no. There's a place on Hollywood Boulevard where you go in and lipsynch in front... ■ FK: It's totally like this video, 'cause they've got charisma, they're doing this cool cover and there's this weird fucked-up footage in the background. That's like all I need. People get overblown; if you keep things simple, it's better.

■ (LGJ says something unintelligible about KLF). ■ FK: I've got this weird thing called "Space" that's done by them. A trip through the planets. It's all beep-beep weird radar shit. ■ LGJ: Anyway, you needn't have an enormous budget to make worthwhile videos.

■ FK: What I encountered was a one-hit wonder on his way down with too much company money behind him and a guy who used to be a really good director but who got burned out by the fantasy aspect of what he was doing, as well as a bunch of weaselly self-important fucks with no sense of humor. All the people on the crew had a great attitude. The electricians, the setmakers, the gofers—those people are all highly skilled... ■ PD: And have a passion for what they're doing. ■ FK: Yes. It's the people on the top, the so-called "creative" people, who make decisions even though they have no business making decisions. Because once they get into that position, they're out of touch. It was a really aggravating, dehumanizing experience. ■ PD: I'm curious as to what your opinion is about this. You're talented and your stuff is out there, pretty much, but it almost seems to me that maybe there's some manipulation going on, that you're not as well known or popular as you rightfully deserve to be. Do you think there's something happening behind the scenes where people are going, "Well, I'm not gonna tell anybody about this guy because I wanna hoard it all to myself." ■ FK: Yeah. That's happened a lot. It's one reason that I'm switching agents and getting a business manager, because a lot of work has been done and stashed. And it's really strange; there's this poster collecting scene, which is really cool, but it gets real screwy. 'Cause some of my old posters now sell for hundreds of dollars. That blows me away. People are into it; I don't know why, because personally—I'm getting better, I'm not getting worse. Maybe in twenty years I'll be able to do what I see in my head. But it's really a weird trip; cartoonists have this problem, that it's not a "legitimate market." If I was

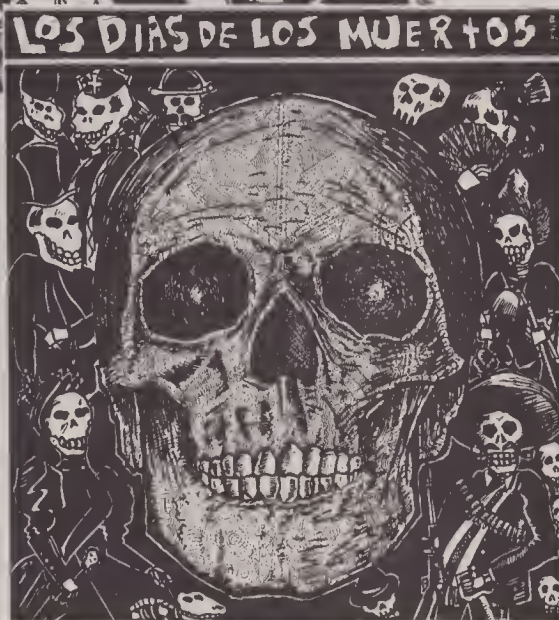
doing all this stuff as paintings, or as fine art prints, everybody'd be going "Oh, here's this great postmodern artist." But because it has band names after it and it's advertising, it's not taken seriously by anybody. A few people, but the alternative community is not that big in America. ■ PD: For me personally, aside from the attractiveness, when I saw the stuff it popped into my head that since I promote shows and I do stuff in Minneapolis from time to time—having your posters affiliated with it psychologically affects people who see it in the record stores. So for me,

I'm trying to portray that it's not your average flyer on a telephone poll show. It's an event, it's something special. ■ FK: That's my whole trip. I love live music; I've gone to thousands of shows over the last twelve, thirteen years. And that's the one thing I always liked and admired about the punk rock scene, or whatever the fuck it's called now, is that people would always do this extra shit, make stickers and weird little handbills and goofy fucking things and you could have this little piece of

something to take home and treasure somehow that, even though it was a fucking xerox, it was cool. I wanna do that, because I always thought it was such a cool thing and now I can do it. And I can make it really good; not to show off, but so that somebody can have a totally cool thing like I had once. The kind of thing that changed my life, saved me, turned my life around.

■ PD: Well I

mean, it just strikes me as odd, because back in the sixties in San Francisco and New York, you had all this wild poster art... ■ FK: Well the problem is that times are tough...A lot of people think that being alternative means you just put any piece of shit on a piece of paper and just because it's a weird image, it's good. I don't agree with that. You have to have craft if you are going to do that. But things are looking up; cartoonists are making it, because the new cartoonists are really good. Panther, Clowes, Peter Bagge, they put a lot of effort into their stuff, man. My trip is posters, so I wanna make the coolest, best posters that I can. It's what I do, it's my thing, it's what I do every day all day long. If I



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could do posters just for little bands for the next fifty years, I'd be a happy person. Because it's what makes me happy. ■ LGJ: You're kind of alone, aren't you? ■ FK: There's some people. There's these people on the east coast called Tannis Root that do really cool posters. There's a guy down in Houston named Lance who does some pretty cool stuff. There's two or three guys who live here who consistently put out pretty cool stuff. But other than that, there's no...but there's this insane demand for it. I could do like ten of them a day, there's that much demand. You would probably like to have one for every show. But I turn a lot of work down, and sometimes that bums people out. But I try to do a good deal. ■ LGJ: Is part of the demand for the posters due to it's being essentially inexpensive art? ■ FK: I'm not bragging, but basically my shit is really nicely produced. I think some of my posters are better than mainstream record company stuff. Some people like it because it's a weird object; some people like it because of the bands. Some people like it because I did the artwork. It's something unique and special; they went to the show and they got the poster from the show, and they can put it on their wall and go "cool." ■ LGJ: And there's a big market for collecting stuff, because people see what stuff is valued at today that was all around... ■ FK: Yeah, there's these posters that are going now for eight or nine thousand dollars, and people figure that in twenty years...

■ LGJ: Do you think they're right?

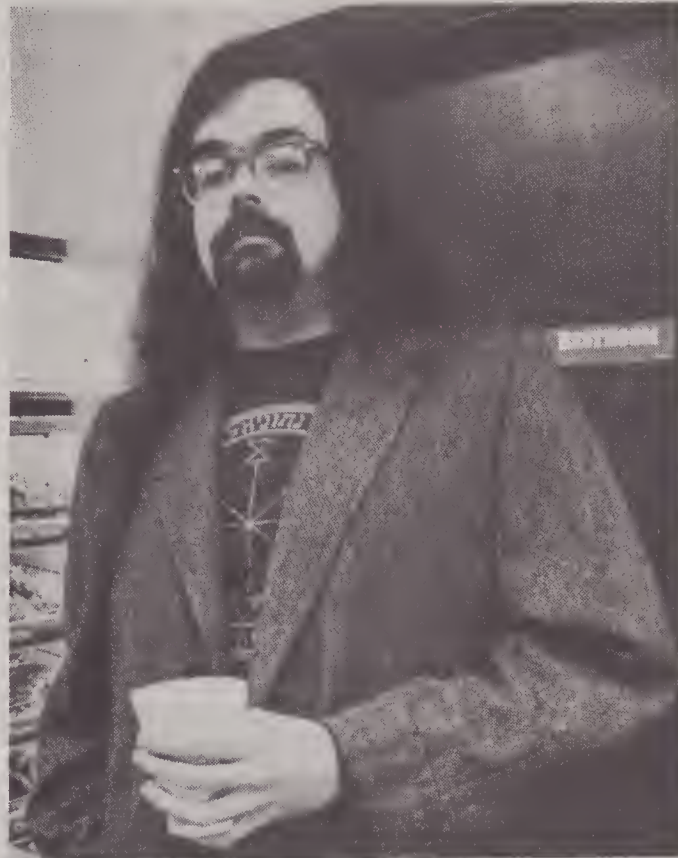
■ FK: Well, unless the world blows up and we're all in hell. Or we all die from AIDS or whatever the fuck happens. It really freaked me out, because I keep myself really busy and I have no sense of time passing, and like yesterday I was driving a truck for minimum wage and all of a sudden I'm being interviewed. It's really weird...I can't explain it. This weird thing has happened. And I'm no fool, man; I have an opportunity to make a nice living doing something that I enjoy, so...I think if you work hard at anything, you can be successful. Every time I finish a piece, it makes me happy and I get juiced to do the next one. The more I do, the better I can draw, the more practice I can get. If I can keep it up, then in ten or fifteen years I think that I'll be really good. What you see and you enjoy, this has only happened in the past year. I'm only happy with the last year's worth of stuff, which is basically what you're looking at. There's three or four years of stuff that's OK, but it was working towards this. I just wanna keep doing, keep changing styles and experimenting with different things, and having a good time. People call me "artist," but

I'm not like an artist. I think of myself more as a craftsman, like a fine cabinetmaker. ■ PD: I know people, some of whom have been classically trained in art school, who take umbrage at being called a craftsman. You look at something and are blown away by it and say "Wow, look at the craftsmanship in this," and it's "Fuck you, I'm not a craftsman, I'm an artist..." ■ FK: Everybody's a fucking artist. Not that many people can call themselves craftsmen. I take the opposite view. It's like my work ethic. Everything that we enjoy somebody built; somebody built the road, somebody made the door, somebody made the floor we're

standing on and did a really good job. And nobody gave him the fucking time of day because he was working with his hands. "That's evil, we should all sit around being movie stars or rock stars and take a shit onstage and be called a genius," and that is the most bogus fucking shit. Because the only reason all the fucking artists can live in the world is because a lot of craftsmen worked their fucking asses off to build an infrastructure for them to use and abuse. ■ PD: Most of the artists and the art world chokes itself on its own pretension. ■ FK: Yeah, it's stupid; you only live for X amount of years. Have a good time, but take the time to do something that's really nicely done, if you have any ability at all. People are gonna hate this, okay, but Raymond Pettibon's stuff: I mean, gimme a break; does he think his stuff is art? It's really fucking lame. I don't get it. Graffiti is better than his shit. And it's like, "No, he's this

— photo by Samantha Deskins

conceptual genius." I don't like it personally, so maybe I'm being a dick here, but from the viewpoint of somebody who'd spend a lot of money to buy a piece of his shit, they could have ten seconds of the dude's time for money they've worked all month to make. And for me it's like somebody who makes a chair or cooks food—all work is equally valid. Everybody should make the same money. I think the dude that made that can you're drinking out of is just as important as me or Pablo Picasso or whoever you wanna think of, because everybody needs each other in order for it all to work. ■ PD: What do you think most people are missing? ■ FK: An education. A bit of classic cultural input. Everyone lives in this TV fantasy world. I have friends who are like, "I'm a genius, I learned all this deep shit in school," and they don't understand when "Ob, my light switch is broken. I don't know how to fix it, I'll have to pay somebody to come fix it." Well you could take the screws out and look at it and figure it out. You're not a fucking animal; you got a brain, use it. People have all grown up with this TV "Look good, be cool, have a party and you'll





get everything you want for free" thing. And it doesn't work that way. There's harsh realities of life that are unfair, but that's the way it's always been in western civilization. And we have it better in the west than in other cultures. I get really pissed off at people who are always pissing and moaning about every evil thing in the world. Look man, piss all you want, but the most constructive thing you can do is go out and do your own trip. You can sit there and protest until you're blue in the face, but it's not gonna change it, it's been this way since the fucking dawn of time. Our evil, corrupt, Bush-run government is no different from any Roman emperor, or any king, or any potentate, or some guy in a hut in Africa. The strong use the weak and the smart use the strong, and it's the way it is. And you might as well get over it and get on with your fucking life. ■ PD: I see you've got that Masons ring. What is it about the Masons that interests you? ■ FK: The secret desire of a bunch of old men to control the world. (Long boring explanation of Masonic history and discussion of secret societies deleted). ■ PD: So, looking around the room again...you've got Parfrey, you've got the Bataille thing...I guess my question is, what is it that you're into about Parfrey? ■ FK: I like the Parfrey stuff on several levels. Number one, he's good about preaching to the unconverted. People who've never been exposed to weird shit, but if they were exposed properly would open their minds a little bit. He's a really gifted writer; he's a real writer, the guy has got skill, brains, he's a good editor, and he can take really fucked-up shit and mold it into a readable form without losing any of the intensity. He's really good at distilling the essence of what he's writing about. I'm like anybody else; I'm fascinated with the bizarre, the absurd, and the freakish; we all dig a freak show, we might as well admit it. He's one of the only people who can actually present it in a format that is accessible to people on almost any level of intellectual activity. He's an interesting person, he has interesting viewpoints, and he's really good at uncovering that intangible weirdness that we all would love to check out. ■ PD: What about Bataille? ■ FK: Bataille I'm not so much into; I did that for a friend who was presenting that film. Bataille's OK; whatever. But I've had plenty of sex, so I'm not that fascinated. I'm not the frustrated art school guy who wants to be gay but can't deal with it or something, so I'm not into it that much. That was just a job I did for a friend. ■ LGJ: You mentioned a fairly strong dislike for Pettibon... ■ FK: Now I'm gonna get a bomb in the mail. ■ LGJ: No, no, but who did you like? Who among your contemporaries? ■ FK: I like different people for different reasons. I dig the Cooper stuff, because he's a fucking brilliant illustrator. I like Pizz's stuff. I like Robert Williams, I like Joe Coleman's stuff. ■ PD: We did something on Coleman a long time ago, Bill Hobson from Killdozer and I. But one thing I don't buy about his work is that he says he just starts with no real plan in mind. I've looked and looked at his stuff and it's like, how can you say that that's true when it's so...Like that Manson thing he did; he obviously knew enough about what was going on there, and had to have had it pictured in his mind exactly how it was gonna lay out... ■ FK: I'm kinda like that too; I just start, I don't have elaborate drawings and stuff. You can get to that point, where you know what it's gonna look like. I can believe that; I've seen guys that could do that before, who could just sit and do the most elaborate shit. Have you ever seen a really

good calligrapher work? It's insane. I know people who can do this perfect engraved calligraphy seamlessly, like a machine. I don't think he's lying; I mean, why would he lie? I tell you one thing. I think a major rule of thumb for anybody you wanna name, from the great renaissance painters on, everybody uses projectors or cameras. Everybody cheats. Norman Rockwell did it; took photographs and put them on the canvas before he did his paintings. It's just another tool. ■ PD: So, contrary to popular belief, there are shortcuts. (Fifteen seconds of people talking unintelligibly over one another). So how much do you think literature affects what you do? ■ FK: Quite a bit. ■ PD: You were saying before, and you showed me the collection of all the hard-bolled and the pulps... ■ FK: Yeah I mean...see, one of my problems is I want to do stuff that's different. And unfortunately...like I've been into exploitation for years, but recently I've noticed a whole bunch of albums covers with those old exploitation paintings come out, so I can't do it. That's the main problem I have: finding stuff to do that somebody else is not already doing. That's why you don't see a bunch of noir stuff up here, because people are doing it already. I don't know what I'm doing lately; I'm doing all kinds of weird shit...a lot of my stuff is not so much influenced by "Well, I've got this cool picture, so I'll do a copy of the picture" as "I have this cool picture that will put me in a mindset to do something that may not look like it at all, but there's still a connection." I'll do stuff, I'll read some book about some big social figure and it will inspire me to do something that has no direct connection, but it gave me a certain mental energy that made my work process flow smoothly for six hours. Does that make sense to you? I used to use live shows that way; I'd see a band, the band would kick out, I'd get all hyper and I'd run home and do a drawing or something. You gotta get your energy; you gotta have input to get output. I don't go out that much anymore though, 'cause times changed. I'm getting old. So, what I read has a definite influence, because it will put me in a mood...or I'll be listening to different kinds of music. For some stuff I like to listen to classical music. Real pompous over the top classical Wagner opera type shit. And it will put me in a certain mood to do something. Or I'll listen to heavy metal or punk or alternative or rap. Whatever mood I'm in, I need to get really juiced. I'll put on a rap record and get all hyper and just be working like a fiend for six hours and it's done in a big spurt of energy. That's how I do my stuff. ■ PD: Do you actually listen to the individual artist from time to time? ■ FK: Yeah, I try to go to every show, or at least get the record, for everybody I do stuff for. You have to, man. How can you not come out and listen to the music and do stuff for the band? ■ LGJ: Has it ever worked out that you've turned down work because automatically you didn't like doing shit for those people? ■ FK: Yes. Yes. ■ LGJ: So the fact that you feature somebody in your artwork means you have to have some sort of tic with them somehow? ■ FK: Yes. If I like the music, I can get the thing to do the poster in. And a lot of times I think I'm pretty successful at being able to depict the mood of the band through a picture. What do you think? 'Cause it usually fits OK. Except for the one outstanding failure. ■ PD: Which is it? ■ FK: The Jonestown poster. I've heard they're sending an assassin down to rub me out. ■ PD: Female assassin squad. ■ LGJ: Frank says so long as they're dressed in patent leather, they're welcome. ⑧



# PEE CEE CORNER

No, Your Flesh has not succumbed to the omnipresent tide of faux "socially aware" spirit which lurks around every corner. Genocide in the third world? The destruction of the Rainforests? Global Starvation? We Still Don't Care! Even after all these years, Your Flesh still remains leagues above the morass of pompous pedagogy and pontificating which otherwise useless people wear as their mask of "social conscience." Aside from worldwide communism, legal drugs, and free sex, we still have no political agenda! Howzat for Ideological purity!

Nonetheless, being infinitely wise and all-knowing, we realize that the narcissistic, own-ass-kissing world of "music" and "culture" does not exist in a vacuum, and that whatever we may think, some people do give a shit. So, from time to time, we'll let 'em have their say, provided they say it intelligently, convincingly, and reasonably—or if not, at least in an entertaining fashion. Hence, once every 3,000 years, when a hunk o' deserving political/social criticism does filter into our Ivory tower, it'll appear here. Don't be a schmuck and take the appearance of a particular viewpoint in these pages as inferring our endorsement of same; we may agree, we may not, but we'll never tell you.

## WHIFFER SPEAKS

Are you a patriot? How do you feel about the shell known as "country" that cocoons the dominant culture and is dragged out on the creaking trolley of "patriotism" every time the power elite feel threatened? Are the two entities "state"—(the corporation of power that politicians fight over like jackals), and "country"—(the noble motherland, the very idea of which is potent enough to send young men and women into such frenzies that they will willingly have their legs ripped from their bodies and their brains blown into the sand just because they are patriots and love their country) separate and distinct or are they the two Janus faces of the same vicious, corrupt and untrustworthy conspiracy of power?

This question comes about because I have noticed a strangely schizophrenic attitude amongst people who outwardly suggest that they are members of some breed of "anti-establishment subculture," but still maintain that patriotism has nothing to do with politics, that to love one's country is natural and right. It is this sort of blind assertion of Mobius strip ideology that is both perplexing and repellent when it comes from the mouth of someone who is, for all intents and purposes, engaged in the struggle against the venal and dangerous forces that continue to rape the freedoms we were all born with. The purpose of this question is not to bring forth the bilious rants of "Love It Or Leave It" written on Old Glory notepaper from those of you unable to string together a logical argument (which I hope I am managing to construct here); save that for

the next NRA meeting. My inability to understand the logic behind patriotism arises from an inability to grow attached to a piece of mud—simply because it

was the piece of mud upon which I was birthed. I can understand that people can become attached to geographical areas merely because they hold a key to personal happiness, natural beauty, the proximity of your friends, even a friendly local bar, but to extend that contentment for the immediate surroundings to the whole country is idealistic and myopic. It is like sitting in a comfortable armchair while the rest of the room burns around you, "Well, the chair isn't on fire yet so I'll just stay here, it's really comfortable. You know what—I really love this room." In the same way, you will find yourself burning to death unless you get out of your armchair and confront the horror of nationalism.

In actual fact, patriotism is nothing but a relic from human history, a program that was installed onto your wetware and was never removed. How did patriotism come to exist? Just when did people first say, "We're better than those Neanderthals and we're gonna prove it?" Over the centuries it has been the serfs, the peasants, the scum of the earth who have fought and spilled their blood for "King and Country," and those lucky enough to return still had to sleep in a hovel with the pigs. Who was it that benefited? The Monarchy, The Power Elite, they were the ones who extended their personal wealth by inculcating the idea that Patriotism in itself was a good enough idea to risk your life for. It's a damned sight cheaper than sharing the spoils of war with the ignorant morons who went and had to watch their best friends bleeding to death in the mud; If you really want to experience a hollow victory, I suggest that you go and fight for your country. So it is the Power Elite, The Government, whatever you chose to call them, who are reaping the benefits of this Patriotism idea that you have been suckered into believing. Just remember when you were at school and they made you pledge allegiance to the flag...when you remember that, don't you think for one tiny moment that they were attempting to put some little ideas into your unformed heads? There's another, more prosaic word for it: brainwashing!

You only have to look to Europe, here in Tower Hamlets in London at last week's general election, The British National Party—patriots to a man, no doubt—got over a thousand votes in an area with a high Asian population. Their platform included the "repatriation," by force if necessary, of all non-whites living in this country. In Berlin, a friend of mine witnessed skinheads forcing a woman to kiss the ground to prove that she was a loyal German—their "patriotic" rallying cry is "Auslanders Raus." These are the ugly fringes of Patriotism no doubt, but they are the logical extensions of a fatally flawed perspective.

This has not been an impassioned plea for people to take to the streets burning flags, more an impassioned plea for people to take to the streets and prove that they do love their country. The only way to prove that is to take it back from the bloodsucking scum who have used murder, torture and hatred as a means to grow fat and rich, and sit there in power while the proles bicker about whether or not you should burn a little bit of coloured cloth. Patriotism is a complete lie that you have been fed, it is a means to allow the Power Minority to manipulate you, even if you are politically or ideologically opposed to the outcome. That is the bottom line, manipulation and brainwashing. Patriotism is a powerful tool and it is being wielded in the hands of experts at manipulation. Just don't fall for the flag-waving, learn to think for yourself. 8



# REVIEWS

## LIVE

### HENRY ROLLINS BAND/TOADIES Trees, Dallas Texas.

Ob, how I just love to rock. You know, just totally rock out to some really kick-ass rock. I mean, rock is all that really matters. I was born to rock. My lifeblood is rock 'n' roll, the majesty of rock. The fantasy of roll. I wake up in the morning, grab the newspaper and begin to rock. When rocking, sometimes I feel the kind of feelings that Henry Rollins must be feeling. You know, that kind of cock-rocking swagger of rock self-importance. After all, it is important to rock and be able to really feel good about how you are actually rocking. Henry cares about how we feel about how he rocks. His rock history is kind of a legend by now. His major label's PR department has made sure to give us rock writers plenty of potential angles to take. You know, "How does it feel to be a rock band on a major label?" (Like anyone cares.), his roommate's murder (why does anyone need to know about that?), Black Flag, et cetera. And Henry himself seems rather comfortably fit in his role as ROCKMAN 1992. His rock show rocks harder than most of your current crop of rock has-beens, except maybe a few of the acts currently playing shows in this area. Let's get a grip on this rock magnitude that set the standard that Henry must now out-rock. Just this month: Peter Dinklage, Kiss, Chicago, Moody Blues, Frank Marino, R.T.Z. (with original members of Boston!), Eddie Money, Kansas, Genesis, U2, Eric Clapton (who wants you to know that his son fell off the balcony and died. Buy my record and rock with me in sorrow), and a couple of different Foghats have made very important stops in the Dallas cog of the ever-turning rock wheel. Rock in Dallas has never been harder. Henry's chances of out-rocking these heavy duty rockers was rocky, at best. In that respect, Henry is kind of like Rocky, the powerful character created by Sylvester Stallone. Could Henry be the Rocky in all of us? To rock is to sacrifice everything; your privacy is the first thing to go. Having to go to all of those rock promo meet-and-greet bull sessions with those geeky rock radio guys (Rock a doodle do on Q 102!), standing around shaking fins with the rock indie promo sarks, signing autographs (shit, I saw him sign a copy of the soundtrack to Superfly I), and above all else, doing whatever it takes to be the hardest rocker of all...That is the rock lifestyle of Henry "Man do I have a lot of pent up anger that will work great as a marketing angle and potential Hollywood movie angle" Rollins.

Did his show rock? Well, the opening act was a group called the Toadies that rocked, but only to a certain point. The rock road manager was standing behind the mixing console riding the volume faders to make the rock seem weaker than it really was. I mean, the Toadies usually ROCK. On this night, they rocked with quiet restraint. This is an old rock trick, to turn down the volume of the first group. That means when Henry starts to rock, it sounds like an airplane taking off. Henry had another new rock trick as well. Whenever he assumed the rock stance and started to emote, a giant wall of pure static tore through the speakers and into your brain. It sounded cool at first, like he was doing it on purpose; you know, a kind of Ministry/rock-type turn to show everyone that Henry is on the cutting edge of rock vocals. The problem was that the mic cable had a short and he refused to stop the power of the rock show already in progress to

address the problem. It got worse and worse (or better and better...depends on just exactly how you rock as an individual), and at one point it sounded like someone abandoning rock radio for a minute so they could go up and down the AM dial real fast at 120 decibels. Dude, it rocked. Chate

### ICE CUBE/BLACK SHEEP/DEL THE FUNKY HOMOSAPIEN/W.C. AND THE MAAD CIRCLE Bronco Bowl, Dallas Texas

This is what I really hate about rap shows. As soon as a group gets onstage, it's "Throw your hands in the air! Wave 'em like you just don't care!" Man, I do care. I'm sick of that shit. Another thing, I hate it when rappers who make records with a vocal tone that's smooth and real low-key come out onstage and start yelling. It's like they think the crowd can't hear them or something. What sucks is that we usually can hear them loud and clear, and by the time they usually start yelling about how the sound isn't loud enough, the sound man starts pushing the system way beyond its peak distortion levels. It seems like a rap show would be really easy to put on. You know, a couple of turntables and a couple of mics. Why is it that it almost always sounds like muffled dogshit?

Well, I still keep going back. So somebody must be doing something right. Tonight's bill is a strange one; a gangsta/tribe vibe weekend hoo-hah, complete with a place to get a Polaroid snapshot to prove that you were there and actually lived to tell about it. The venue is an auditorium that's hooked onto a bowling alley that was twenty-something years old before they closed it down a couple of years ago. The show was poorly promoted, as the venue itself was a question on everyone I know's mind up until the day of the gig. A room that holds 2500 people held a little over a thousand. Backstage, the fly-by-night promoters scrambled to rake up the cake to pay Ice Cube before he went on. For a moment there was some question about how this gig was going to end.

It started with a couple of local groups: Capital Punishment and U Know Who, and after a short break WC and the Maad Circle came on. I've heard the record. It's really kinda cool, a real pimp style movie-soundtrack soundin' slice of South Central L.A., boy. They were not listed as playing in the paper, so this was going to be kind of a surprise. Then they came out and (right off the bat, they didn't even wait until the "climax" or whatever of the show) started right in with call-and-response bullshit that basically renders all of those groups the same. That was what was happening back when hip-hop started over ten years ago. Why can't we seem to get over this bullshit? They didn't sound anything like the record, and they did something else that really gets my goat. They yelled out, "Thanks Dallas...we're WC and the Maad Circle...PRODUCED BY ICE CUBE AND THE LENCH MOB." Why coast off of who your producer is? If you are good, people are going to hear about you. If you suck, you are going to ruin your producer's reputation. Next up was Del the Funky



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Homosapien, who was, by the way, Ice Cube's cousin. Which was strange, because he sounded like he should be down with De La and the JB's. He didn't have a DJ, and was yelling out the lyrics that he almost whispered on his record. Poor kid, his record is slammin', his videos are on BET and MTV all the time, and he is about half my age.

Now it was time for Black Sheep. The crowd was, by this time, hype as a motherfucker. It was painfully obvious that these kids came to see Ice Cube, not his cousin, not some group he produced. Which made Black Sheep's place on this bill seem even stranger. Guess what? These guys made the best of a somewhat awkward situation; they came off like seasoned vets. They had the crowd going without having to teach them to "Screeeam!" or "Make some noise!"

First, they hit us with "Flavor of the Month," which these guys might very well be soon, whether they like it or not. Next, it was "Strobelite Honey" and "Try Counting Sheep," which both made you kind of forget why you were really there (to see Ice Cube, right?). Then, Black Sheep started kickin' "The Choice Is Yours," which was just straight up SLAMMIN'! The video is on Yo! MTV Raps all the time, and the kids in the crowd knew every single word. This was kind of the turning point of the evening. After the song, I went backstage to see what the vibe was like from all of the performers' perspectives; you know, go ask 'em how they feel about Dallas, blah blah. Oh yeah, and to find out where Yo Yo was (Ice Cube's girl, who was listed as performing as well). What I walked into was a maelstrom of stress and anxiety. The promoter didn't seem to have the money to pay Ice Cube. I figured I'd better split; I mean, I went to an Ice T show where the same thing happened, and a bunch of folks in the crowd started shooting when he refused to play. I went to hide out in the booth where the spotlight operators sit. I'm not sure what went down, but Cube came out about twenty minutes later. And a good thing, because the cops who had been hired as security officers were heading into overtime pay, and they really didn't like being there, from what I could tell.

Cube was the only act of the evening that had any kind of stage props, including tombstones of George Bush, Daryl Gates, NWA, and biggest of all, Eazy E. OK, everybody knows the deal between these two, right? They started out together as members of NWA, with Cube writing most of the lyrics and getting very little (if any) of the publishing money. So Cube went and did his own thing. Now all NWA does is talk shit about him and beat up female rap show hosts. It's strange, but they problems they have had mark the first time that groups started making records that attack each other by name, explicitly. Other groups have made dis records without mentioning each other, but usually left the specific names out because of legal ramifications. These guys don't give a fuck. Ice Cube went off on Eazy E and NWA for about ten minutes. In fact, more than he went off on Bush and Gates. He really had the crowd going, too. His encore was "No Vaseline," which describes how NWA got fucked by managers and Eazy, and talks about when they were all kids ("Used to be my homey/but now you act like you don't know me"). The people who are really getting the raw deal are the fans, because NWA's producer Dr. Dre and Ice together were an unbeatable combination. Cube's DJ Sir Jinx ain't no joke, as he proved on this evening. But when it comes to laying tracks, Dr. Dre is top dog. Cube's lyrics on this evening tended to stray from the muggin' and killin' that you hear about on his records. Which was cool, because this crowd pretty much just came to have a good time. By the end of the night, everybody seemed real happy. Was it worth the price of admission? Well, yeah, I got in free. Did Cube deliver the goods? Yes, yes y'all...yes yes, y'all...yes, yes, and yes and yes, yes y'all. Without all that. Chate 8



# REVIEWS

## AUDIO

A NOTE TO BANDS, LABELS, OR ANYONE ELSE SENDING MATERIALS FOR REVIEW (OR THINKING ABOUT IT)

YOUR FLESH appreciates the deluge of free records, tapes, CDs, books, magazines and other good stuff you send us, so thanks. A few things need to be said in order to make the submission/reviewing process as efficient and pleasurable as possible:

1. We try to make our "reviews" sections as thorough, broad-based, and complete as possible. It is not possible, however, to review absolutely everything that comes in, no matter how hard we try. If something you sent doesn't get reviewed, it doesn't necessarily mean that we hated it or that it sucks (although that's not altogether unlikely); space considerations and the fact that things do fall through the cracks in even the most efficient of systems guarantee that some releases will not get our attention. So it goes.

2. If at all possible, send TWO copies of any review materials. The decision to actually review a record or not is largely left to the reviewer who receives it; if two people see your release rather than one, it increases the likelihood (but does not guarantee) someone will give enough of a fuck about it that it'll make it into print, for better or worse.

3. Send CDs or Vinyl whenever possible. Cassettes A) sound like shit; B) pile up quickly and are more likely to be ignored; nobody likes the fuckin' things, dig? What this means is that if your release does get someone's attention—less likely than otherwise—they are less likely to like it or listen to it all the way through. It's in your best interest to utilize another format and leave the tapes for those stupid enough to buy them "for convenience," when other formats are available. If it's a cassette-only release, that's cool.

4. It is not possible at all to send copies of the magazine to everyone who sends review materials or who receives a review. Take a look at how many reviews there are, multiply by \$1.33 for postage in addition to the cost of printing the mags themselves, and we are talking about multiples of thousands of dollars. We're nice people, but we have our limits. Sorr-eee....gotta buy one if you want it.

### COP OUT CORNER by Peter D.

Much to my disappointment, I ended up getting really backed up with other, more pressing projects that seem to consume more and more of my time this issue, and as a result there are a number of things that I've shelved for myself to review this issue but just didn't wind up having any time on my hands to get around to them. I am truly sorry and to those of you that were counting on the verbiage

about what it is you do, for better or worse; please accept my apology. It isn't a personal thing, nor an excuse to cover for what some of you may assume is infinite laziness on my part—far from it, really—but the other thing to consider is that, yes, I am growing weary with the task of having to analogize about a lot of stuff that is more often than not either average or worse. Yeah, it makes it a lot easier when you do really like something or sometimes even better still (or in any case, easier) when you feel pretty vitriolic (something I'm positive my dad passed on to me through the gene pool—a never ending stream, really) about a certain subject, but I'm finding as time goes on there are other facets of putting this publication out that personally compliment my tastes a lot more. Hopefully you understand what I mean here, without needing any long winded explanation. No, this isn't to say—much to some of you out there's disappointment—that I'm going to stop writing altogether, but as some of you may have noticed there has been a trend toward this with each issue that comes out. If something out there comes my way that I feel strongly about, I just may take the time out and commit some thoughts to paper, but you can bet I'm going to be a hell of a lot more selective in doing this. This way, people like the ones involved in the list that follows this won't feel short changed in the future, and I won't have to tote the guilt for it either.

Something else you may want to consider is that with my other business there is the definite possibility of conflict of interest that I have to take seriously (that is, if I'm to expect anyone else to take me seriously), as well as the fact that I have standards and I don't want the lines to blur for one moment. This, coupled with everything else I've already mentioned to me makes plenty of sense, and I do hope you all can see this for exactly what it is and nothing more. Yup! Till next time. And here's that list that I dropped the ball on...

Oh yeah: If you've been waiting with bated breath for our review of your release and it's not in this list or in the rest of the review section, it's probably in the next issue. Wait your turn. Get in line with the other 100,000 goofballs out there...

\*—Asterisk denotes objects worthy of your immediate attention, despite my lapses...

BRAINBOMBS *She Wanted Love... & Jack The Ripper Lover* singles [Big Brothel Communications]  
 BUSHPIG LP [PGK]\*\*\*  
 CRYSTALIZED MOVEMENTS *The Lowest Step* single [No. 6]\*  
 DISPOSABLE HEROS OF HIPHOPRISY *Hiphoprisy Is The Greatest Luxury* CS [4th & Broadway]  
 ETHYL MEATPLOW *Whore* single [Sympathy]\*  
 FU-SCHNICKENS *F.U.—Don't Take It Personal* CS [Jive]\*  
 GAS HUFFER *Mole* single [Sympathy]



KUNG FU GIRLS 3 Song EP [Big Ball]\*

MANTIS Regalia single [no label]

MUMMIES VS. THE WOLFMEN Dbl. single [Sympathy]\*

DAN PLOTNICK/JIM SIKORA Small Gauge Shotgun video [Peeling Eyeball]\*

Sikora's stylized B&W exercises occasionally suffer from artiness, but Plotnick steals the show with the first half of this reel...a great sense of humor and he accomplishes a lot with very little at hand. "Death Sled II: Steel Belted Romeos" takes the cake as the funniest of his four efforts presented here.

RUMP MINI-COMIX Issues 1-8 [Edited by Mr. Mike: 2400 Stevens Ave. S.,

Minneapolis, MN 55404]\*\*\* Send him a couple bucks now!

SLEEZ SISTERS Sleaz Sisters Theme single [Sympathy]

Sub Pop Video Network, Program 1 video [Sub Pop]

SPIRITUALIZED Lazer Guided Melodies Dbl 12" [Dedicated]\*\*\*

TREEPEOPLE Something Vicious For Tomorrow/Time Whore CD [C/Z]

WOOFER Courier single [Decrepit]\* A two-tune, two-track side project from the skinniest member of Olivelaun.

BASIL WOLVERTON Wolverlunes single [Sympathy]\* Yes, it is the Comic Artist...3-D sleeve, glasses included.

A-BONES/GIRL TROUBLE "Take Up The Slack Daddy-O" b/w "Sister Mary Motorcycle" 7"

Hot bacon fat on toasted white bread. As basic as a bowel movement and twice as instinctual and not as good for ya but thrice as pleasant. Especially when chased with an ice cold can of Tecate. Breakfast of chimpanzees. Garage-ridden rock 'n' roll of a punkenly disposition (to wit: the guy in prison who's too young, inexperienced, and weak to be caught but the—ahem—"butt" of other inmates)...uh, intentions). A-Bones take the rockabilly route into the garage, and Girl Trouble take the post-instrumental/pre-Beach Boys surf route (a la Wailers, Sonics, et. al). So good but not good for ya, for sure. [501 N. 36th St., #157, Seattle, WA 98103] Howard W.

ABLOTH Amour 1991 CD

Three Germans making a hell of a racket that comes off as a cross between Ornette Coleman and the Art Bears, believe it or not. Squalling, frantic, consummately weird, creative, and thoroughly annoying. The first time I couldn't stand it, the second time I was amazed...dualisms, dualisms. I suspect they've ingested way too much ART for their own good, but then they go and create two minutes thirty seven seconds of squalling musical hell w/ piano, sax, grunty vocals, and percussion and call it "Estee Lauder" and all is right with the world. I can't do it justice. Also: "Der Stich" ties the Descendents for the world's shortest song, clocking in at 0:01...about time they were robbed of that dubious distinction; now there's nothing whatever to remember them for. [Permis De Construire Deutschland] David B. L.

AINTS Ascension CD

I'm sure my anglo- or aussie-ophile friends will shun me, but until now I'd never heard 'em. And fuck if I weren't missing out. Excellent, melodic poppunk that rocks like a bitch and never once ventures anywhere close to Undertones territory...this Ed Kuepper guy (solo alb review elsewhere this issue) is one damn prolific songwriter, so it seems, but the quality don't seem to flag for an instant...I've had "It's Still Nowhere" going in circles in my head for the last three goddamn days...dig those snarly duelling noise guitars, too...yah, stamp of approval. Definitely. [UFO] David B. L.

ALICE IN CHAINS Sap EP

If not the worst disc of the year, then at least the most aptly-titled one. (Sorry guys, but you walked into that corner). Guess they really grooved on that Extreme song that was so popular last summer. Both Chris Cornell and fuckin' ANN WILSON sing on this; see if you can tell 'em apart. [Columbia] Matt E.

MARC ALMOND Tenement Symphony CS

No one could ever accuse Marc Almond of hiding his light (or is it flame?) under a bushel. Unfortunately, his newest release is rather lacking in the over the top, disco diva campola that at least made his previous releases worth a chuckle. The overwrought, cinemascopic disco epics don't really click in until the second side of Tenement Symphony (extra points for the fake Deutsche Grammophon cover, though) with "The Days of Pearly Spencer" and "My Hand Over My Heart." Then the monumental string section, spanish guitars and Almond's shamelessly self-indulgent vocals get piled on. Up to that point it's rather routine disco/house/electro stuff. I expect more entertainment, basically more flamboyance. [Sire] Bruce A.

AMANDA BY NIGHT Let it Bob 7" EP

Introspective strumming with a megadose of death-obsession. Nice cover of Chris Masuak's (equally obsessive) "You Didn't Tell The Man" stands out, but not as much as the "singer"'s stunningly out-of-tune wails, which make Jad Fair sound like Luciano Pavarotti. [Susstones] David S.

AMINIATURE Plexiwatt CD

After a couple o' slams in a row, with nary a benificent word said on my part, I began to entertain the absurd notion that my heart was, in fact three sizes too small. Hogwash. "Plexiwatt," in its undaunting execution of a mid-Pixie type style awoke me from a cynical and jaded slumber. Opening with what sounds like it could be a Sugarcubes cover ("Skyline"), and then its successors "Security from a Stranger" and "Bassboost" employ the sparse distorted guitar (I say sparse because its more in the rhythm section than lead, dig?), melodic bass and great drumming. The bass is high in the mix, and more melodic than most of the stuff you hear, always just outside the spotlight. "Fake It" reminds a little of J. Mascis, and a few other places on this CD could bear this analogy as well. Anyway, to make a long story short, they remind me of The Pixies (a compliment) if Kim Deal played more imaginatively. Sorry Kim. A keeper. Oh, happy, happy, joy, joy! Now I can start being mean again in good conscience. [Scheming Intelligentsia Records] John L.

A DIFFERENT KITCHEN Whacked CD

Mmmmm... Disturbing cover. How charming. Kind of a House of Wax type of thing (best 3-D movie ever). Jingly-jangle, jingly-jangle, chunk krunk krunk, wah wah wah, twang twang, chunk krunk krunk, scree scree scree, jingle jangle, chunk krunk krunk. What else to say? Six songs that sound like the UK Subs singer or Jack Meatbeat with really bad teeth and a mouth overflowing with SPAM. This can be disturbing at times. The fourth and fifth tunes are really catchy but the "King Mother" is a seven minute boredom opus. A Different Kitchen is interesting unless you're boring, and the following anecdote is evidence: The other day I put this CD on as I got all gussied up for bed, donned my huge pointy cap, and pushed the "repeat all night while I'm sleeping" button, and dreamt that I was smoking my dick. [Fat Barber Records] John L.

ANAL BABES Old Whores Don't Giggle Much LP

Grand, exuberant, packed-with-pow-to-burstin' Norwey punk that struts to pre-hardcore tempos, but essays post-core preter-metal density. Sometimes it takes foreigners to appreciate the genius and worth of American inventions. Yah, Ja, Yaw! [Big Balls, Oscars, GT. 79, 0256 Oslo 2, Norway] Howard W.

BAD EGG SALAD "Satan Game" b/w "Broken & Decayed" 7"

Brevity and directness are virtues too long ignored by too many bands. Aside from the implications that their choice of band name has on their judgement, Bad Egg Salad's extended arrangement of "Satan Game" calls into question their self-editing capabilities. "Broken & Decayed" demonstrates an equivalent unwillingness to stay in the pocket. And vocalist Sean Byrne goes on a bit as well. Tempo changes, rolls and crescendoes for their own sake are wasted. [Mullethead] Bruce A.

BAD RELIGION Along The Way Video

Pretty much what you'd expect from these guys. Pretty good quality video from a European tour. Silly interview questions, pretty good live stuff, that kind of thing. [Epitaph] Brendan B.

BAD RELIGION Generator CD

Yup, they're still at it. And why the hell not? They're better at this kind of thing than most anyone else. In case you didn't guess, "this kind of thing" is political/personal hardcore. The only question you have to ask yourself is: Do I really need more records like this? Probably not. The intentions, of course, are great here; but for a political band I'll check out the Jonestown stuff instead. To paraphrase a friend of mine: Every time I hear that hardcore beat it just reminds me of failure. [Epitaph] Brendan B.

BADTOWN BOYS Date With Death LP

Maybe the Ramones could pull it off, but there was one problem with the way they played/couldn't play: they opened a whole new realm for people to make mediocre music in (What hath we wrought, brothers?) For every one Motorhead, inspired, yet possessed by the spirit of their own unique genius, there are hundreds of Badtown Boys. So much for idealistic punk fare, huh? Yawn. These guys actually take the time and energy to pour out their poor disenchanting hearts, chastising Dee Dee for selling out (selling out what?) Walking up to the



plate with a strike against 'em (stupid name), they don't really get off or strike out, but instead kind of lay there. Strike two is more stupid angst lyrics: "Lovin' you is just a waist of time (sic)," I'm yearning for something I feel like there's nothing to loose (sic)." If there's two things I can't fucking stand it's warm beer and misspelling. In the subject matter department, they take a controversial stance against suicide in the literary gem "Death is Forever": "What's going on in your head? That you wanna be dead!" C'mon guys, can't you think of anything to write about? Anyway, with two against 'em, they get drilled in the head, knocked unconscious, it counts as a run and they get another point for good early Replacementish tri-chordal jam-outs. Tie game. Don't analogies suck? [Gift of Life, Dist. by New Red Archives] *John L.*

#### THE BARNIES *Assume Vast Proportions* CS

Like most alternative rock, the expected melodic whatziz is still there but then again, like most alternative rock this doesn't swing or create anything of interest to sustain listening. Rather'n dynamacize (?) the sound by beefing it up with non-put on energy, the Barnies insist on tepid melodies culled from any CMJ CD sampler coupled with a lyrical vacuity that deserves a "c" in senior English class. How I long for the days when greaser punks'd bash fags, smoke pot, drink beer and put out these two-minute tributes to mental breakdown on their own labels that they recorded in their garages. [PO Box 44-1507, W. Somerville MA 02144] *Chris S.*

#### BEATNIK TERMITES 7"

From Cleveland, but, try as they might, don't sound at all like the Raspberries...better than the Fastbacks but not as good as Crazy Alice...were this released 12 years ago it would be called New Wave...in contemporary parlance however, the word is Pop...[St. Valentine] *Miller*

#### BIG DIPPER "Beast"/"Approach Of A Human Being" 45

It might be less than sporting to make such a suggestion, but if these guys had written songs half as good as these for their major label false start, they never would've had to write these exact songs now. Like Scrawl with Bloodsucker, Big Dipper want you to know just how badly they've been burned. And even though the animal/jungle metaphors rain down a little too heavily, the gusto with which they attack more useful targets (like gtrs 'n' drums) is more encouraging than anyone had any reason to expect. Here's hopin' they find enough disasters on their path to keep 'em this mad...[Feel Good All Over] *David S.*

#### BENCH "Hey Mister" b/w "Out Back" 7"

This group's latest single presents another workout of the Sabbath/Motorhead sounding thing. If yr. part of the grunge discourse and/or enjoy the aforementioned bands, then this is for you. A well-crafted retread that bored me. [Noiseville] *Brett M.*

#### BEWITCHED *Harshing My Mellow* CD

Should I judge Bewitched 1992 by this record or by the live show? An important question, especially since I put a lot of credence in a good live band. *Chocolate Frenzy* and *Brain Eraser* were pretty good records, and *Harshing My Mellow* is surprisingly OK, although I might be thinking that just because a recent live show here was just plain awful, with the band coming off as some sort of straight (boring) rock thing. Bring back the DJ, and fuck up that drum kit a bit, 'cause this recent show was tired. Why take an occasionally interesting sound and distill it to simplistic rock? As for this album, it's no great shakes, but at least contains some interesting drum sounds and nice DJ effects at times. Disappointing, but not as much so as the live show, which is something to avoid if its gonna be anything like the one I saw. [No. 6 Records] *Brett M.*

#### BIG CHIEF *Strange Notes* 7"

Could you see Darby Crash going bow hunting with Nugent? Maybe years from now, in that great rock and roll hall of fame in the sky, where every day is open season on everything. This has an etched B-side. Back in Michigan, the Chiefs are real popular—what with the Necros legacy and all. Are they anywhere else? I don't think so, but they seemed destined to reach out yet. They're on Sub Pop now for real. Drink beer. Big Chief plays Germs. It's a nice package: green vinyl, transparent sleeve. Rock and wag grooves. Nothing surprising. Darn. [S.F.T.R.I.] *Patrick W.*

#### BIG CHIEF *Face* CS

#### PAVEMENT *Slanted And Enchanted* CD

Expectations. I personally don't know anyone who was pining away for a new Big Chief album. Twentieth generation *Slanted* tapes, on the other hand, have been

circulating for months. I was prepared to be somewhat let down by my first ear-pack of the de facto Pavement item. I hardly thought I could be let down by *Face*. Pavement's previous output is almost universally cherished and lauded: Those tender seven inches dripping with red, juicy globs of squelch and skidding chanties; super-duper tunes from the buried library of the indie rock collective unconscious. Big Chief put out a bunch of hard rock singles with really nice graphics. It took a dozen or so passes at *Slanted* to orient myself to the horizon. Pavement's craggy slabs of poop, conflagrant when confined, seemed wispy and distended at full format thrust. Yet *Face* about, was perfectly sound at first crank. Better when extended, Big Chief have coughed up the consummate endless riff. There are peaks on *Face* that break dangerously—both versions of "Fresh Vines," the faux R&B geetar slide of "Ballad of Dylan Kohl" and "Lie There and Be Good" 's T. Rex doing Starship reefer roll—but the beauty of this record is the way it pounds the shoreline tirelessly, whether you're paying attention or not. It's low tide on *Slanted and Enchanted*: All the little crustaceans and flotsam stick out of the wet sand, begging exploration. The in baked "Summer Babe"—disco boy beat, cirro-stratus and a half laugh—"Ilerc"—metronomic stubble ("and the jokes are always bad/but not as bad as this")—"Perfume TV"—drilling FM program lock with bleed through—and "Loretta's Scars" sound the least alluded/most exuded on the album. *Slanted*'s biggest hairs float off the tail of the fall. "Two States," "Flame Thrown," and "Conduit For Sale" work obsessive string thwanks, creaky effects and consonantal imagery (ex: "Head bourne cries from Zenith sluts") almost straight outta *Witch Trials*. There's nothing a matter with that. Further, and nearer, *Slanted* reminds some foks of Sonic Youth ("Trigger Cut/Wounded Kite at :17," "No Life Singed Her"), Lou Barlow ("Chesley's Little Wrists"), Pixies ("In The Mouth a Desert"), and Felt ("Zurich Is Stained"). I guess it all winds around this tall V.U. pole that erects itself when you play and record with such heady disregard. *Slanted*'s equilateral melodic come in from all the right angles. It's not calculated. The lines go off the page in ways you know ain't parallel. *Face*, too, has certain boogers up its nose. Yeah, they've got that Necros and McDonalds blood in 'em (or was that Crossed Wire?) but the big totem they pick is the spirit of Stooges/MC5—and the Nuge. I'm not sure if actually being from Ann Arbor/Detroit entitles you to that merit badge any more than the next loser from Seattle or somewhere in Australia. But why not? What's most Great Lakes about Big Chief—now really—is the restlessness with which they work within such a seemingly narrow idiom. Big Chief's muted chunka-chunka never lets up. Cut with strains of punk, funk, blues, the auto industry, malt liquor, college towns and leather; honest-to-badness heavy metal is the juice that drips from Superior to Ontario. There are plenty of exceptions, but Big Chief is not one of them. *Slanted and Enchanted* is all exceptions. You can cross reference Pavement's geography right into the next decade. On the more present tense—*Face*'s "'500 Reasons"—voice Barry Henssler growls, "Just because I blow your mind, it's nothing personal." Your head remains un-blown, albeit nodding. Then you grab a lyric off *Slanted*. Your head's remains un-blow, nodding "I'll Be It." Either way, you get what you expectorate. [Sub Pop, Matador] *Patrick W.*

#### BIG CITY ORCHESTRA CS

Worthless cassette culture comp of a whole buncha people around the world who have nothing better to do'n make stupid "art" noises and actually release the sounds as if someone would CARE. First big mistake—trying to be "hip" by using characters from the Addams Family on the tape labels. Second big mistake—sending this "offering" to YF 20¢ postage due. [Ubuibi] *Chris S.*

#### BIG STICK *Hoochie Koo Time* EP

Big Stick haven't changed much since their debut some six years ago. Musically they use programmed rhythms, samples, and good guitar sounds to create a fairly interesting blend. Lyrically John and Yanna will use spoken words celebrating the cheaper side of Americana. Actual drag racers themselves, they score most points on "A Threat" when John threatens to kill any politician fucking with his drag strip. It almost sounds serious. Yeah, what they're doing isn't incredibly original, but Big Stick are capable of throwing in enough personality to keep it interesting. Oh yeah, this is a 10" [Blast First] *Scott H.*

#### BLUE "I Will Go See The Fish" 45

This outta-nowhere outfit's basic recipe—one part detuned Flipper-esque howl and one part thuggish Surgery blues yowl—isn't all that unique. What is is their seemingly innate ability to carve individual, easily discernible songs out of the



batter. Thus, you won't be needing to check the label to see if you've just heard the machine-shop screeching of "Back Of My Nova" or the kidney-punching riff-rock of "Bossy Woman." Considerate and evil...what a combination! [Erl] David S.

#### BODY COUNT *Body Count* CS

Body Count, Body Count, Body Count, Body Count. Heard the fucking single? It rocks out bad, so put that in your boomin' system and smoke it, says I. I've been lusting after this tape for about a year, and now that it's out, I regret that I have to say I have some serious problems with it. The strong point is definitely the band as opposed to Ice-T (who incorporates a million dollar guitar sound, some Hammettesque acoustic intros, and a solid rhythm section to do some pretty hectic stuff). It wouldn't be half bad if Ice-T mixed his styles a little more, incorporating the ideology he's preaching into the music, viz. instead of just blurring the color lines by being a black guy in a metal band; maybe he could add a little something hip from his hip hop background. As things lay here, the only similarity to roots is his choice of subject matter: strictly gangsta gangsta type stuffs, which brings me back to my point, the weak link in this proverbial chain, which is a serious deficit in the lyrics. I really couldn't give a fuck about most lyrics cuz generally, 99% of em suck out loud, and I never listen to 'em anyway, but hey, the shit he's saying is so fucking stupid, it's impossible to ignore. For a guy who rapped so good, and did shit like "Colors" and "Squeeze the Trigger," this new direction is unsophisticated and awkward. Lend an ear: "You wanna get high as the sky, you're kissin' your life goodbye, you think its a game you play, but the winners lose it all someday." Cliché, cliché, cliché, racism rhetoric, awkward rhyme, criminally bad singing, sexist bullshit ("We love everybody, we don't care if you're from Mars, If you got a pussy we will fuck you." That's great, Mister Ice, sir.), drum solo, ominous hard-ass posturing, cops for fertilizer type songs (gotta give 'im back a few points for "Smoked Pork"), guitar solo, etc. Like I sez, these tunes range from the slammin' shit like the singles "Body Count" and "There Goes the Neighborhood," to outrageously stupid. Sometimes the band hits hard enough to make you ignore the lyrics, and those times are Sweet Jesus's gracious gift, but the band is carrying Ice-T, and not vice versa. I got two words for Ice T: Shut the fuck up. Oh, and in anticipation of those geniuses who're gonna say that this mega-Ice slag means I'm a racist ("Don't they know rock's just for whites/Don't they know the rules/Those niggers are too hardcore/this shit ain't cool...that nigga plays so good/he took my motherfuckin' girl/there goes the neighborhood") this is a reminder you can still be slammed for being stupid. Applaud your good intentions Ice, but the road to good intentions is paved with buried hatchets...so shut the fuck up. [Sire Records Company] John L.

#### BOILED IN LEAD *Old Lead* CD

Very nice CD reissue collecting B.I.L.'s first two releases, *Boiled In Lead* and *Hotheads*. If you've yet to hear their strong-armed blending of traditional Celtic music and good ol' high country electro-folk rock, then this is the time and the place. These two albums focus on B.I.L.'s early approach to the deconstruction and reassembly of Irish ethnopop, mixing elements of the Fairport Convention and Steeleye Span with charged pub spurt a la Bees Make Honey and the Little Bob Story. This music moves and shakes and always projects a robust, hand-hewn presence. Any more fawning and my cred as a rock'n'roll grump will be tarnished. Just reach for the music, a bottle of Jameson's, and breathe like the Irish. [Omnium Recordings] Mike T.

#### BONGWATER *The Big Sell-out* CD

1. Bands with "performance artists" in them can't rock.
2. Bongwater are "clever." That works both for 'em and against 'em.
3. Cover version of "Everybody's Talkin'." That's the high point.

4. *Double Bummer* had "Dazed & Chinese" and "Just May Be The One" on it. This doesn't.

5. If you know what you are getting into, and you don't expect to have yer head twisted off by any killer jams, you may well find Bongwater amusing and interesting. The best points are Ann Magnuson's li'l snatches of "overheard dialogue" -type vocaling; offbeat diatribes portraying stereotypical art whores, bizness bums, and mild-mannered suburban psychos make for more'n a few chuckles. Creative, yes; a "band," in the best sense of the word—not really. [Shimmydisc] David B. L.

BRATMOBILE "Kiss and Ride" b/w "No You Don't" & "Queenie" 7"

This reminds me of allotta that "new wave" minimalist stuff that I used to listen to in '81. Y'know, like the Method Actors and Y Pants and a loota these art/underground bands that were already passé by '83 or so. Yeah, stuff that really was "for the ages," and, as you mighta guessed, history's repeating itself with this band that all of the haute rock critics 're creaming over this week. Like the minimalists of '81 ther's a "simple" instrumentation, in this case only a vocalist, guitar and drums. Like those bands, these seem to be some "feminist" slant to the lyrics (I really don't know, but considering the



Black Spring

audience Bratmobile's aiming for, there probably is) and (taa-DAH!!!!) they're all womyn (bein' PC natch). Just what those rock totalitarians at the VOICE love, right? Just what you wanted to hear, 'eh? I thought so.

[Homestead] Chris S.

#### BRATMOBILE *Kiss and Ride* 7" EP

Any band that can parlay so little meat (thus far) into so much motion is certainly reet enough with me. And despite the sometimes cloying "girl solidarity" vibe (the key issue in the platform, apparently, being the right not to be a boy), their teen-mag updating/defusing of the Raincoats/ Delta 5 rhythm and sexual politics platform is compelling enough to hold high hopes for their future.

[Homestead] David S.

#### BRICK LAYER CAKE *Call It A Day* 12" EP

About once every eighteen months a band's music flows through my mental strainer that becomes wonderfully interwoven with my cerebral mesh—so much so, that it acquires permanent resident status on my turntable and in my head. *Call It A Day* started soaking in from the first play of the opening cut, "Sitting Pretty," the most swell hunka cyclic string trance I've heard since the Spacemen 3's first few outings. I also get the same sense of perpetual sonic momentum here as with a listen to the Dead C's more melodic material. Todd Trainer's songs have an inchoate power to them, sorta like a kid with a book of matches and an aerosol can. His voice holds a stirring, roisterous tone that bracingly follows the wide path cut by his guitar. The music deftly blankets the mind like so much powdered stone. As sure as a flower's got seeds, this is my pick of the issue. [Touch & Go] Mike T.

#### CASPAR BRÖTZMANN MASSAKER *Der Abend Der Schwarzen Folklore* LP

It could be hard reviewing a record like this without sounding like some sort of pretentious art-rock critic, like so many others I've read who have their little elite "scene" to protect and identify with. Fortunately I know close to nothing about this scene, and felt slightly let down by this record—I was more convinced by *The Tribe* and *Black Axis* long plays. This release does, however, showcase Brötzmann (guitar, vocals), Eduardo Delgado Lopez (bass, wood rattle) and Danny Arnold Lommen (percussion) as they whip out some great lårmandmusik, which tends more towards rock and industrial than jazz. "Schwarze Folklore" features Brötzmann's swirling guitar and spoken texts, punctured by bombastic bass and percussion outbursts. "Bass Totem" begins with 'broken vacuum' sounding guitar, with lots of pitch-shifting action and Rinaldo-style screeches, accompanied by rattles and guttural vocals slightly reminiscent of Einstürzende. This composition does drag a little bit, until its



redemption in a concluding stomp on yr. head romp. "Sarah" builds in intensity gradually, built around a totally dominant and impressive guitar sound. The noise break that concludes this comp works, although I'd have to say the percussion is rather dull, in that it doesn't interact with or push the other instruments like I'd hoped. In "War Horse" Brötzmann begins with a different, almost strummed guitar sound, leading into an extended solo centered around a bass and drum part reminiscent of early Sonic Youth. After a sharp break, the whole thing begins to build again anew, still absent any playing off one instrument from another. It would be really useful to see the Massaker live, to find out whether there is any more instrumental interaction live than on this record. I've been told there will be one stateside show this summer in San Francisco. If Caspar's Massaker is half as good as his father's show I saw in D.C. last year it'd definitely be worth the long trip from Minneapolis. [Our Choice/Rough Trade] *Brett M.*

**CASPAR BROTZMANN MASSAKER *Der Abend Der Schwarzen Folklore* CD**

As promised, Massaker has returned, augmented by a new drummer, Danny Lommen, formerly of Gore. The four songs on *Der Abend...* are begun by a metronomic clicking by Lommen, thus establishing his presence as the immediate differentiation between this and the previous albums. Favoring a sharp, snapping snare, he anchors the songs and impels them with a more precise hand than the band has had to date.

Caspar Brotzmann himself continues to amaze with both his inventiveness and sense of placement; each song here fluctuates from passages of quiet menace to out and out abandon that expands with sustained attention. Brotzmann emits clouds of feedback or waves of fretwork while the band rages behind and around him. A number like "Bass Totem" can feature each instrumentalist separately without lapsing into the token "Now it's your turn to solo" attitude. These are songs, albeit extended ones, that feature three musicians working together. I could go on for a long time. Let's finish by noting that Scooby Doo/Revolver U.S. have brought sufficient quantities of this item into America for you to be able to find one at a reasonable price (a CD retailed at \$13.99 where I work, what's your excuse?) Anyone seriously interested in loud guitar music has to grab this. Now. [Our Choice/Rough Trade Deutschland] *Bruce A.*

**BROWN CUTS NEIGHBORS *Broken Down Like A Bean* 7" EP**

The use of recording technology to express musical and sociopolitical ideas does have its downside. Particularly when a free market economy allows folks who would otherwise spend their free time watching Deputy Dawg to save up their income and release product into the market. The Brown Cuts Neighbors have encoded a number of their songs onto vinyl and now propose that you, the consumer, purchase it. Using the rough outlines of punk rock stylings with a smattering of tape manipulation technology they've turned what should have been a hobby into a consumer item. Don't let their confusion become your impoverishment. [Wow Cool] *Bruce A.*

**BLACK SPRING *Girth* CD**

Under normal circumstances, trying to get me to say anything nice about my former hometown of Kalamazoo is pretty well nigh impossible. But now, it would appear that there is some sort of rock renaissance/Athens-Of-The North trip going on there: Thought Industry, Tongue, FAQ, that guy from Confirmation's new band (saw a pic of 'em in *Sassy* or *Dirt* or one of those—my favorite reads)—naturally, once I leave, things start to pick up.

As further evidence, I cite *Girth*. Pretty fuckin' rollicking by any standards, and the fact that it came out of *that town* is nothing short of astonishing. Eight songs of cleverly-composed, expertly-performed *hard rock* (not metal, not punk, not coll. rock) with hooks that'd snag a marlin. This threesome—Chuck Bradford, Tom Fuller, and batteur extraordinaire Craig Ritenour—have been perfecting their craft for the last few years in rel. obscurity; the time spent cloistered with naught but their guitars in Michigan's Ugliest City has served them well, however, as this here project sees 'em springing onto the scene fully formed and ready for action. In a word, ROCKS. There, I've said it.

My personal preference nods towards what *would have been* side 2 if this were an LP: "Love Burger," "Trash," "Dust," "Robots Must Kill," "Luther" are individually and collectively ante-uppers from the preceding cuts; the band seems more relaxed, more fluid, and seem to be having more fun with the music. Not that a tune like "Snake Market" is any slouch anyhow, however. What can I say? I'll keep it, I'll listen to it. Produced by Vig, cover by Dancey, so you can't fault their taste either. All in all a nifty package. [Swollen Lip,

1608 Jefferson Avenue, Kalamazoo, MI 49006] *David B. L.*

**BLUNT Further CD**

Great aptitude is shown on "Freak Show" for an appropriation and subversion of hard rock and prog p'rogatives and in the finest and most contemporaneous fashion o' punk rockin.' An' as the album continues, similar motifs are replumbed but with less aplomb, focus, or facility with songcraft in evidence. Eventually it breaks down to game rifferage an' ironic/irate vocalese. The atmō is okay but "the point" has slipped outta their grasp. [Angry Neighbor] *Howard W.*

**THE BUD COLLINS TRIO *In The Land of No* CD**

More instrumental fluidity and multi-stylistic mastery that marks The Bud Collins Trio as another band that *just can't settle on anything*. The light touches of jazzy dissonance are disquietingly similar to the New Bohemians. For a band that can freely dip their toes into a couple of ponds and come out without seeming cloying, I would point you in the direction of Shrimptboat. TBC 3 have (fortunately) a light touch that renders them less offensive than They Might Be Giants, but that's hardly a virtue to be encouraged. [P.O. Box 120, Storrs, CT. 06268] *Bruce A.*

**BURNOUT "Lounge" b/w "Oil" & "Big Daddy" EP**

Borders on Sub Pop hairshake, but's still got a shred of dignity about it. Whereas most of this new metallic oomph has about half the life the first generation did (most HM groups in '70 were about three LPs good—today it's maybe 3/4-1 1/2 an LP if they have more'n a bit of talent) this at least keeps you interested a bit. [Drag City] *Chris S.*

**BURNOUT "Lounge" b/w "Oil" and "Big Daddy" 7"**

Some friends said this was really great. I'm not so sure. Burnout has a tight and treble sound that too often gets overwhelmed by the lead guitar (listen to "Oil," for example). "Lounge" sounds an awful lot like the Butthole's "Human Cannonball," with the two songs on the b-side evoking a whole bunch of stuff from Sub Pop to Sabbath, all with a punk edge. If anyone knows these guys tell 'em to come play Minneapolis, I'd like to see them live to know what direction they're taking this stuff. [Drag City] *Brett M.*

**THE CANDY SKINS *The Space I'm In* CS**

More '60s janglepop guitar; oh joy. The Candy Skins, from Oxford, England, report that their music satirizes the idealism of the '60s, love and peace, but it doesn't come through especially well. In "The Freedom Bus," they sing about someone missing the bus, the whole movement in general, but you can somehow hear their longing to have been there. Quite disgusting, frankly. And they try to be bold and manly in their love songs with lyrics like "you said you'll die/I said bye bye," which are, again, unconvincing. They try hard to be different, special, good. They try too hard. *Kathleen K.*

**CARCASS *Necrotism: Descanting The Insolubrious* CS**

Ai Mahoney, the indie/import buyer at Tower Chicago (get that spelling right you label retail promo folks) carefully avoids consumption of all animal byproducts. She says that she likes Carcass' message. And so do I. Self improvement through the development of a strong vocabulary, or as the good people at *Reader's Digest* say: Improve Your Wordpower! And the new Carcass LP should be listened to with the lyric sheet fully extended and a copy of your American Heritage Dictionary at your side. You'll find yourself more confident in public, more at ease in social situations. As a bonus, you'll get a Carcass LP that's even more precise in its withering blasts of guitar dissection. Tightening up their sound and whirling about on even more concise rhythmic tangents, Carcass play an even more exacting brand of death grunt that slices and dices with the Teutonic exactness of a Mengele. [Relativity/Earache] *Bruce A.*

**CARNE CS**

Ginger Leigh's latest ain't as electro-Suicide cum '72 metallic garage as his earlier cassette-only releases, but Carne's still neet for the avant-garage (early Ubu vs. Wall of Voodoo) leanings you don't hear anymore. I particularly dug the closer "Joujouka" where Leigh plays along to one of those Brian Jones field recordings of the Pipes of Pan in North Africa, sorta like Archie Shepp did. It makes a great switch from 75% of the expectedly dull discs you'll read about in the collective "alternative" magazines this century. [Ginger Leigh, P.O. Box 683, Artesia, CA 90702-0683] *Chris S.*

**PETER CASE CD**

Interesting how power poppers have artistically remmarshalled their creative forces after initially being righteously burned by a music industry grossly



disappointed by said crew's failure to enfranchise John Cougar fans (outside o' Smithereens, who accomplished same by actually puning-up their originally ultra-weedy an' winsome sound, rather than slicking down same—go figger). An' interesting that former Plimsoul Peter Case has been the most artistically successful at it. Lotta guys tried to iron out the curls and nail clip off the ragged edges that established their reps in the first place. Lotta guys are re-embracing that early quirkiness on current releases with less overt commercial aspiration this time around. Case emerges as an exceedingly sturdy (if not heavyweight) songsmith who turns out tuneful ditties in a variety of allied yet distinct modes. An' they're all somewhat bent and idiosyncratic, enough so to win over Church and Robyn Hitchcock fans, but not too much so that yr more adventuresome Tom Petty buyers might not be tempted. So 't'ain't the balls-out 12 strangs-a-rangin' Groovies homage o' classic Plimsouls, but something you could segue 'tween latterday Stamey and the most Velvet Elvis-damaged stuff from Senseless Things. No, we won't bring Chilton into this one. [Geffen] Howard W.

#### CHRIST ON A CRUTCH *Crime Pays When Pigs Die* LP

The best title of any record I get to review, with some pretty hot music to boot.

Political punk-speed metal that's well played and produced. This isn't a record I thought I'd like at all, and there is really nothing new going on here, but I still liked it. I could be writing for Rolling Stone if I could figure out why stuff like this works. [New Red Archives] Brett M.

#### CHURCH *Priest=Aura* CD

Now what would one expect...pretty melodies, ultra-non heavy timbres 'n' textures, cute 'n' cloying anglo vocals...also get a steady stream of lyrical pretension, faux-McCulloch vox stylings, 'n' some songs that are way too goddamn long... "nice" college girls'll love it...it's as faceless as they are...[Arista] David B. L.

#### CLOCK BRAINS 7"

Sure I liked "Loaded" and when I wanna hear that era Velvet Underground, I play it...Clock Brains pick up their instruments when they wanna hear the Velvets...bet at least one of 'em knows how to paint...[Fancy Basket Toy Co., Box 170366, San Francisco, CA 94117] Miller

#### CLOCK BRAINS *Everything You Want* LP

The early-'80s revival seems to be kicking off about a year or so early, if the sudden upswing in this kinda Waitresses/ Wall of Voodoo lounge-punk is any indication. From—no surprise here—San Francisco, this trio trots out all the best-loved quirks of that halcyon era ("deadpan" recitations, cyborg sex moans, carnival-ride keyboards) with such gusto, you'd swear they were bucking to be the Sha Na Na of the Next Woodstock. Maybe if we slipped 'em some brown acid, things'd be a little brighter. [Fancy Basket Toy Co.] David S.

#### COFFIN BREAK *No Sleep Til The Stardust Motel* CD

Here's their farewell to C/Z, looking back with the singles and cool tracks from their first demo. Most folks perceive Peter Litwin's vocals as a liability, but they seem to be what give CB their charm (sic). If it was anyone else doing this schtick, it just wouldn't work. As it stands, this disc marks a pivotal point in a good band's career (also sic). Hey, either you like 'em or you don't. Whaddya asking me for? [C/Z] Scott H.

#### CONFESSOR *Condemned* CS

The great strength of this album is the rhythmic fluctuation that shunts underneath the riffs. The pace is not that frantic in and of itself; there is a constant tilting between the drums and the guitars that's unlike any other metal band I've heard lately. I can do without the Dio-ish squealing (that often dwells on the constant pain o' life, etc.) the singer emits, but instrumentally Confessor are intriguing. The emphasis on rhythm rather than velocity or lead breaks is refreshing. Much like *Lo Flux Tube* by Old, *Condemned* makes me wish the band would jettison their singer. [Relativity/Earache] Bruce A.

#### COP SHOOT COP *White Noise* CS

It's always been an unfortunate fact that the biggest hype is thrust upon projects from the Media Centers...in the case of North America, New York...CSC have been touted frequently in those glossy pieces of garbage from Gotham Shitty as being oh so wonderful and important...So I became curious...is this another Live Skull?...Simply well-connected arteests with no substance whatsoever?...sorta like gettin' crank when ya want some blow...I found meself in Phoenix recently, obligated to drive to LA, armed with nothing more than a half gallon of 110 In The Shade (for the uninitiated, a life-giving concoction of Dos Equis and iced Jalapeno vodka) and a cassette of *White Noise*...and this thing left the

deck...melted the desert as I absorbed CSC and decided that there is always a new way to play music...Sartre once told me that "Hell is other people"...CSC take that decree and turn it into a fuckin' prime piece of sound...CSC don't wanna be happy because happy people are idiots...when "Coldest Day of the Year" plays along, I'm convinced that I would find contentedness boring...you wanna reference point, take Foetus and go south, then left at Filth -era Swans, but that won't do this release justice...now get out there and navigatc...[Big Cat] Miller

#### COWS *Cunning Stunts* CD

I was fucking lucky enough to wear out an advance copy of this masterpiece before it even hit the stores. I had a glimpse of its genius the night of the CMJ AmRep showcase soundcheck. Shannon's third generation, beat-up, piece of crap bugle was the force behind an incredible (dare I say funky?) mind-blowing song. Much later I found out it was "Heave Ho" and appropriately, it's the lead-off to this, Cows' fifth full album. And the show that night was a tease to the epic I would hear when I got home. Completely blown away by the first listen. That hasn't happened in longer than I'd like to admit. Whereas *Effete and Impudent Snobs* had its moments of uncertainty and *Peacetika's* brevity and genius seemed to be lost on everyone, *Cunning Stunts* is pure grace, hook and vision. Now a veteran, Norm is at one with the band, having to drum with the most guarded work yet from Thor (does he even know what he's doing?) We all know now that Kevin should never have been allowed a bass for fear of every other bassist quitting in admitted defeat (I did). I've quietly endured occasional whining from morons who've complained of inferior albums since *Daddy Has a Tail* but no fucking more. Shannon sings! He croons! He does what all of you loser screamers merely pray you could do: belt it from the gut. And not that operatic Soundgarden crap you kiddies have been brainwashed into swallowing as "talent." Take "Mr. Cancelled." I feared it was lost forever when snipped from *Peacetika*. (You may never know the hauntingly beautiful acoustic ballad, "I Love You" that even Norm sang on.) But my yearlong depression has lifted knowing that everyone can experience the masterpiece of "Mr. C." You try to top it. And is Haze the only one who hears "Glass Onion" in "Terrifique"? I do, as well as smelling '78 in the break. A single cowbell smack? Jesus. These guys know how to throw you off the scent, I doubt they know what key they're in, but do you? Best of all, they know how to end 'em without a single fadeout in the lot. That's talent. (I shan't dare to discuss the lyrics. I'd need the entire magazine and I'd be dead wrong.) On top of it all they were given a producer from god and a budget to pay for it. Remember, if it's got continents and clouds and lots of water, it's theirs. I couldn't try to take it from 'em. [Amphetamine Reptile] Mac

#### COWS *Cunning Stunts* CD

"Jazz" my black (and pink, mostly) ass, the Cows have been misunderstood. Some say it's different, I just say it's really good. Really, really, really good. Oh, and very, very funny. Commercial??? What, like the Smurfs? Like juice machines? Like organized religion? WHAT? Just don't make up stupid stories. The real thing's cool enough...Tech Notes: Smooth, tho non-metal production by Chicago's other famous producer, Iain Burgess. Nice horn riff on intro song (timbral texture?) Spiffy vocals, guitar and bass rich and complex, drumming improves on each record and now there's more than a few. Available on all formats. Sounds nothing like Cecil Taylor. Have someone buy it and give it to you; it's a great gift. [Amphetamine Reptile] Mike S.

#### CRABSTICK *Stud or Houseboy?* LP

For those about to. Cannanes skin slapper David Nichols leads the way through 24 tracks of irrepressible wide-eyed pop/klunk/boing. The evolutionary nudge of the TV Personalities or Beat Happening might enter your mind but Crabstick is a broad process. Very big. Immense. There's a song called "Bring 4 Elephants to my Door." If *Stud* doesn't reach down and twiddle your uvula then you probably have your mouth closed too tightly. Keep it up and your lips will turn blue and get chapped. "It wasn't your fault the motorcycle smashed/You were just looking for someplace to crash." Those little acoustic guitar humdingers, that beatific baritone, those sunglasses. It's the rage. [Feel Good All Over] Patrick W.

#### CRAMPS *Look Mom, No Head!* CD

Usually I relish the task of berating people who make bad music. Sometimes though it's a daunting chore comparable to telling a good friend that I just ran over their dog with the Lawn Boy. Ivy, Lux—sorry kids, but it's over. I mean it's



really over. Still love you live, and can't knock your contributions to the art and science of rock n' roll, but this is about as far from *Gravest Hits* or *Songs The Lord Taught Us* as chicken shit is from chicken salad (quoth J. Geils). Go gracefully into that good night, my children. [Restless] *David B. L.*

#### CRANES *Wings of Joy* CD

Brother and sister songwriters, the Shaws, make use of space in this sampley classical concoction of moisturized, flirtatiously sinister chants; all while standing on one foot and eating sushi. I saw that film *Room With a View* again on TV the other night. The Shelley-kind-a guy is up a tree screaming "Beauty!" through a dazed grin among the blossoms while his elders look on, eating cake. He falls out of the branches but still gets the girl. But, back to the album. The digi-verb content is kept to "large room." If they went all the way to "gothic cathedral" then songs such as "Adoration" and "Starblood" would just shoot straight to heaven. Never to be seen again. Golly. Or, at least, linger in perpetual near-death experience. "It's not your time yet," says the white light. Garage new age: Is that catchy enough for ya? Vocalizer Alison Shaw gargles out couplets that bounce all over obscurity, but she does say "yeah, yeah, yeah" at least once. And she means it. [Deadicated/BMG] *Patrick W.*

#### THE CREATURES OF THE GOLDEN DAWN 7"

While listenin' to this someone said it reminded them of the CHOCOLATE WATCHBAND, then someone else offered up the STANDELLS and finally another budding genius sez the OUTSIDERS. Believe me, there are far worse influences and points of reference to have. I do indeed hear traces (and the occasional big ol' chunk) of these classics but that's okay and it's done with much skill 'n soul. God, I wish stuff like this was still on the radio!!! [Dionysus Records] *Jeff D.*

#### CRYSTALIZED MOVEMENTS "Blown Over" / "Through a Glass" 7"

Crystalized Movements have proved consistently rewarding like few other American bands. "Blown Over" combines a pensive beauty with a barrage of violent noise that nothing I've heard lately can equal. "Through a Glass" is a wonderfully messy pop song that thankfully got stuck in my head for a while. Pick this one up... [Twisted Village] *Brett M.*

#### THE CYCLEPATHS "Dirty Rotten Little Tyke" / "Cyclepath" 7"

Somewhat raunchy rock tunes that nod their heads insistently towards the soundtracks or yore. Really, how much more obvious can it get? [Baylor Records] *Bruce A.*

#### CYCLOPS *Eh Simpleton* 7"

This is an American release of some Kiwi folks you will no doubt recognize, if that is your type of thing. One thing that throws me is that it's a little mixed. The A side sounds like the Dead C, while the B side sounds like a revved up Look Blue Go Purple. Even so, both songs are welcome additions to my fold. [Feel Good All Over] *Tad H.*

#### DAG NASTY *Four on the Floor* CD

"Seems like a hundred years. And I'm still here..." It seemed like for a hundred years Dag Nasty was playing around; they were constantly in Detroit I'm sure of it. Well, they're not still here, but they got this here album out even though they're still broken up. How could they be broken up if they're still writing new material? Good question, very relevant, who cares. Two of these are old, and there's like seven new ones too or something. Dag Nasty belt 'em out at times, and this album's pretty quick all the way through, with a few that stand out in memory as breakneck speed riffing. "Million Days," "Downtime," "SFS," and the Descendents-like "Still Waiting" are the high points. "Lie Down and Die" is OK, but the UK Subs did it better. It's so easy to show yourself up doing a cover of a

well done tune. Overall, *Four on the Floor* is pretty amiable and though this is a pretty optimistic, idealistic rock record and the lyrics are a little cliché, their hearts are in the right place, and there's some good stupid fast songs (their words). [Epitaph Records] *John L.*

#### DAZZLING KILLMEN/MOTHERS DAY Split 7"

Missouri's Dazzling Killmen contribute "Killing Fever," which nods heavily toward the Slint school, if there is one. This song cooks at a slow burn, but lacks the tension to make it boil. It should be worth the effort to keep an eye

on these guys. Mpls.' own Mothers Day get two tracks, "Semen" and "Cop Movie Disco". Though they've got some good ideas, they need to move on more of a straight line to hit with any real impact. Oh yeah, did I mention the homemade bass drives me fucking nuts? The comic book enclosed with this package is a bonus, with some good work by Mark Fischer. [Sluggo Records/Skingraft Comics] *Scott H.*

#### DEAD ALLISON *Second Coming* CD

MOTHERFUCKER!!! This sucker bleeds outta your CD mo-chine, yowza, I'm getting excited here. If you ever felt the need for a bastard son of the Stooges FUNHOUSE and Coop's LUV IT TO DEATH, here ya go. This is the real shit, absolutely brilliant! Powerful as fuck, makes Nirvana look like the yuppiejunkie N/W sissieboyz that they truly are. If you love it dangerous track this down, down, down... [Gaga Goodies] *Jeff Dahl*

#### DEAD C *Harsh Seventies Reality* Double LP

No compromise. *Harsh Seventies Reality* is the first time that the definitive Xpressway label band, The Dead C, has been vinylized in their natural purgative state. Xpressway, a cassette (and occasional single) only label based



Alison Shaw of CRANES

in New Zealand, has been putting out undefinable music for years, but have maintained a constant thread running through their releases. Despite murky sound recording and an oblique presentation, their records sound beautiful. Some, like Peter Jeffries, are gorgeous, while others, like ease in Q Dead C, play one or two chords and make 'em

sound like a symphony. What makes them all the more interesting is the listener has to figure it out for themselves. *Harsh Seventies Reality* is a double LP approaching ninety minutes in length, much of which could never be replicated. Nor should it be. Their best songs have a driving beat which goes against traffic, oblivious to what the rest of the band is doing. This works as an advantage as the only rhythm that ever appears in Dead C music is a burst of spastic flapping that generally lasts as long as a guitar lick. Fuzz and detuned guitars are what you get instead. Songs like "Driver UFO" (22 min 23 sec) take the Dead C past the limit, but I repeat, the listener has to figure this out for themselves. This is not music to hold hands to. [Siltbreeze] *Ernesto D.*

#### DELERIUM *Euphoric* CD

First two songs put together 14 minutes of dance track, the last 20 are some New Age dickin' around and I'm bored. Do you wanna know that this is Front Line Assembly folk doing what they wanna do?...Takes a lot to make a standout Industrial Dance record, and this is not gettin' it. Once in awhile this will prick you, but for the most part it is Tedium. [Roadrunner] *Miller*

#### DENTISTS *Naked* 10"

Independent Project Archive Series number five, lovingly packaged in a hand-set wallet, features Dentists demo material dated from 1984-1987. Their English pop, corrupt with painless spinners, leaves me suitably drilled and filled. Spackled production makes it all the more better. This is their only domestic



release thus far. Somehow I think that status will be eradicated soon enough. [Independent Project] *Patrick W.*

**DHARMA BUMS** *Welcome* CD

Now that the Rope (sic) has called it quits, these Portlanders have a shot at attaining Frontier's number one son status. *Welcome* is Dharma Bums' third long player, and a credible collection of well-crafted, melodic rock songs. These guys deserve credit for fine tuning their style and not opting for the more economically viable Northwest sound, though I wouldn't mind a few more saw-toothed leads like the one in "Bright Orange Spot". The Dharma's trump card is their ability to blend robust harmonies with catchy rhythms. In the grander scheme of things, *Welcome* is a better than average entry into the pop underground's growing catalogue. [Frontier] *Mike T.*

**DIED PRETTY** *Doughboy Hollow* CD

A well-timed resurrection. After a couple of partially good records, Died Pretty have stood up straight. Granted, this is grandiose, though the dark edge is there despite general cushiness. Expert choruses jut out of radiating, strumming songs. Heavy rain threatens but you get only cool, clean zephyrs. The occasional irksome keyboard flourish or semi-precious turn-of-phrase might wrinkle your chin but every lapse is followed by a push. *Doughboy Hollow* deserves your trust. By the time you get to "Battle of Stanmore"—a forced study in balladeering—the patterns that be might start to scrub your pot a little too clean, so this is best taken in half dosage. Nonetheless, a decidedly pro, leftish pop record that keeps the trappings of excess cut low. [Beggars Banquet/BMG] *Patrick W.*

**DIE MONSTER DIE** "Planet" b/w

"Backwater Trailer Park Blues 7"

One reason I dig the 45 rpm format so much is because some band (like Die Monster Die) can only set forth their ideas and sound within a more ltd. time frame than they could on a fullplayer or tape or whatever. In this case the five or so minutes Die Monster Die have to present their standard proggy/alternative post-'60s country rock is five minutes too much. You can't believe how hippydippy the concerns and music presented on the rash of "new" "rock" singles, LPs, CDs, etc. coming out can be, especially here in '92, about 18 years after all that stuff was supposed to die out! [Deadbolt] *Chris S.*

**DIE WARZAU** *Big Electric Metal Bass Face* CD

Honestly, if you haven't gotten a good laugh out of music in a while, you owe it to yourself to check out these industro-rappin' honkies' oh-so-happening "Funkopolis." Suffice to say, George Clinton they ain't. All the expensive electronic instruments and nice studios in the world couldn't rescue these bargain-basement technogribblers from chronic stupidity. Consolidated should take them into a dark alley and kick their throats in. [Atlantic] *David B. L.*

**DISTORTED PONY** *Work Makes Freedom 12" EP*

Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble. Indeed. While these Angeleno freemason types've obviously slaked their thirsts on the melted remnants of old Devo rex, they've also got a pretty strong degree of chomosomal absorption when it comes to speed-driven anti-rockers like Fire Engines and (early) DAF, with whom they share a fondness for totally outta whack synth pitch wheels. A strange obsession with the inner workings of, I guess, trickle-down economics, makes most of it high-incomprehensible. That, and the fact that, by track three—"Forensic Interest"—the vocal distortion is on so high, you'll think you're listening to a conductor on a NYC subway. A "lyric sheet" scratched into the flip of this one-sided puzzler might help some, but not all that much. [Bomp] *David S.*

**D.O.A.** *Bloodied But Un Bowed: The Damage To Date 1978-1984* CD

Great document of forever travelled D.O.A. All the early hits of this rank and file, blue collar aggro band for all peoples...some of it soundz dated but mostly these tracks bristle with as much urgency as a decade hence whence these was spawned... D.O.A. at Club Doo Bee in Haslett Mich. qualifies as legendary event in this cat's creed of cool and... Study history snappers/bag yourself one of these... [Restless Records] *Tesco Vee*

**D.O.A.** *Talk Minus Action Equals Zero* CD

So does Rock Minus Intelligence. Overly-long live punk gunk that oughta be ignored, just like virtually everything else that ever happened in/came out of Canada (aside from Terry Jacks). The between-"song" snippets of artiste/audience banter display about as much intelligence as a conversation overheard at the neighborhood Group Home's Picnic Day. Music "rocks," I guess, in that sort of generic and thoroughly unnoticeable way that all forgettable records made To Be Played Before The Band You Came To See Comes Onstage do, so I guess this rote, formulaic regurgitation of everything they'd already been doing mediocre-ly for the last five billion years fills a niche somewhere. [Restless] *David B. L.*

**TIM DOG** *Penicillin On Wax* CD

I thought I had some dirty records, but all those faux-decadent, body piercing, Aleister Crowley lovers like Current 93, Sleep Chamber, Psychic TV ct. al ought to grab their socks when Tim Dog comes strolling by. Modern Primitives don't mean shit to a guy from the South Bronx, and if taking on N.W.A. in "Fuck Compton" didn't faze Tim Dog I can't see how a William Bennett could even break his stride. I mean the man talks about anal sex with the members of En Vogue with the ease and relish with which you or I consume a Dove Bar. Yeah, the beats are slamming and the scratching is great in the way raw rap used to be. Mr. Dog also easily dismisses L.A. Raiders fashion. Every other word is "shit." Filth for its own sake, no matter how you cut it. [Ruffhouse/Columbia] *Bruce A.*

**DOS** *The Bob Lawton EP 7"*

The young Jimmy Blanton revolutionized the bass in his work with Duke Ellington in the early 1940s, so all I can attribute to Mike Watt is the "relatin' dudes to jazz" that he's done with the Minutemen and FIREHOSE. Mike and Kira (the royal family of bass?) lay down two deep tracks on this single, demonstrating both virtuosity and soul through clever melodic interplay. Kira sings on the a-

side ("Imagine That"), while the flip ("Intense Song for Madonna") rolls instrumentally along. [Ecstatic Peace] *Brett M.*

**DROP ACID** *Makin God Smile* CD

This be a project steered by Kevin (7) Seconds. This stuff is much more upbeat than you or I would've expected from the guy. Still mediocre, but easily better than most cockrocks out there these days, without the overblown grandstanding. In a perfect world, this would be big with the kids—grab yer board and go. [Restless] *Scott H.*

**DROP HAMMER** *Mind And Body* CD

Heard this big discussion in Texas at a conclave convened to hash over the whys and wherefores of dead rock critic Lester Bangs whence someone spake "Rock 'N' Roll is an attitude" as opposed to an aesthetic vocabulary or style book. An' it's an attitude disposed towards shocking and shaking up, best realized by contravening expectations rather than playing to 'em. An' what this implies is a constant state of revolution rather than evolution. What was new and provocative today is old hat tomorrow. With time, what was conventional becomes anachronistic and arcane and oftimes shocking when injected into a



**Died Pretty**



new context of stylistic convention—that's an odd wrinkle to contemplate. Drop Hammer have absorbed stylistic elements from all camps and all epochs of New Wave Metal and lined them up end to end in perpetrating the *Mind And Body* album. And expertly. Vocal tone and inflections recall classic James Hetfield swell-ly. They leap from precisely rendered speed metal flicker-pack flipping to prog metal needlepoint werk (during which they strike the one askant mo"—lifting a Yes bass line verbatim—bravol) to some dethmetal thundersheet smacking. Y'know. It's all dokey, and soothing and not my own personal selfish definition of what rock is supposed to do. Go figger. [Metal Blade] *Howard W.*

DUCK HUNT "Holiday" b/w "Vacation" 7"

Typical "K"/Steve Fisk pseudo-kitsch disc w/ sorta '50s retro cartoon voices sped up and slowed down coupled with new wave equally-retro rock on the a-side and new wave '81 precocious rock on the b. Personally I dug the idea when the Space Negroes were doing pretty much the exact same thing on their Charles P. Lamey-manned EP but that (thanx to Erik Lindgren) had more '60s/'70s punk roots'n this more art-project-oriented disc. For fans of that stuff... that's all I have to say. [K Records] *Chris S.*

DUH Blowhard CD

Low thought-level blowout Drunks with Flag punk rock with some allright metal leads and really sludgy production. No detectable San Fran PC leanings, so I'll keep listening. [Boner] *Sean M.*

DUTCH OVEN "Whammy"/"Mary Ellen" 45

Pretty effective as slow-rock goes—the rhythm's just right for regularly timed slugs of Jaegermeister and the guitars are properly set in Stone(s). It's Katie O'Brien's tremendous, post-coital vocalizing, though, that really makes this stuff swing. Even on "Mary Ellen" 's pounding foxcore chorus, she keeps an uncanny equilibrium where others'd fall face first into the fray. A real grower. [Prospective, c/o Susstones] *David S.*

D.Y.S. Fire & Ice/Wolfsack CD

And I quote: "It's a way of life that I don't need/ Hangovers, freak-outs or expensive weed/ Rather buy a record any day." Well, if you decided that recorded music is your consumer fetish of choice, then I would pass this by. D.Y.S. had none of the sprung-wound tension of Minor Threat. Smalley's straight edge harangues were connected to a ponderous neo-metal that today still sounds pompous and somewhat disjointed. Now if you look fondly back on your days of a skin head and soda pop then this might have some nostalgia value. [Taang] *Bruce A.*

EDEN Gateway To The Mysteries CD

Once the house music generation enters their thirties, they'll no doubt be looking for an adult contemporary substitute. Eden's music sounds like it could be just the ticket for a number of people, but I'm afraid I'm not one of them. *Gateway* is a collection of several years' output from this Australian outfit and an organic fusing of ambient, techno, and ethnocentric musics. Can I upset a few of you and postulate the reference of Legendary Pink Dots meets Lights In A Fat City? The sound is generally okay and indicative of a deliberate approach to create a legitimate work of music, or in some circles called art. I bet this will meet an approving crowd in Europe, but I speculate the American ear just isn't ready. [Third Mind/Roadrunner] *Mike T.*

ELECTRIC EELS *God Says Fuck You* CD

The Electric Eels have long been a source of much in the way of hushed and reverential storytelling and mythmaking, but only a lucky few have been able to actually lay ear on their incredible material. A few years ago our good friends (NOT!) at *Away From The Pulsebeat* magazine put out a compilation of material (roughly similar to this CD) on their own Tinnitus label entitled *Having A Philosophical Conversation With The Electric Eels*, which went in and out of print in about ten minutes (I know I never saw a copy for sale). Now Homestead has done just about the smartest thing in the history of the label by putting out this gorgeous and very obtainable CD...The Eels recorded their stuff in a very rudimentary way, on cassette, on about four different occasions, and the "cream" of those tapes is what you allegedly get here, though I know of at least one killer song ("Streets Are On Fire") that wasn't included, so maybe there will be a sequel (Pre-quel?) to this also. Now, considering the context of this, the Electric Eels were easily one of the most advanced and powerful bands of the '70s (yes, the '70s... '74-'75, to be exact). For some reason their home town of Cleveland was burnin' red hot with a kind of inspiration and creativity that is

only now being fully appreciated, sixteen or seventeen years hence...the closest thing the Eels had to "contemporaries" (except for a handful of local Clevelanders like the embryonic form of Pere Ubu known as Rocket From The Tombs) were the Stooges, the MC5, and the New York Dolls ('n' yeah, Kiss, Nugent, & Cooper, but let's try and keep this fairly tidy), but only the Stooges came close to seeming as dangerously out of control and exciting as the Eels, and if the Eels had been afforded the opportunity to make a real album, said record would undoubtedly be discussed in the same breath as *Raw Power* and *Kick Out The Jams* as one of the prime discs o' its decade. Don't get the idea, however, that all of this is three chord thrash, as there are many rather experimental, if not downright kooky, tracks to be had (like "Bunnies" and "Spin Age Blasters") also. But when the Eels did do the three chord thrash thing, they were better at it than anyone...John Morton's guitar playing is some of the most incredibly loud and nasty shit I've ever heard, and Dave E.'s vocals are the most obnoxious this side of Doc Dart. This is about the most essential and long-overdue release I've ever covered in these pages, and no one has an excuse for passing it up. [Homestead] *Mike S.*

ELEVATOR "Elephant(titus)," "Lilith's Love Box" b/w "Cruel Grill," "Franciscan Fetish" 7"

Former Thundercats Malcolm Riviera and John Hammill do the rock thing on this recent Seminal Twang release. Guitar and drum heavy (where's the keyboards, Malcolm?), all four tracks are straightforward, offering few surprises amidst the distorted riffs. Some groovin' cover art by Jad Fair makes this an attractive package indeed. [Seminal Twang] *Brett M.*

EL SMASHO! "Clown in the Family" b/w "Bad BIG" & "Red Devil" 7"

I have this recurring nightmare where this EP filled with nondescript pseudo-core rant gets sent to me over and over. The same trite, rote and growly music for almost five years now. I get rid of the record by trying to sell it or eventually giving it away, but somehow whoever's sending it to me to be reviewed get hold of it, puts a new cover and labels on it and mails it to me. They know I know I'm onto them, but they have a leering indifference and I feel so powerless in these dreams, being forced to review the same EP with the same xerox punk over and over and over. Do YOU have any weird dreams like this? [Bonehead] *Chris S.*

ROKY ERIKSON & 27 DEVILS JOKING "You Don't Love Me Yet"/"I Am Her Hero" 45

All things considered, these 1990 sessions offer surprisingly little resistance to melody and structure. You obviously know the songs already, and if you ain't familiar with both halves of the partnership, it's your loss, binky. Roky's...well, Roky on the A-side, upon which Mr. Curley executes a tidy little guitar move that'll leave you whistlin' in delight. The lead Devil grabs the mike for a viscous version of "Hero" that, while slightly more caustic, still goes down real nice. [Sympathy] *David S.*

EUTHANASIA 7"

Mercy killing in Providence, R.I. Sorry, but it was just that easy. [Subcorridor] *Scott H.*

BOB EVANS *Adult World* CD

An otherwise rote hardcore LP that's saved by Dave Glosinski's ramshackle guitar gush. It goes without saying that the punk rock and hardcore stylings of times gone by continue to dwell on the minds of far too many of America's youthful bands, but at least Bob Evans hides the standard Husker Du/emocore paramctrs behind cloudbursts of guitar spillage that lend an atmosphere of happy nonchalance to the proceedings. I can't dismiss *Adult World* as easily as I would have thought at first glance. The idea of layering noise on melodic punk rock is about as new as paper currency, but Bob Evans pull it off with youthful enthusiasm and aplomb. [Skenel] *Bruce A.*

EVERY GOOD BOY *Bailing Wire and Bubble Gum* CS

This had a bit of promise on "I'll Find You," which had more of that non-hippie early Harvest sound that Every Good Boy wallowed in on their previous tape, but I think this one at times veers too close towards 1970 post-Stones laid-back rock, not as coked out as the stuff was in '76 but heading in that direction nonetheless. Still, there're some fair songs here, and people who liked their other one should appreciate this one. [Emigre] *Chris S.*

THE EX *Joggers & Smoggers* Dbl CD

Yes, another reissue from the resuscitating powers that be over at Clawfist. If you didn't already know, Holland's The Ex are eclectic post-punk politico weirdos of



the first order. Their brand of rock—as it were—oftimes borders on free jazz and at other times a mumbo jumbo of various ethnicities poured through some strange chemical stabilizing agent that still giddily goes squawkl Too bad they more or less spent their last collective load of unregurgitated speil on this one. The latest box set has been pretty ho hum, but despite this, live they're still a boundless wellspring of free, expressive wonderment — nothing like them, really. [Clawfist/Cargo] *Peter D.*

#### EX *Euroconfusion 12"*

The final installation in the Ex's yearlong series of 7"s is, oddly enough, a 12". If that means *Euroconfusion* will echo throughout the dance caverns of the world, then not having a fistful of singles is a small price to pay. *Euroconfusion* is easily the most danceable Ex record yet thanks to the funky rhythm to be found in the guitar and rap and the hipswaying bass line. The other side, "Bird In Hand," is more traditional Ex fare as it is laden with percussion and the guitar solos are blinding. This is a fitting end to the series as both songs sum up the Ex's creed in 3the way they laud open-mindedness and, beneath the political manifesto, passion. [Box 635, 1000 AP Amsterdam, Holland] *Ernesto D.*

#### EYE HATE GOD *In The Name Of Suffering* CD

Immensely gorgeous sleeve on this item, the kind that most are too sissy to unleash these days, but the music is kinda second-rate Melvins style lope...side two o' *My War*, stuff like that. Maybe if one o' these guys would rape his mom and chop off her head (like old time Northwest thrill-finders NME), I could turn a more sympathetic ear to this, but in the meantime I can only marvel at the wonderfully repugnant sleeve and liner notes...truly, truly ace. [Intellectual Convulsion] *Mike S.*

#### THE FALL "Free Range" CD Single

A new Fall single is always a pleasure to behold simply because I realize that an LP can't be too far off. No band from the initial batch of non-barchord post-whatever have managed to keep their heads above the drivel: Wire—drill, drill, drill aggguggugg spuzz. Pere Ubu—the one time I saw them, the fat guy fell flat on his ass and looked angry all show, wuzn't too great. Bauhaus—dilapidation city with makeup. Joy/Order—didn't get the suicide thing right, one of the cool ones died and the B-Party went split.

But the Fall are an entirely different story; I can listen to "Older Lover" from 1980 and see the whole "Love Rock" minimalist shit go right down the drain because the Fall can be dangerous with two chords and cute at the same time. Or imagine the City Of Angels collapsing into an inferno of bicycle pants, makeup and silicon in "L.A." (1985). And Mark E. can even get off on dance tracks like "Telephone Thing" without sounding the least bit compromised or influenced by the spotty skinned bell crowd. And Mark's lyrics are still cooler sounding than Dylan, even though 50% of the reference points cruise right over this non-Anglo's locks. A nasal whine, a mumbled overdub, or a sample of some obscure twitch; it all works and sounds like no one but the Fall. And the naysayers who claimed Mark was softening up during the Brix-fix: "R.O.D." on *Bend Sinister* is as bludgeoning as any song previous.

Twenty-something LPs and I can't name one without 4-5 great songs. See who else you can say that about. An inspiration as such-a. [Cog Sinister] *Sean M.*

#### JAD FAIR *I Like It When You Smile* LP

Jad Fair and Half Japanese have done it for me for years. So what if the rest of you "rockers" don't get it, hiding yr insecure and dorky side? This new record has a lot of "superstar" players on it, but naming names won't make a difference as all they do is make perfect a new batch of songs by Jad. *I Like It When You Smile* has got great tunes ("Secret Life," "Something Inside of Me," "Better than Before"), some great guitar playing by Don Fleming, and made my week when I was feeling down during a drab Minneapolis winter. A lot of the music and lyrical themes sound awfully like stuff Jad has done before, but in this case, I don't care. [T.E.C. Tones] *Brett M.*

#### FAR SIDE *Keep My Soul Awake* 4 song 7"

What is this, the four fuckin' stooges?...band members include a guy called Popeye and a drummer named Bob Violence (you might remember his brother, Peter Pacifist)...sure, well this release was null and void years ago, they just have yet to be notified...ya know, it's too bad that when kids don't wanna ape the tough pop punk sound they don't own a copy of *Anti Pasti 4 Sore Points* EP, cuz at least we'd have something goin' around that could tweak ya a bit...on the EP, there contains some of the most embarrassing moments EVER committed to vinyl...a rasta-style break at the tail of the last song, for no reason

whatsoever...complete with a little growing up in public rant/rap over the top...things have gotten so outta hand...do we really need freedom? [Crisis] *Miller*

#### FELLS *Space Girls* 7"EP

An ear for psychedelia and a taste for brew are useful components for any aspiring rock world Dr. Frankenstein. And on that count, it's hard to find fault with these Arizonians: These three long (tho' action-packed) rants, recorded in sub-basement low-fi, cut across Yard Trauma territory on their way to a hormone-soaked bit of soil where cousins cleave to cousins and the neighbors applaud. [Dark Twist] *David S.*

#### FLAMING LIPS *Wastin' Pigs* CD single

Better'n Nirvana...tho the gratuitous babe action in their latest vid is pretty, well, gratuitous (and DUMM)...great Echo 'n' the B'men cover tho, hope the rumor they've busted is whack, as I'm just starting to regain interest here, which I lost right after the first EP. This here's a prime example of how to sell out and still kick ass. [Warner Bros.] *Mike S.*

#### FLOOD CS

I take it that this is a demo. As such it's more together than most. The crisp recording does reveal four songs that are pretty simple, but lost behind overly enthusiastic and complicated drumming. Whatever hooks the songs had were lost. [3150 Girard Ave., #205, Minneapolis, MN 55408] *Bruce A.*

#### FLYING SAUCER 7" EP

Here's the second snappy short player from New York's Flying Saucer. No faulty claims staked here, just honest to goodness pop in the raw. I was particularly smitten with the Beat Happening-like "Plastic Fruit" and the Velvetesque "Sandy Says". Let's hope the 'Saucer remains in orbit for some time to come. [Homestead] *Mike T.*

#### FOUR WALLS FALLING *Culture Shock* CS

Dear Four Walls Falling: I've had it with bands of your nature—self-righteous bullshit and pendantic ranting...what do you think separates you from the fervent bible beater?...is it because you pound your guitars (in a quite painful way, I might add) while the preachers thump bibles? Is it because you are sure yer right? Just what sort of difference do you plan on making by printing your Leftist-by-numbers lyrics? "Your mistakes will hit us all in the face/ destroying the environment with toxic waste"...Who do you think is reading these things, the fucking CEO of Dow? He doesn't care about your silly little record...the only people who do are the sheep that follow you and those denizens of articulate hippydom at Maximum Rock 'n' Roll, a zine that encourages those with generic thoughts (similar to their own), censors their ads and spouts rhetoric of your ilk...take this stuff to them and pat yourself on the back for saving mankind...Acid rain and cheap sex are killing us all...and that's not so bad...what is bad is playing lame imitations of a deceased genre and thinking you are going to make a difference...methinks you have led such a sheltered life that you may actually believe you are taking part in a cause...why don't you find out where life starts and take a taste of it?...Go to the horse races and take the 15:1, drive 90 on the open empty highway, drink some cheap rum with lots of ice and limes, sleep in for a week, take a trip alone to where you've never been and don't know a soul...No, you sure aren't gonna live forever, so get going, and stop with the pietistic crap...By the way, you advocate reading *Mother Jones*, a cowardly and frightened magazine that fired former editor Michael Moore for being too Dangerous...ya, that's progress, huh? P.S. Nice package on the cassette...at least it's not recyclable. [Jade Tree] *Miller*

#### FREAKWATER *Dancing Under Water* CD

Got this about a year ago, always intending to review it...dunno how it slipped through the cracks this long (apologies, you guys) but I shall neglect it no longer...Freakwater consists of Janet Beveridge Bean from Eleventh Dream Day and one Cathy Irwin, Freakwater's principal songwriter. 'n What Is It? Bluegrass/Country, the real shit, hyper-traditional, chock full of quavery notes, rough edges, and thoroughly authentic. Could talk about the skillful blending of melody/harmony vocs or brilliant taste in covers (check out "Little Girl And The Dreadful Snake"—Freud would be thrilled), but the real story here is Irwin's songs and lyrics: Emotionally charged, slightly bitter, brilliantly imagistic and evocative. Takes about thirty seconds to figure out that you're listening to a woman who was *born* to be doing this. No traces of affectation nowherc; real, pure stuff. In terms of straight passion, put her down w/ any list of bygone rustic greats you care to name; Irwin possesses the one-in-a-billion talent of



being able to communicate the deepest of human feelings through song with nary a misstep...and if that ain't enough, check out Jon Spiegel's and John Rice's dobro, pedal steel, and slide guitar stylings...like, it's 1940 and you are there... cannot possibly recommend this highly enough. [Amoeba] David B. L.

**SKIDD FREEMAN** *The Early Days 1989-1990* CS

Lester Bangs was wrong. Any jerk who "does it himself" ain't gonna create a rock & roll masterpiece. Not if he's an irritating li'l snotrich guy with little insight into what made rock roll such a mindtwisting proposition in 1956, or '66, or '76 even. I don't wanna have any friend of the guy write in any letters to YF either sayin' he has every bootleg by bands that I like and champion either because that is irrelevant (I mean, REM listen to every cool group under the sun and look how asinine they are), and until Freeman gets some testosterone I don't wanna hear anymore of his muzak either! [PO box 4281, East Lansing, MI 48826] Chris S.

**GALLON DRUNK** *You, The Night, The Music* LP

I love myself, the night, but...The Inca Babies have returned! Throwaway B-Party rips lacking any of the heart, soul or complexity of that band. And the Las Vegas organ thing is a really bad idea; I mean, we all know you're from England, so the Americana shit falls flat on its pied-face. Next time just fax us the record, it's cheaper. [Clawfist] Sean M.

**GELS** *Quality Time* LP

If you were inclined to play the first and second Meat Puppets albums simultaneously, you might come up with a noise familiar to (if more interesting than) this sunbaked slab of country core. Some occasionally virtuosic playing—most notably from contortionistic bassist Rudy Burrola—isn't enough to divert your attention from the truly godawful vox and lyrics (most of which, as a cover of the singer/songwriter era's most mopey "hit," "Good Time Charlie's Got The Blues" ill clue ya, involve some form of defense of post-hippie lethargy). Anyone wanna join in on a Slacker bonfire? [Tension Holding Co.] David S.

**GIBSON BROTHERS** *Who's Black and Who's Not?* 7" EP

Two covers from the Gibson Brothers: "White Nigger" (an out-take from their upcoming album) and "Minnie the Moocher" (performed live). Great honky trash guitar sounds for the faithless, nicely presented, but by no means essential. [Sympathy for the Record Industry] Brett M.

**GIBSON BROTHERS** "White Nigger"/"Minnie The Moocher" 45

These mongrels are up to their old soul-destroyin' tricks again. After turning the Avengers' patently stupid punk-as-oppressed-minority whine into an embarrassingly (and dangerously, if you're riding the N train) singable white trash anthem, they lather the Cab Calloway classic with the same hillbilly blues goo and shave it bald as a billiard ball—all the better to mambo a few rounds with. [Sympathy] David S.

**GIRLS AGAINST BOYS** *Nineties Vs. Eighties* CD

Land Hol A Nation Of Ulysses affiliated outfit that integrates the best elements of the whole well-produced, hard, clean, and pissed currently-in-vogue musical style & comes off sounding like nothing but itself...they may well be mired in some kinda bogus PC trip, but so far I (blissfully) can't tell, and all I know is that when "Stay In The Car" or "Kitty-yo" kicks in, I feel the same kinda electricity as I did the first time I heard Judy Collins' version of "Send In The Clowns"...stamp of approval, ya bet. [Adult Swim] David B. L.

**GLAZED BABY** *Big Smoonya* 7" EP

Pretty O.K. take on the grunge style by this Boston band. "Big Lie" is punctuated

by brief passages of quiet and "Sock Hop" has some semi-interesting stop-start portions. There is room for improvement, the band is young, etc. etc. etc. [Sweet Fetus recordings] Bruce A.

**THE GLENRUSTLES** "Sleep Heals" & "So Fine" / "Rock & Roll Prevails" 7"

Oooh is this jangly. Ooooo does it sound like it will strike a chord with today's troubled youth. Ooooooh I can just see a future press release mentioning how they opened for the Violent Femmes and gave 'em head backstage. Ooooooh how I'd love to see some bikers murder 'em onstage. [Flowerpot Productions] Chris S.

**GOD Live** CD, *Possession* CD

"Chokel Chokel Chokel Chokel Suckl Suckl Suckl Suckl" So they both commence. Lots o' attention from some quarters for this London-based noisejazzkinkkk collective...I tried, but when it comes right down to it, the answer is no, no, no, no, no. But there are some cool noises that I might sample. [Permis De Construire Deutschland/Virgin] David B. L.

**GOD AND TEXAS** *History Volume One* CD

's OK. But considering that the debut really blew my haid off, sorta comes off as a li'l samey, and those things that are different probably shouldn't be (the infusion of more'n a few arena-metal overtones into this trio's potent swirl 'n' grind is really, really quite unnecessary). Wouldn't dis it for the world, all in all; I'm glad I own it. But I'll tend to gravitate to the predecessor, 'n'll spin this fer occasional diversion only...they do got something going tho, WHICH IS BETTER THAN A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THIS REVIEW SECTION CAN SAY, I'll tell you. [Rave] David B. L.

**GODFLESH** *Pure* CS

Last year's *Slave State* now appears to be a harbinger of the "refined" Godflesh sound. *Pure* is well-nigh fully sauced with dance beat technology, but the overall effect on the music is one of complementary detail rather than cheesy inundation. On songs like "Mothra" you'd be hard pressed to discern the track from any one of a number of brackish European housebeats. Although, there is a reward to be had in the addition of sheets of pulsing guitar, no doubt from the hands of an ex-Loop guitarist now inducted into the ranks. The trance reverberation is really satisfying on "Predominance" and "Don't Bring Me Flowers". The general pace of things has been sped up since the days of *Street Cleaner* and for me that makes the ride all the more enjoyable. Having an unblossomed affinity for this style of music, this batch of tunes brings me several steps closer to the league of the converted. [Earache/Relativity] Mike T.

**GODFLESH** "Slateman" / "Wound '91" 7"

Godflesh now stand on a plateau with a handful of other bands redefining the limits of "heavy," and naysayers can trill all they want about "one dimensional" to no effect as far as I'm concerned. As with their equals in Tar, Helmet, The Jesus Lizard and Brotmann The Younger, Godflesh push out waves of sound that carry subtle, intertwining layers that carry more depth than most people would concede on first listening. "Slateman" burrows along in a juggernaut fashion, but buried in the tides of distortion is actual improvisation son, and I'll argue for some time that Broadrick's improv is as legit as Ornette Coleman's. *Slave State* was ample evidence that the band is willing to tamper with their sound (maybe even call it innovate, huh?) and the tracks I've heard from the forthcoming *Pure* LP confirm that they've branched into material that's both more atmospheric ("Don't Bring Me Flowers") and rhythmically complicated ("Spite"). If rumors of a U.S. tour with ex-Napalm Death drummer Mick Harris behind a real kit and Loop guitarist Robert replacing the departed Peter Neville are true, why then the band may have even more room to develop. Until all this comes to pass, you should glom onto this stuff as quickly as possible. Loud rock music doesn't get any better and there are very few bands that do it this well. [Sub Pop 7"/Earache 12"] Bruce A.

**GOD'S FAVORITE BAND** *Shacknasty* CD

A lotta pretty good thrum-n-scee here. Chris Benson has a firm thumb-n-forefinger lock on poppy post-Homestead overdrive cu-cu rockin'. Whilst he ne'er transcends the works of his antecedents in the swiftly swelling subgenre's

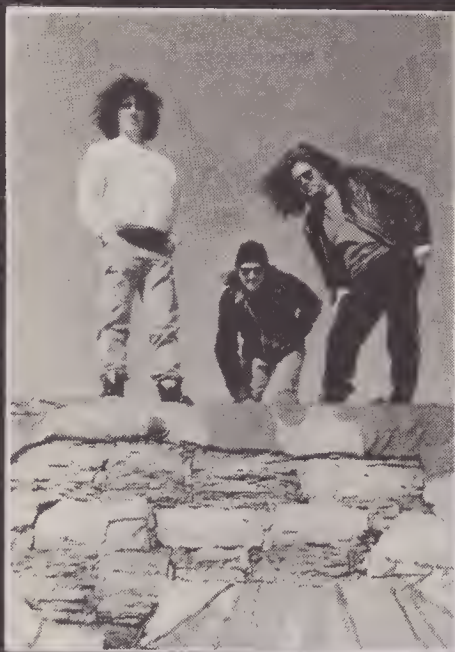


photo by Jill McLean

God's Favorite Band



camp, he hits the nail quite squarely on the head, pushin' e'en the right emotional buttons. An' I for one am still taken by the re-coalescence o' noise/aggro/speed an' frothily melodic, muscularly-hooked shit—by Nice Strong Arm's heyday, I was satiated an' numbed an' horrified by the predictability o' it all, and it took the advent o' Super Chunk et al to shock me from my slumber, an' if that means I'm five years outta time, so be it. Meanwhile, the other 2/3 of the band riffle rough a flicker book o' much more tried (albeit tru) metally punk language, ably but uninspiredly. So there are eight real good songs an 6 more that you wouldn't get up an' move the tone arm over, but you would probably program a CD player to omit. [Twin/Tone] *Howard W.*

#### GOD'S LITTLE MONKEYS *Lip* CS

Jo Swiss, vocalist, sounds unnervingly like Edie Brickell, but it's really not quite as bad. *Lip* is energetic and rather folksy punk, despite GLM's attempts to break away from such labeling and into the world of rock and roll. Ultimately there is nothing thrilling about *Lip*, but they deserve some points for apparent sincerity. [Alias] *Kathleen K.*

#### GORIES "Telapathic" / "Hate" 7"

Fuck retro, this has nothing to do with it. This reverbed smash-boom flat out crunches any other 7" this year. Mick's voice calls up a spoonful of Dixon/Wolf speed and the bass drum pound holds the two guitar spazz within spitting distance. Yeah, they're hyped 'cause they amped. I saw them at Space at Chase a while back and thought they were OK (The Sulicide cover was aces all the way), but that just shows you even I can be baffled by genius. No comparisons to dead garage acts that pop up at the sacred flea show, the Gories are NOW! And damn is I'm not glad. It's in your best interest to be happy also. And fuck Nation Of Ulysses' little delinquent chicken hawk style, that shit is so played (except for maybe the West Side "meatpacking" district and on Senators sons who go "Revolution" but have never shot a gun in their life, never mind being in a street brawl...weak) and contrived compared to the Gories truly badass look. If you live as coolly as they dress, your kids will slide out wit' shades ON! [In The Red] *Sean M.*

#### GREEN MAGNET SCHOOL *Blood Rock*

Not sure why, but I approached this a little tentatively. Maybe it was a song I'd heard on a comp, or a silly notion based on many of their labelmates, but I didn't expect much. OK, so maybe I jump the gun once in awhile—you tryin' to say that you don't too? Anyway, so I popped it in, and was quickly served a heaping plate of my own shit. I'm tellin' y'all, this is some of the coolest, most interesting tunes to cross my path in some time. "Blood Rock" is a weird hybrid of garage stomp and maybe Cop Shoot Cop; Sonic Youth and old Killing Joke make appearances as well. That's not to peg 'em as derivative though, 'cos they've got their own thing going in the end. This stuff was actually recorded in '89-'90, so brand new new product is eagerly awaited. Meantime, damn, this just gets better with each listen! [Genius/Sub Pop] *Matt E.*

#### GREEN MAGNET SCHOOL "White People" / "Ammonia Bath" 7"

The alternating guitar slabs on "White People" are vaguely appealing and begin to explain some of the notices Green Magnet School have been receiving. The triangulating riff on "Ammonia Bath" goes a bit further and the song develops well, with a tempo shift that slices through neatly. Nice touch of piano, too. GMS rely on a guitar drone that will probably play out better over the length of an album, though. [Sonic Bubblegum] *Bruce A.*

#### RUDOLPH GREY *Mask Of Light* CD

It's fondest wish is to be something like Brotzmann/Massaker...but it's got a saxophone on it. (Let's get this straight: the only thing saxophones are good for is to play "As Time Goes By" on, dig?). I dunno...perhaps if Mr. Grey were less

worried about *long compositions* and more about texture, timbre, soul, and all-out aggro, the results would be different; I mean, it may be "brilliantly original," "expertly performed," "classically-trained," "cholesterol free" or whatever, but for my money, after six minutes it is "unlistenable." Maybe it's just that damn sax...I hate Borbetomagus too. [Ecstatic Peace/New Alliance] *David B. L.*

#### GRUNTRUCK *Inside Yours* CS

Are Black Sabbath to blame for the surfeit of dim-witted hair farmers wielding guitars and paying homage to Children of the Grave? The first five Sabbath LPs still see a lot of rotating in my flat...how were they to know? These days, most of the culture that plays metal would be doin' covers at the lounge—and likin' it, cuz they're gettin' laid every night by some barhound Betty—if it weren't for Tony lommi SG'n his way through *Snowblind* and makin' a good buck doing it. Like a light (well maybe a candle) went on in a starving metallurgist's head one day and the field of marketing and commercially viable metal product became all too apparent...Now we have 20,000 seat arenas packed with sneaker-footed, blue jeaned and black t-shirted dudes

bangin' away—at \$25 a crack to \_\_\_\_\_ (fill in the blank with the latest BIG METAL BAND). Gruntruck wanna be Ozzy...there is no way you could listen to this and be otherwise convinced...the songs are written so well, and the singer could teach a fuckin' class in Osborn inflections—Adventures in Ozzy 202...Skin Yard were overrated, plain and simple...that Guntruck and Skin Yard share the same vocalist is believable...what isn't is the great songwriting on *Inside Yours*...Sure, I would say catchy...I don't care if *Inside Yours* is over a year old, for now it's timeless...Spacious production and moving parts...and an unstated ode to The Oz. [Roadrunner] *Miller*

#### HALF JAPANESE "Eye of the Hurricane" / "Said and Done," "U.S. Teens Are Spoiled Bums," "Daytona Beach" 7"

One track from the new record, a real doozy, plus three "oldies," sort of a retrospective/sampler for those not in the know. If yr unfortunately in that group, prepare for U.K. re-issues of the fab 1/2 Jap records that came out on 50 Skidillion Watts records here in the 1980's. [Paperhouse] *Brett M.*

#### HAPPY FLOWERS 7"

5 songs on this thing done at BBC studios, which doesn't mean dick to me cuz most everything

I've ever had to hear out of there isn't worth a second listen...but these guys benefit from these sessions, giving them a heaviness that they have lacked up til now...knowing the meaning of a good dirge takes up the two songs on the first side...a dirge is really just a groove and

HF lay it out on "My Head's On Fire"...and extra points for Sylvia Juncosa inspiration on side two. [Homestead] *Miller*

#### JULIANA HATFIELD *Hey Babe* CS

Supposedly the Blake Babies haven't broken up as rumored and it's only coincidence that Ms. Hatfield is choosing this point in time to launch her solo career. Whichever is the case, *Hey Babe* is no loosely assembled contractual obligation, but a rather calculated attempt at entering the alternative rock sweepstakes. The whole album has a quasi-commercial sound and an emphasis on production that makes Juliana and her band more of a cohort of the Sugarcubes than, say, someone like Barbara Manning. I have an appreciation for Hatfield's voice, but the music behind it settles uncomfortably between my ears like most other commercial FM humus. To be realistic, I don't think *Hey Babe* is going to be the next rock of the '90s hit, but I do feel the college crowd would have an easier time swinging this bat if its handle weren't so polished. [Mammoth] *Mike T.*

#### THEE HEADCOATS "Hatred, Ridicule, & Contempt" / "Niether Fish Nor Foul" 7"



photo by Ken Salerno

Green Magnet School



While I wouldn't recommend grabbing each and every Childish-derived record that comes out (not unless you've got access to somebody's gold card), I've got to count myself in as a convert. "Hatred, Ridicule..." is an up tempo, straight ahead number concerning social standing and the education system while "Neither Fish..." taps the Bo Diddley beat for the purpose of expounding on the virtues of womanhood. By now you should know the Childish working method; suffice it to say that on the single format it can't be beat for instantaneous cheap thrills. [Sympathy] *Bruce A.*

**THEE HEADCOATS "Fish Pie" / "Cum Into My Mouth" 7"**

Listen fellas, if you had girlfriends who would even write on paper what these girls sing, you wouldn't even have the time or energy to listen to records. All of your time out of bed would be devoted to the efficient consumption of liquids to restore what had been expended. Thee Headcoats have enriched the R&B sexual metaphor tradition with a fat slab of New Orleans-derived horn slop ("Fish Pie") and a new take of "Come Into My Life" that (I would hope) I don't need to expound on any further. [Sympathy] *Bruce A.*

**THE HEARTBREAKERS *What Goes Around...* LP**

A live in '75 audio document of Thunders, Lure and Nolan being subjected to the questionable talents of one Mistah Richard Hell (who sings and plays bass like someone who reads too many books). Actually it's a pretty cool souvenir of how J.T. got from the Dolls to L.A.M.F. It's rude, it's lewd, and it's very very outta tune and it sounds like it was recorded in Tim Stegall's aquarium. Which are all big bonus points in my world. Look, if you're not a Thunders/HBbreakers fan already this ain't the starting point for youse, but for me this is manna from heaven. [Bomp Records] *Jeff Dahl*

**HEAVENLY "She Says" / "Escort Crash on Marston Street" 7"**

Volume XXV of the International Pop Underground features the English band Heavenly, whose jangly Anglo girly-pop is pretty much exactly what you would expect from a K/Sarah crossover. The utter predictability is (I guess) what holds the charm for some folks, and as pop music in the purest sense, Heavenly are successful in their endeavor. Given a choice, though, I'd go with St. Etienne because they've got that "Girl From Ipanema" feeling to them even if they are a product of the corporate ogre. [K Records] *Bruce A.*

**HEDGEHOG *You Happy Face* CD**

There are still a number of folks out there who are trying to use hardcore as a springboard to higher musical consciousness by fortifying their platform with jazz and funk buttresses. This Santa Cruz trio is such a group and their efforts are competent, but still a few yards short of ground breaking. They possess neither the chops of a band like Victim's Family nor the overt "creativity" of Primus. Most likely they're not after a mention in CMJ and are quite happy with their buzz, yet in this particular sub-genre the competition's stiff.

[Headhunter/Cargo] *Mike T.*

**HED DROOL 7"**

"Yawn" boring art punk inspired by not only a load of 5-year-old Butthole Surfers and spawn recordings but by whatever the CMJ/Rockpool/MRR is promoting this issue. Actually, there are some rather interesting moments on this, but they're only moments rather'n anything that can be sustained into a major work of fun'r whatever. I better not say anything even remotely nice 'bout this rec though—the label might then send me EVERYTHING they've released and those may make this one sound like the Velvet Underground at the Doml [Mondo Psychotic] *Chris S.*

**HEMI "No Jesus" / "Prisoner Of Desire" 7"**

These sucker reeks of bad attitude, and I mean that as a supreme compliment.

Tough, meaty, driving, howlin', dissonant, bad fucking attitude but with real melody and dynamics too. Everything a modern guy or gal with a crappy outlook could yearn fer. Sign me up! [Big Money] *Jeff Dahl*

**JIMI HENDRIX *Stages* 4 CS set**

How 'bout this? Niggers rock. In fact, Niggers invented fuckin' rock 'n' roll. If'n you dig rock 'n' roll, youse a lover o' nigger music an' by inference a Nigger Lover. Yo! Guilty as charged, just like my dad once accused long, so fuckin' long ago. And after the first flowering o' race music, 'twas Jimi Hendrix what made the point so forcibly that blacks rocked with ultimate authority that no one could deny it. If George Wallace or Pat Buchanan ever dug rock, e'en they cou'n't.

If that wasn't eno'—Hendrix did more to liberate guitar playing from notes an' chord an' melody than anyone, including Sterling Morrison, Kevin Shields, Ron

Asheton, 'e Glenn Branca. He figured out that pickups and amps and any number of sound sources equals a cool and theretofore unheard wet sonic sculpting clay w/ possibilities unlimited. And he went damn far in plumbing the depths of these possibilities. Ver' few ha' done him better. Incrementally, maybe, but...If'n ya canna understand that—fuck you blind.

So this is the coolest bootleggy thing you could want: 4 Hendrix concerts from what sound like what was prob'ly the best source tapes from those days anyone could come by. [Warner Bros] *Howard W.*

**HIGH BACK CHAIRS *Of Two Minds* CD**

A surprisingly refreshing Dischord release from Washington D.C.'s newest pop supergroup. I'm not gonna dwell on the High Back Chairs pedigree, 'cause none of that really matters except as some way to sell product. Looking at the stuff they are collectively doing now, *Of Two Minds* presents eight really catchy songs in the classic two guitars, bass and drums mode. Intelligent and fun, although somewhat self-indulgent (check out the deluxe 24 page CD booklet) and not at all ground-breaking. Favorites of mine: "Miles to Inches," "Swear" and "Wild". A recent live show at Uptown Bar was pretty good, but suffered from a lack of variation in sound and style. [Dischord Records] *Brett M.*

**HOP FLOP FLY *Kitty Kitty* 7" EP**

I like these guys (and girl), cuz I saw 'em live at some roadhouse offa Route 87 South neer Saxapahaw, NC and they was stealin' from all the right people; from the Royal Guardsmen and Every Mother's Son to Eddie Cochran and The Box Tops...pure tube-driven shit, fuckin' up all the breaks, chingin' and changin' like their Pfister bar tab depended on it...course mosta the crowd coulda given a fuck, it bein' a crew of bedrock hicks and inbred Ellies, but the HFFs were scrapin' the shit off the ceiling...I hate the South (a blueprint for some kinda terrorist hell), but this could bring me back. [HFF] *Miller*

**SANDY HORNE "White Rabbit" CD single**

Fuck dance music, fuck dancers, fuck trendy clubs, yuppies, college hipsters, fuck limp covers, worthless crapola for people to do the Sprockets dance to, fuck Sandy Horne, fuck all three remixes. [Squid Brothers Records] *John L.*

**HUM *Fillet Show* CS**

Hum slap out some of that heartland guitar overflow that makes up in spunk and energy what it lacks in originality. Precursors like Husker Du and Dinosaur pop up in my ganglia sure, but I can enjoy Hum on their own merits (based mainly on verve and momentum) and savor the aural blur. There are some odd rhythmic juxtapositions back in the mix here, as on "Detassier" that prove that Hum have been working on dynamics. The Champaign area has become really productive lately, what with the stalwart Didjits, 16 Tons, the very promising Honcho Overload and now these guys. [Twelve Inch Records] *Bruce A.*

**LIDA HUSIK *Bozo* LP**

Ms. Husik seemingly came from outta nowhere to produce one of my favorite records of the past year. Lida's embracing songwriting and luxurious vocals split the arrow in the seldom hit psychedelic swirl rock target. A mostly one-woman project, these songs bleed tiny rivers of mercurial guitar sizzle beneath a voice as "on" as anyone's since Kendra Smith. Husik's genius fully blossoms on songs like "California Oregon" and "Hitchiker". As a matter of deep listening, the laundry list includes *Bozo*, jimmy, and a welcoming chair. [Shimmy Disc] *Mike T.*

**WILD JOHN HUSTON "Missy" / "Blue Stardust Jackoff" tape**

A bizarre soon-to-be-single from this D.C. resident and his pals, meant literally b/c he often performs a Residents tribute with a huge home-made eyeball over his head. "Missy" is a medley of "Serenade for Missy" with "Spy in the House of Love" incorporating some My Dad is Dead type stuff and the theme (I think) from Space Giants. "Blue Stardust Jackoff" gets credited to the defunct Creepy Ants, and is, put simply, a rambling sloppy mess. [No Label Yet] *Brett M.*

**HONEYMOON KILLERS *Hung Far Low* CD**

The New York noise scene of the mid-'80s has long since lost its momentum, what with the transformation of Sonic Youth into media icons, the collapse of Pussy Galore and the emergence of Boss Hog into some kind of a pointless frolic, as well as White Zombie's foray into hairball metal. I always classed Honeymoon Killers in with the tangential bands in New York like Ritual Tension and Rat At Rat R. From a distance, the whole depraved art born of desparate living in the dirty city now looks pathetic. If a hopelessly feeble band like Action Swingers are the current product of this mindset, then I'm really grateful that I live in America and not New York City. So lo and behold, Honeymoon Killers come



out with a solid, effective rock album. How many years on from a series of stilted recordings and lifeless live shows, the band has pulled up its britches, listened to it's AC/DC and Howlin' Wolf records and just plain rocked out. How much the input of Jon Spencer has to do with this I can't say; *Hung Far Low* lacks the studied presence that has left me unimpressed with Boss Hog. I could do without the spattering of conga drums here and there, but there's a directness at work that's appealing. I never would have expected it.

[Fistpuppet] *Bruce A.*

#### INSEKT *Dreamscape* CD

Now where your Belgian New Beat fails in comparison to British Techno is in the former's insistence on the presence of actual people actually singing. Purged of this needless indulgence, Altern 8 or LFO concentrate on the jarring use of totally machine generated sounds. Uselessly adhering to the notion that they have something to communicate vocally, Insekt come up with outright silliness like "but now you're sucking another man's cock." It all seems so unnecessary. Not that we're speaking of a genre well suited to long players or even the concept of the band as such. Are you still with me? [Kk/Cargo] *Bruce A.*

#### INTO ANOTHER CD

The latest class of coresters moves on up to high school, grows their hair and discovers—shock of shocks—metal. The showers of bombast here are interrupted by the odd glimmer of instrumental inventiveness. These are portions of almost jazzy or ambient feel that are all too quickly overshadowed by the accumulated cliché. The band contains ex-Whiplash, Bold and Underdog members along with "classically trained" (always a bad sign) guitarist Peter Moss. [Revelation Records] *Bruce A.*

#### IN THE NURSERY *To Cure The Soul By Means Of The Senses* CD

I had always thought that In The Nursery stood out from the pack of "Rising From The Red Sands/Elephant Table Album" bands of about six or seven years ago, but what we have here on this CD is definitely a kinder-gentler sort of beast, with rampant femme vocalizing in (gasp)...French!!! Somebody get me a doctor (or a dictionary)...or a biere de Garde...or a crusty lump of goat cheese...or...[Third Mind] *Mike S.*

#### IOWA BEEF EXPERIENCE "Jubilix" / "Nitro Burnin' Funny Cow" 7"

There are loads of neatly concocted idiot savants roaming the continent in econolines; passing off their artfully minimal, bare bones folk rock or New York spawned wah wah crudeness as some sort of new rock construct. But knowing Calvin or Jon Spencer just isn't enough any more. Friends, I am here to tell you that the real maxi-tard, power surge, outright mental are languishing in Iowa city awaiting the decision of some label to wake up and smell the coffee. Anyone who's seen Iowa Beef Experience can attest to their extrachromosomal mangling of p-rock and h-metal mores and their mid-American, aw shucks approach to a shotgun marriage of stuff that a lot of folks elsewhere have given up on. The fact that this band has had to content itself with a Schlepprock-like flurry of releases on a variety of labels doesn't overshadow the fact that Iowa Beef chug down a variety of substances and burp them back up with a loveable lack of concern for fashion. The fact that this single is out on a well distributed label should encourage every God-fearing American to grab a copy tout suite. But when will a label catch on, release an LP and publicize the tour to the coastal media centers that is so badly needed? [Sympathy] *Bruce A.*

#### INTER-MIX CD

Label on the front says "Inter-Mix is Bill Leep and Rhys Fulmer of Front Line Assembly TMD 9230." How's that for a sense of self-confident identity? Much of this is compu-servile riddimatic emission of beeps, bleeps and da-"ding"s. Only one of the last songs on here (song titles are listed in a circle, with no indication of where to begin reading; 's ok) shows any will to innovate or deviate from electro-whatever orthodoxy. Low, brooding sounds mount up into a midden-heap o' nasty visceral threat an' I'd have a good use for a full album o' the same. But that ain't what you get here. [Third Mind] *Howard W.*



Jesus and Mary Chain

photo by Andy Catlin

#### JACKKNIFE "Stuck Up Art Bitch" 7"

The world need another Dwarves like television needs another commercial. [Imp] *Sean M.*

#### JAWBOX "Tongues" / "Ones and Zeros" 7"

Vibrato intro and big rock nod: A supermetro slice of Dischordian pop. Jawbox may not be the most groundbreaking band to ring our ears, but their particular distillery drips out a kick. "Tongues" got chewy stop-and-lunge power strokes and a rousing refrain. I think the song's about gossiping, but you didn't hear it from me. By the "B" we get a more spatial kind of fly-by. "Ones" is large but sheepish. Handsome recording by Ian Burgess. [Dischord] *Patrick W.*

#### THE JAZZ BUTCHER *Condition Blue* CD

Either you like this stuff or you don't—I don't. This British pop might not seem too irritating if you only had to hear one song on the radio, but that's not the context I'm hearing it in. The Jazz Butcher has fifteen or more previous albums, so he must

have a following, and accordingly I shouldn't have to say any more about this stuff cause they'll find it on their own. [Sky Records] *Brett M.*

#### JAYWALKERS *I Told Them My Dreams* LP

#### *Free Energy Through Unconnected Coils Like Tesla And Reich Generators* LP

A group I've never heard of proves once again what a fertile little hunk o' musical turf the country they call Switzerland happens to be...Techno-grunge of the highest order is to be had on both of these platters, invoking comparisons to Treponem Pal, Bloodstar, and the Young Gods, but to call the Jaywalkers a straight cop of any of those groups would surely be false...I wish I could say more about this band, but all I have to go on is a cassette with both these recs on it and a promo wrapper with minimal info, but I'm definitely gonna write to Switzerland to see if I can obtain some actual vinyl, and you'd be well advised to do the same...[Aural Exciter] *Mike S.*

#### PETER JEFFERIES *The Last Great Challenge In A Dull World* LP

Heavenly stateside reissue of the Xpressway cassette from '90 made possible by the benevolent Ajax foundation. Jefferies teams up with cohorts Russell, Mitchell, Galbraith, et. al to carve a varied and accomplished work for piano, guitars, violin, and household objects. The body of the material is built around Jefferies' delicate piano clouting and dolor voice, both in fine form on "On An Unknown Beach". Three songs feature Bruce Russell's levitated guitar winding through Jefferies' lyrical fabric. Likewise, David Mitchell adds some crepuscular strumming to a few tunes, including the fantastic "The Other Side Of Reason". *The Last Great Challenge* is an aggregation of diverse structures molded into a single mass whose unifying element is the unhindered view of the human spirit. The added bonus of unorthodox instrumentation makes the entire listen just that much more peerless. The breadth of this record is such that my tenth listen still came with surprises. This is as worthy of your attention as anything else from this spot on the globe. [Ajax] *Mike T.*



**JELLYFISH KISS** *Stormy Weather* LP

A great sounding record, richly textured, featuring lots of different sounds and styles. "First Signs" would sound great on a *Dope-Guns* compilation with its distorted vocals and nasty guitars (see also "Miffy"), while "Mad Cow" and "Let the Day" shimmer psychedelically more closely to pop. "Secret Party" has all sorts of voices and vocals buried in the mix, a quiet almost Bongwater-esque song. Produced by Kramer, but on Jellyfish Kiss's turf, so not as predictable sounding as a lot of his production jobs. I've liked this band for a while, and Stormy Weather seems a step forward from Plank and Animal Rites. [Shimmy Disk] **Brett M.**

**JESUS AND MARY CHAIN** *Honey's Dead* CD

Honey ain't all that's dead here...ev'rybody's fave pretentio Brit noisepopsters here attempt a 1st LP/2nd LP sonic symbiosis and go flat quicker'n a blowout at 90 MPH...yah, the 1st LP fee'back squee's back, as is the MTV hookery of *Darklands*, but the Reid Bros. well o' inspiration hath run dry...go through each song on here and note how each is a poorer rewrite of earlier JMC material. Then take note of the fact that for some weirdass reason they have decided they're *studio wizards* as well, and hence capable of producing/mixing their own rec...cough, cough...I've heard people do better jobs on Fostex four tracks...amazingly amateurish...[Blanco Y Negro/Def American] **David B. L.**

**JOB'S DAUGHTERS** "The Prophecy of Daniel and John the Divine" / "Sinner Man" 7"

Mark from Thinking Fellers, Brandon from World of Pooh and friends do two relatively straight sounding religious songs. I have been unable to get the "six-six-six" chorus from "Prophecy" out of my head—some sort of proper possession. "Sinner Man" is just plain fucked up, sounding like everything and nothing at the same time. Brilliant. [Nuf Sed Southwestern Radio Church] **Brett M.**

**JONESTOWN** *All Day Sucker* LP

This album is quite an expansion on the cool impromptu acoustic jam I saw these guys do last fall. Once again I'm treated to the folky round of the tune "Griz". As far as the other songs, there's a bunch happening here that usually pits several musical vibes against one another within the course of the same song. I find some of the tracks on side one a little hard to sink my teeth into, 'cause as soon as I'm locked onto a line, the beat and the melody change and then change again. Side two is easier to get a hold on as its roots are more firmly planted in a trad rock'n'roll furrow. I'm especially taken with the songs "Hoover" and "Malaise". Poignant sociopolitical lyrics make for a charged listen to boot. The band's sound is reminiscent of a swirled vat of The Fall, Minutemen, and a little ethno boodle a la Tommy Strange's short-lived Forethought. A trombone and sundry exotic wind pipes impart an interesting flavor to the lot. There's a smorgie laid out within these grooves and it's up to you to find the roast ouzel. [Project A-Bomb] **Mike T.**

**JONES VERY** *Trains of Thought* CD EP

I vaguely recall Vic Bondi being involved in one of those intermittent punk rock bouts that rage around some Big and Important Issues of Principle that nobody with a life can remember a few years later on. Given the "serious" lyrics here, I can guess why Mr. Bondi drew some fire upon himself. Jones Very is a "mature" hardcore band in the D.C. vein, with angular and tense guitars that arch around the rhythm section with geometric precision. And as such it's pretty good. But for all of the earnestness of the effort, Jones Very (like a lot of other bands in this category) don't sound at all warm. The precise nature of the execution makes the band sound like a bit of an intellectual exercise. The band sheds light, but not much heat. [Jade Tree] **Bruce A.**

**JUDAS BULLETHEAD** "The King is Dead" / "Oh Baby" 7"

Anti-Elvis sentiments on the A side shouldn't settle too well with fans of The King...oh well, I thought Jeff Clayton knew better'n to speak ill of the Pres! The B side sounds like 1974 sorta hickified glam rock...Capricorn Records meets Chinnichap even which makes for fun listening esp. after the backlash from the South after CREEM magazine's 1974 Southern Rock ish. Hey, you know what to expect awlready! [Jettison] **Chris S.**

**JUST SAY NO & TESCO VEE'S HATE POLICE** *Fuck Straight Edge Vol. 2, 7"* EP

It's an all covers, song-swapping punk rock love fest with Just Say No taking on The Meatmen's "Tooling For Anus" and The Weirdos' "Neutron Bomb," while Mr. Vee & Co. cover The Fix's "Vengeance" and Gang Green's "Alcohol." That is all, sir or ma'am, the proposition is straightforward and delivered in a

workmanlike manner. [Staplegun Records] **Bruce A.**

**JUDGE** "Forget This Time" / "The Storm" 7"

I saw a friend awhile back at a punk rock show for the first time in years. She had been living in the West African nation of Mali. "What," I asked, "are the three biggest changes in the punk rock scene that you can see?" "Goatees, long hair and baseball caps turned backwards," was her answer. Judge, in case you were wondering, can now be easily mistaken for Tad soundwise, were it not for the lyrical content; which seems to revolve around the now-obligatory former straight edge/emocore/ guy in his 20s facing the lack of change in the world lyrical content. [Revelation] **Bruce A.**

**A.R. KANE** *Americana* CD

Britz i.e. o' underground dance music is to concoct a wholly slick, quivering-wet sliver o' cod soul and put crap Angle-accented vocals o'er the top. Or just to botch the concocting from the git-go. An' whilst I'd not deny that Engles has done some cool, subverting things to R&B (Beatles), soul (Zombies), disco (mid-period Cabaret Voltaire) an' e'en rap (Pop Will Eat Itself's "Beaver Patrol" single), by and large it's pretty lame. And when A.R. Kane essay same, it is too. Their other mode is classic early 80s undie ske-daddling: Haunted, disjointed, superciliously-disparate licks thrown together and rattled like a bag o' empty pop bottles being jounced on your grandpap's knee. When they're spare, sound like teens tryin' to ape B Day Party. When denser, like post-Eno Smartsy pantsers (remember Henry Badowski?). When they pick guitars, like your typical clueless post-Joy D. Factory workers. If I use a lot of obvious clichéd references to explain, it's 'cause they do to create. [Sire/Warners] **Howard W.**

**KODE IV** *Insane* CD EP

CD single, if you wanna get picky, considering that it consists of three mixes of the title track and two of "Hollywood." Count me as being somewhat slightly pleased as unlike the majority of the industrial/dance spoo that's crossed my speakers of late, this is actually quite alright...Marilyn Monroe and Patsy Cline samples cavort atop a dolled-up slab of 126 BPM poundythud that actually seems to kick 'n' grunt in all the right places to get li'l black-clad disko denizens oozin' and throbbin' the right way for a change. Now don't take this as my endorsement of dancehall culture, but kids, if you're intent on wasting your youth bobbing up and down and paying five bucks for watery drinks in order to get laid/make some kind of "scene," it might as well be to the strains of something like this. [Cargo] **David B. L.**

**ED KUEPPER** *Honey Steel's Gold* CD

Singer, songwriter, and git-player for the Aints wanders off by himself to twaddle with alt. instrumentation to his mainstay band, and the results are pretty fine all in all. A bit slower, a bit longer, a lot more stringy/orchestral sounds to be found than in the punkier four piece. Nonetheless, the A-1 pop tuncsmithing remains perfectly intact. I didn't even notice that "King Of Vice" was nine minutes long until I looked at the label. For something to go on for more than twenty seconds without boring the fuck out of me these days is rare indeed. [UFO] **David B. L.**

**THE LAST DRIVE** *Blood Nirvana* CD

Straight ahead Stones/Charlie Picket influenced stuff here. I have no problem with that at all. Unfortunately the songwriting ain't up to par, and that's what it's all about. [Restless] **Brendan B.**

**LAVA LOVE** *Aprhodian* CD

All things "pop" and viable didst founder decisively in the late 80's as the siren call o' major label affiliation sapped the aesthetic derring-do of both angst-pop and paiseley underground factions: finance seemed to undermine the former's agony and 'merishalist imperatives dissuaded the latter from structural convolutedness—the respective tendencies that leavened the shallow, cloying sweetness of the source materials an' made 'em toothsome to the thoughtful rock gourmand.

Lava Love are amongst current worthy apologists for the "pop" thang—not withstanding Esta Hill's finishingschoolcute mewlin' ala Belinda Carlisle at her most dimplistic. Because the Lave's delve quite unabashedly into wooly early 70's proto-prog rock elements o' style: Hammond organs (or at least pre-sets that mimic 'em consciously), pseudo-mellotron (ditto) groans and the sort of arcane Arabesque chord sequences that Zep only at their most willful best pulled off with clever aplomb steada just Purpley pompousity. And otherwise, this Atlantean quintet does an able journeyband's run through o' the squink-posters stock-in-trade: sugary but piquantly spiced song structures; raggedy but



fullsome vocal harmonies; enough rhythmic and melodic turnabouts to keep pleasantries from becoming tedious regularity. Angles like *Senseless Things* are about 15 years behind *Lava Love* on the evolutionary trail of good "pop" shit (which is about 2 years behind where Chris Stamey was when he released "If And When," his 1st release with "Chris Stamey & The dB's" in the late 70's). [Sky] *Howard W.*

#### LIBIDO BOYZOPGU CD

From doin' those obscure little 7" things to this is quite the leap for former underground punkers of the do-it-yourself ethic; the Libido Boyz get mighty praise in their former circle...but good for the LB, they've hit a level of such slickness that they are part of an entirely new frontier, as far as they are concerned that is; the college radio/ major chain record store grind...and I don't believe that this is a slag—more to the point, for these gents it's like completing a journey...OPGU is at home in any dorm room or student ghetto and if the LP can get a serious and powerful publicist, there will be even more of the pie to get...and I hope these guys get it ahead of any of those hopeless right wing fanatics in the running for underage Demigod status...(and I hope they overtake those who have achieved it)...This is produced for the consumer that doesn't wanna have to cringe or think...clean, decisive guitar with just the right amount of delay and chorus, out front vocals rightly high-pitched, emotive, expressive and even sensitive...songs that clock in at just about three minutes per...at times Die Kruezen will pop out in a phrase and sometimes-Bog save us-a Dead Kennedys type guitar twist...not a lot of solos to keep the kids happy (ya know that wankin' went out with those 70s bands as far as they know)...I cannot deny them their due credit for possessing wit and intelligent energy...I don't like this, but I see no reason that any fan of the genre will not...highly unoriginal...but well placed. [Red Decibal] *Miller*

#### LLAMASAURUS CD

The Smiths with a wah wah pedal. This cross pollination shit has got to stop...they actually have a song with a chorus "Scooby-doo-doo-doo." My life is really getting pathetic; it's no wonder I drink. [Llamasaurus] *Sean M.*

#### LEVELLERS 5 The Peel Sessions CD

I put on this British band's first U.S. release expecting the worst. As it turns out, this Peel Session strongly evoked the Fall and the Pixies, while not particularly sounding like either. (I later noticed that the press release also compares them to the Fall and the Pixies. Almost a consensus...) I just thank God it didn't sound like Happy Mondays or Lush or any of that other Manchester junk. Not bad, in fact, I'd be interested in hearing their two previous albums, *Clatter* and *Springtime*. [Strange Fruit / Dutch East] *Brett M.*

#### LEVIATHON Coterie CS

This compiles some tracks from their UK EPs plus some live stuff. Former House of Love, Jazz Butcher and Cardiacs fellas making squirmy prog-rock with lots of digital drone. A neo-Saharan vortex: The Bunnymen, Bowie, Pink Floyd (Queersryche?) and Chameleons. They play well but manipulate manners more than muscle. [Capitol] *Patrick W.*

#### LONG GONE DADDY-O'S Move To Dixie CD

You know, if you had asked me a week ago what sort of thing I was just dying to listen to, I would have gotten around to "a Japanese rockabilly band" in around 2019 A.D. So it ain't the first thing on my mind. But that's exactly what this record is. And it doesn't suck; can't say I'd mistake it for vintage Link Wray or nothing, but it's about thirty miles above the Stray Cats. Plenty o' piss 'n' vinegar to get by on, even if they are a few decades too late...definitely out of the ordinary, and for that reason alone it would be an enjoyable listen. The fact that these people obviously started playing this shit because they actually had a passion for it and made the effort to make the product sound convincing doesn't hurt matters any. [1+2/Barn Homes] *David B. L.*

#### LOUDSPEAKER Supernatural CD

The term "Jones" has never seemed more applicable than it does when referring to this piece o' crap. Like Pearl Jam before them, these slack pappys have invented a new booty shake that paints the revolution brown and fists it hard until all are sound asleep...and to all a good nod. [Cargo] *Mike S.*

#### LOUVIN BROTHERS Songs That Tell A Story CD

"The greatest duet in country music," somebody said way back when...well, one of the more interesting ones at least. Ira and Charlie Louvin were backwoods Alabamans driven by Jee-sus Christ. Imbued with a divine ambition to spread the gospel far and wide, they picked

up a guitar and mandolin and got themselves a radio show, whereupon they could proselytize and wail to their hearts' content in the Name Of The Lord. And did they ever come up with some songs: "Insured Beyond The Grave," which recommends Soul Insurance to augment your comprehensive health and PL/PD; "What A Friend We Have In Mother;" "The Weapon Of Prayer," which details how you can use said weapon to aid Our Boys fighting in Korea; and "Shut In At Christmas," which implores the listener not to neglect geriatrics on The Big C's birthday. Naive (perhaps downright pig-ignorant), superstitious, tacky as all hell. But they could definitely harmonize, and Ira was one wicked ass mandolin plucker. And the net result is...unbelievable. All I can say is that I listen to it almost every day. But for the best yucks, my nod has still got to go to *Satan Is Real*, their earlier album on Longhorn Records—the one with the giant rubber devil on the cover. Chris Kieser gave it to me as a present, and I'll be fucked if it isn't my second most prized album behind *The Dream World Of Dion McGregor*. Thank you Chris, thank you! [Rounder] *David B. L.*

#### LOVE BATTERY Dayglo CD

Hell, if you have half a clue you've bought this already. Everybody worth a fuck knows that in terms of the Pac. NW, this band is the shit. But if I have to state the obvious, here it goes: this, like *Between The Eyes*, is filled with some absolutely awesome r'n'r, all frosted w/ varying flavors of '60s/janglepop/psychedelic/metal/Brit.Inv. kandy coating. Thoroughly delectable on first listen and completely satisfying for many listens thereafter. Next time you run into some other Seattle band in your local club, run right up to 'em and ask 'em why their songs are so much less interesting than this band's, or why the guitarist can't play like these guys, or why Love Battery is inspired by the musical past while their fellow travelers are simply slaves to it...ask 'em, and let me know what they say. I'd be interested. [Sub Pop] *David B. L.*

#### LOVE CHILD "Six of One" / "Sleepyhead" 7"

The latest set of simple but pleasant tunes from a band that puts on some of the most consistently disappointing/awful live shows ever. The *Okay!* album had some good stuff on it; this is more of the same, although it leans somewhat away from their dork-rock stuff that works for me. [Homestead] *Brett M.*

#### LOW POP SUICIDE The Disengagement CS

This is a 4 song teaser Capitol is shopping around the college rock circuit to see if any eyebrows are lifted (and presumably, give the accounting dept. an idea of how much to invest before the purse strings are cinched). From the sound of L.P.S.'s clamor and the motives of the industry, I can only figure the premise here is use a big gun, aim at several targets, and hope you hit something. In this case, the lab coat clad A&R scientists are shootin' for a Seattle/Manchester hybrid. The label appears confident enough with their marksmanship to emblazon the insert with a rubber stamp reading "World Domination Product". My only caveat is mixing apples and oranges usually just makes fruit salad. [Capitol] *Mike T.*

#### L7 Bricks Are Heavy CD

There's been grumbling from some that B. Vig rounded off L7's jagged edges a bit too much, that the *garage intensity* (ahem) has fallen prey to the feared Big Label Disease. Well, fuck 'em. Just as I expected, this rocks like a son of a bitch, and what the fuck is wrong with sounding good anyway? All you pathetic little morons who're clinging to some pathetic notion of *punk rock purism* oughta just go kill yourselves now; all that is is a cheap excuse to get away with doing something badly. These songs fuckin' rate. This band rocks. "Pretend We're Dead" is the best jam-it-in-your-car-at-120-decibels toon I've heard in a fuck of a long time...probably since "Shove," in fact. And "One More Thing" has an oozy-slidy bass-driven riff that's pure, liquid sex...rock 'n' roll" indeed. Yeah, so I could do without "Monster" (it's just too obvious), but I'll be damned if I have a quarrel with anything else on here. You don't like this band? You're stupid. [Slash] *David B. L.*

#### GARY LUCAS Skeleton At The Feast CD

"Solo guitars. Absolutely no overdubs." Yeah, so it is. This Lucas character is def. a technical wizard, and oddly enough he has enuf of a sense of tunelessness to actually make this entertaining from first to last—provided the only fireworks you expect are the purely technical kind. Guitarists will sit back and be awed, but anybody without a clue as to how tough this stuff is or how carefully constructed might wind up simply befuddled. It's good, if you know what's good for you. [Enemy] *David B. L.*



**LUSH Spooky CD**

I feel a trifle foolish yet again for dispensing so much gush over this band on previous occasions, but who'da thunk they woulda gone this far 'n' this deep into MTV turf based on previous evidence?? Oh hell, this really isn't quite as bad as all that, but it does demonstrate a proclivity and willingness to "be nice" that I had hoped they could keep at bay for a lot longer than they did, and for that I feel mildly betrayed. But ultimately Lush shall please themselves, and when that happens I may appreciate 'em one more time. [4AD] Mike S.

**LUXURIOUS BAGS "Happening" 7"**

"Powerline" starts with guitar noise, generating into a low fidelity rock number reminiscent of Pussy Galore. "Airpocket" features a pithy guitar line that gets overcome by noise (more guitars, great sounding drums and barely hearable vocals), while "Sad Banjo..." centers a plodding drum part amidst many layers of feedback. No shinc, just spit, on another great record on... [Twisted Village] Brett M.

**THE MAD SCENE *Falling Over, Spilling Over* EP**

This first flowering of Hamish Killgore's post-Clean band proves you can take the boy out of New Zealand, but you can't make him turn to scum-rock just 'cause he misses his sheep. His NYC relocation hasn't changed the flow of Killgore's bubbling pop fount an iota: chugging guitar lines that Ray Davies would pay cold hard cash for form slipknots around packages of found sound and Swinging Auckland vocals ("Paper Plane" actually boasts the charmingly drony singing of Jill Seagull aka Mrs. H. Killgore). It'll be interesting to see if the change of venue raises the man's profile, as a forthcoming tour with the 3Ds indicates it might. [Homestead] David S.

**MAGNOLIAS *Off The Hook* LP**

Wherein these local longtimers jump from Twin/Tone to Alias. This time out they've smoothed their sound a bit, maybe a little less raw and a little more jangly. Other than that, it's essentially that same thing that we from parts elsewhere always associated with Minneapolis. Catchy enough, but can drag a little in it's entirety. [Alias] Matt E.

**MARBLE ORCHARD *Savage Sleep* CD**

Marble Orchard remind me alot of first-wave sixties revivalists Plan Nine, but their schtick is a wee bit more complicated...More folk, more psych, more thrash, just generally more of everything. They're quite a bit different from other Northwest bands, and while I still haven't got a handle on 'em, I appreciate 'em a little bit more each time I listen to this. Not a seal face-grabber like Dead Spot, more like a Bevis Frond offshoot that takes many, many plays. My ear shall remain cocked...[Estrus] Mike S.

**MANTIS "Who Wants to be a Camel?" 7"**

A pretty good single with no information about the band on it. Mystery is so cool! "Regalia" reminds me of Minutemen and Volcano Suns, a nice manic little romp, while the way-too-long title track walks that Pavement-Superchunk trail for a while before unfortunately turning down better travelled roads, with occasional brilliant moments on the way. I wonder what the next one will sound like? [Drag City] Brett M.

**MANUFACTURING OF HUMIDIFIERS *Dire Images Of Beauty* CD**

Thirteen tracks worth of compositional improvisation from this Berkeley-based collective. In the packaging notes, sax player Dan Plonsey states that he hears a "unique unsuitability to commercial exploitation" throughout *Dire*. Indeed, MOH seem concerned primarily with immediacy, a musical cause to which there is a limited commercial audience. Still the form is not without its precedents. The album ranges in tone from soothing to cacophonous (well, that's not that particular; I mean, I might as well be talking about Ozzy Osbourne, but this is really soothing and really cacophonous). It alternates between short, angular bits and longer, more spatial matters (there we go again; it could be Nirvana, but this is really...record reviewing can be so difficult). The warped, mellifluous sounds of "Nine Months in the Nourishing Sac" recall spacier Sun Ra or, like much of the album, a non-afrocentric AACM offshoot with Braxtonian intelligence. Randy Porters often jagged guitar playing (kinda evocative of Arto Lindsay) comes to the fore on "Rocket in the Pocket for Jim" and "Boots' Boots/Chicken Pants." The trumpet, shenai and wooden flute of Raj Mehta weaves throughout and Ward Spangler holds up the percussions. The more extended tracks, like "Ki-e-yi-e" and "The Existing Fur of Visorless Dreams Waltz," build themes with nervous energy and loose reins. Overall, *Dire* is a

bare, off-boppin', energetic album, with a taste like good old-fashioned free jazz. And for you collectors: The cover art is printed in 3D (It comes with a pair of glasses to view it properly. [yes.no. lp/Retro] Patrick W.

**MEATHOOKS *Cambodia Soul Music* LP**

Incredibly great runaway train ride through Napalm Death's underpants on the way to Clive Barker's summer cottage. This is a purely mystical amalgam of lo-fi noise rock, grindcore, and Z-grade subculture. This music picks up where the sadly forgotten Sewer Zombies left off. Songs melt into one another to produce two side long listening "experiences" that show off these folks' natural talent in studio-based sound manipulation. It's no mystery why Mr. Jim Gibson of Noiseville took part in bringing this record to the public domain as the Unholy Swill and T.G.A.R.L.C. aesthetics are definitely present. If I'm ever speeding through the mountain roads of the Khmer Republic and fatally plunge into a river gorge as a matter of avoiding an aimless tree sloth, I hope this is in my tape deck as I hit the water. [Disastro Mix] Mike T.

**MEATHOOKS "God Crash D.O.A." / "Beg for Your Ass Pts. 1 & 2"**

Think of this as a cage match with a bunch of different industrial and screech bands. I guess Big Black makes it out in the best shape, but a bad recording job makes it kinda hard to tell. In any case, the biggest loser is you, if you buy it. Playable at either 33 1/3 or 45, really. [Disastro Mix/Noiseville Co.] Matt E.

**MECCA NORMAL "How Many Now"/"Horse Heaven Hills" 45**

Though this duo's excessively prolific issue has won many a convert, it's always struck me as nothing more than a career-length extrapolation of Tears For Fears' "Shout" period (albeit with considerably more primal scream). "How Many Now" doesn't do a heck of a lot to assuage that, with willful angst-for-angst's sake tunelessness obscuring whatever concept they might be putting forth. They can make it all come together though, and that's exactly what they do on the mournful, high-lonesome blues that stretches so languidly on the "other" side. While hitting notes isn't much of a concern for either Smith or Lester here either, they lock into such a perfect do-se-do of twang that hypnosis comes quickly. I'll admit it, I'm stumped. [Harriet] David S.

**MELODY DOG *Futuristic Lover* 7" EP**

The International Pop Underground flies the bonny plaids of Scotland on this release, and I for one have never been so tempted to slip into a kilt. You're not likely to unearth a more unpracticed and enthusiastic sample of preschool rock (unless those *Live Jack* tapes resurface down the road apiece, that is) than Katrina and Pat's (lack of last names here seems more intent on deflecting marriage proposals than building a faux-Sassy wall of gal-pal solidarity). *Futuristic Lover*'s update of the VU's "Afterhours" maintains the goofy swing, while the short ditties on the flip make you wish more bands were this unaware of the tape machine's prying ear. Sweet in all the right places. [K] David S.

**MELVINS *Your Choice Live Series* LP, 8 Songs LP**

Both records are worthy of overindulgence. This kind of pound is so right on and perfect that other bands who trudge in lower ranks should be ashamed of themselves. The live LP has really good sound quality and excellent song choices, and the 8 song is a reissue of the long gone *C/Z 7*, which is also worth grabbing. [Your Choice Live Series; C/Z] Sean M.

**MELVINS "Night Goat" 7"**

The Melvins have more resolve and sense of purpose these days, and their last coupla rex (including this one here) have just about erased the slightly half-assed *Ozma* and *Bullhead* from my memory. Die hard fans say they never lost it, but for my money there was a definitely mediocre transition period between *Gluey Porch Treatments* and *Egnog* while the lineup stabilized or some such. Well, Buzz and Co. are blatin' hard these days, and I would definitely have to rate 'em as one of (if not "the") heaviest combos walkin' right now. Their whole deal has been arguably brought to its logical conclusion already by the Swans, but I and others were pissed when Gira met that woman from Atlanta (oh yeah, Jarboe...what a name, eh?) and decided to go all pansy and melodic. Long may Melvins throw down the sludge, and with any luck Buzz won't meet some freaky Georgia waif and wanna start singing about clouds...oh yeah, this single is great, with a cover on the B side of a ("delta blues legend") John Spence song. [Amphetamine Reptile] Mike S.

**METAL MIKE "Wig Wam Bam" 7"**

Bein' one fo the most undersung yet truly genius rock 'n' roll songwriters on the planet, it passeth understanding why x-Vom/Angry Samoans dude Metal Mike Saunders would render unto hungry fans this de-propped reading of Sweet's



"Wig Wam Bam." His nail-a-ruler-to-cigar-box/tack-on-rubberbands-and-strum execution fits his own amazing oeuvre like a condom does Iggy's schwein. But jeez, Tia Carrere's version of "Ballroom Blitz" in *Wayne's World* works better than this! [Sympathy] *Howard W.*

**MICKY FINN "Peacemaker" / "Scud" & "Missile" 7"**

The Bastards-ish groan of "Peacemaker" shuttles into a strange, sideways bridge that's appealing. "Scud" has a similarly warped undertow at work beneath the layers of guitar. And "Missile" is not exactly straightforward. Mickey Finn have a knack for hiding these rhythmic shuffles under slates of guitar honk that bodes very well for a productive future. Put 'em in a van, send 'em south. Put 'em in a studio, let's get an album. Does the Kingpin hear me? [Big Money Inc.] *Bruce A.*

**MIKE GUNN LP**

Shit, I thought the only people drugged up enough to still play this shit was Monster Magnet. Well, I was wrong, for the first time in my life. [Anomie] *Tad Hendrickson*

**MINERVA STRAIN "Fissure" / "Strum" 7"**

Neatly developing guitar pop that tangles around itself nicely and moves along in an interesting manner. Waves of twine build up then recede on "Fissure," while "Strum" jangles around a bit more. Minerva Strain have definately got something going here, it's somewhat related to the Trotsky Icepick kind of interweaving guitar pop and I'd like to hear more. [Jettison Records] *Bruce A.*

**MONKEYSPANK Blue Mud CD**

Some sorry funk bass player right outta the Holiday Inn circuit, a sorrier guitar approach, and they even wield a dumb thanks list...could be this shit passes for good in some sheltered East Coast town of higher education, but here in my digs, yer hopelessly irrelevant...a buncha "musicians" who sound like they like to "jam"...long, wanky excursions that lead me to believe this whole thing is a horrible mistake...A Faustian bargain of notes for aptitude. [Merkin Records] *Miller*

**MONKEYWRENCH Clean as a Broke-Dick Dog CD**

The resume is enough to raise a van-load of preconceptions: Mudhoney-ites, a Gas Huffer/U-Man, a Lubricated Goat-ee and Tim Kerr of Poison 13. If you need a ride, don't hesitate to jump in the U-Haul. This *Broke-Dick* flops around between the smegulated and swollen prunes of blues and punk. At least, that's what you're supposed to think. This business of kindred spirits is fodder for somebody else's whizzing hypothalamus. Dandy. The Monkeywrench sounds like you might hope it might. Seasoned vets squeal their thing with a half twist. "Call My Body Home" opens with the kind of electro-charge that surge protectors were invented for: Mark Arm's familiar groan, ugly guitars, four-four and white punks on Chess box sets. Lots of bump and puke. Good fun. "Doubled Over Again" makes it boogie with harp, spicing the otherwise abundant puss goobs like "Great Down Here" and "Look Back." There's a few cover tunes to boot. These role models wield the conventions with even-handed irreverence. They dress well, too. [Sub Pop] *Patrick W.*

**MOON CALVES "Blindside" / "Loving Tree" 7"**

"Blindside" is rife with the wee haw countryisms that pass for down home sincerity these days. "Loving Tree" has got an uptempo, slightly funky feel to it but still retains the c&w edge. Not even an acceptable alternative to Exile, much less Marty Brown. [Merkin] *Bruce A.*

**MOOSE Sonny of Sam CD**

This is a sort of hybrid of unabashedly sentimentalist V.U. ("Lisa Says," etc.)

stylings, with the popish early songs by New Order (the ones which didn't suck). Yeah, I know, at this juncture in time that probably sounds like the seventh circle of hell, but this thing kinda rocks me in a guilty pleasures sort of way. Hey, it's way better than the new Swans album. [Virgin] *Brendan B.*

**MORDRED "Esse Quam Videri" CD**

No, they're not death metal, goth, neo-goth, satano-gloom death metal goth, etc. BUY THIS, I LIKE IT. In these dark days of funkytype bass players and wah-wah-wikki-wikki guitar players, I worry about the stuff the next generation of music lovers will listen to. I really, really do. Why does he care so much, you may ask yourself. Because I love you. I love each and every one of you from the bottom of my black little soul. Even if you like the Red Hot Chili Peppers, I love you, and even if you like the RHCP, you may even have taste enough to enjoy this. Mordred probably blow a nut every time they get compared to those butts, because for instrumental reasons, RHCP are their bastard brothers who Mordred purposefully kicked into cretinism while in the womb. Anyway, as

you can gather, I dig Mordred alot more than any of those other funky-types out there, and plus, they don't overdo it. Adding samples from PE, Schoolly D, The Godfather of Soul of course, Eric B, and I believe some Parliament, they spice up some more standard metal fare. The closest I can describe this stuff would be a lot like Anthrax's "I'm the Man" without the infantile humor. Only five tunes on here, and they're all top notch. Wink, wink, nudge, nudge, say no more. [Noise International] *John L.*

**MOSQUITO "Down," "Pretty Lil' Thing" / "Fat Man Walks," "Oh No, Oh Yes, Oh No" 7"**

Mosquito is Tim Foljahn, Jad Fair and Steve Shelley, and this record on the ultra-hip Erl label creates a wonderfully noisy little mess, with a "pesty locked groove" on "Down" to fit the irritating insect theme. Sloppy guitar, messy harmonica-sounding thing, overdistracted vocals and pounding drums, combined with the looped ending, make the first cut my favorite neighbor-annoyer at the moment. The other songs don't change this basic sound too much. Pretty darn cool, and certainly the only Mosquito worth

having around as we approach another bug-laden Minnesota summer. [Erl Records] *Brett M.*

**MOTOR VIRUS "Trippin' Corpses" / "My Brains 7"**

Reminds me of the weaker bands on the Project A-Bomb label. Nothing here indistinguishable from the hoardes of similar-minded discs coming out today...unfortunately this music was interesting six years ago, but nowadays kinda comes off overdone. [Overandout] *Chris S*

**ROBERT MUSSO Active Resonance CD**

When Musso and friends steer clear of the fusionistic crapola and keep to the straight up jaz dweedlings and/or Africana beats and bumps, this rec really shines as a decent showcase for an otherwise talented bunch, but the last thing I want is to be even remotely reminded that things like Return To Forever really do or did exist. On a whole, thumbs up though. [Muworks] *Peter D.*

**MY DAD IS DEAD Chopping Down the Family Tree LP**

I first heard this on the radio over Christmas and wasn't sure if I liked it, fearing an (inevitable)-let down from MDID. Many listens later, I've decided that *Chopping Down the Family Tree* is just another brilliant record from Mark Edwards and friends (folks from Prisonshake, Channel Masters, Death of Samantha and Bastro). The intelligent songs appear well played and produced, with the whole thing nicely packaged. The *Shine* double 7" (Scat) was a great appetizer—the



**My Dad Is Dead**



full course meal is even better. Some picks: "Outside my Window," "Shine," "Walk on Water" and "Know How to Run." [Scat Records] Brett M.

**NATION OF ULYSSES** *The Birth of the Ulysses Aesthetic* 7"

Sheesh. O.k., by now a lot of you are probably familiar with the N.O.U. shtick.

You know, the whole thing about being revolutionaries, and how they're gonna bury the existing political-social-musical order and replace it with their own, and so on? From the interviews I've read (almost *verbatim* the same answers each time), to the propaganda blaring from each record jacket, to the preachy bit on side one of this single, they just don't let up with it. In fact, the message seems to totally eclipse the music. (Although that may not be such a bad idea!) If you're a backward-looking square like me, you might wonder if they're really serious about this little fantasy, or just trying to annoy us grumps. Both, maybe? I dunno, but you can bet that when you next hear of an embassy being blown up, these guys were nowhere around at the time. Shit, whenever I go to knock off members of some fascist country's consulate or poison the White House water supply and need some backup, they pansy out every time; it's always "Sorry, man, but we hafta hang out with our girlfriends today" or "I'm kinda tired; can we do it another night?" Oh well, we'll get 'em next time, huh guys? [Dischord] Matt E.

**NEITHER/NEITHER WORLD** EP

Majestic Chaos First off the dolly-dish in the Hi-Sci combo could slaughter a mammal over my privates any Thursday. .this is strangely reminiscent of early LEMON KITTENS and since Danielle Dax is the coolest WOMEN IN ROCK you're ok in assuming I just might be inclined to endorse this for all you kookie-spooky types...Semantics aside, this ethereal doodling is sick, but then hey, so am I; likewise, anyone reading this rag has to be listing way left of center, so you can handle the Dahmer tribute "Dismember Them"...which points up the handsome tertiary income I derived from the sale of DAHMERWEAR...simply all an ardent watcher of serial killers could hope for...strangely enough I used to sell my brown trout to "Uncle Eddie" Savitz during my high school daze in south Philly...OK so I'm way off the subject...no way...You bent fucks know what time it is; buy this and support the underworld. [Majestic Chaos] Tesco V.

**NEOMORT** *World Of Hurt* CD

Joe Lyons, who writes for this publication when he's not too busy, has been fronting Neo Mort for three or four years, so yeah, I find it hard to criticize them too severely...All's I can say is that their sound is a slightly revved-up version of Carcass, Napalm Death, Old, Cathedral, etc. with slightly more up-front vocals. They're kind of a pub-rock version of grindcore, if you will. Not exactly my cup of tea lately, but if they wanted to do an album with cuts by the Groundhogs, Dr. Feelgood, and say "Long Tall Sally" and "In The Midnight Hour," I'd gladly put away the pints listenin' to 'em down at my local...[Big Money] Mike S.

**NERVOBEATS** *Carjackin'* 7" EP

There seems to be an abiding interest in garage revivalism in Detroit as measured by the presence of bands like Hysteria Narcotics, The Gear, The Gories or Nervobeats. Don't ask me why; maybe it's a reaction to "The Home of Rock n' Roll" WRIF, etc. atmosphere. The Nervobeats snap through the paces in a manner that's lively enough, but you never get the impression that you do with Billy Childish or Shadowy Men or Rev. Horton Heat that the music is energized by an understanding of musical developments since 1966. Snore... [In The Red Records] Bruce A.

**COLIN NEWMAN** *A-Z* CD; *Not To* CD

Colin Newman, Wire front guy, managed to put out just about the only two Wire side projects that didn't suck—*A-Z* and *Not To*. When *A-Z* came out in the late eighties it sounded to me like another Wire album, the logical follow up to *154*, which at the time earned it reviews saying it "sounded too much like Wire..." Many stupid side projects hence, it's easy to see that that was it's strength and not it's weakness. *A-Z* is a very satisfying and complete release, made more worthy on this reissue by the inclusion of three demo tracks, including a version of "Don't Bring Reminders" which later showed up in a different form on *Not To*. As for *Not To*, it's a rather minimal album with virtually no percussion; that has a certain charm about it, especially the version of the Beatles' "Blue Jay Way." "The Singing Fish" sounds like a vacuum cleaner recorded and manipulated by a sampler of some sort, and then dragged out for about half an hour, and as such is a total waste of time. [Restless Retro] Mike S.

**NIBLICK HENBANE** *What's Your Deal?* 7" EP

Well bless my soul if it isn't good old fashioned, toe-tapping oi-influenced punk rock. It's catchy, it's got the necessary sing along choruses and (most importantly) avoids the proto-metal posturing most short haired hardcore bands have slipped into. All on a nifty green and white vinyl single. If bands have to

stick to some dated stylistic parameters, they could do a whole lot worse than Niblick Henbane. Sure, a ramalama version of "Angel of the Morning" can't hurt any, but the band has at least glommed onto the best parts of oi and shucked the worst. [Headache Records] Bruce A.

**NIGHT KINGS** EP

There're fuck yous and there're FUCK YOUs. These hitherto unknown Nor'westerners projectile spew the latter in decidedly believable shiv-wielding fashion. The self-glorifying "Night Kings Theme" (a concept that's still tough to go wrong with) is particularly reminiscent of a track offa some '60s comp that brings you band history nuggets like "singer served three years for LSD possession. Later killed and dismembered third grade teacher." The instr framework could use a little more skeletal mass, as could most trios, but Rob Vasquez' vox fill up the cavities with innards squiggly enough to soothe the most savage carnivore. [Sub Pop] David S.

**NITZER EBB** *As Is* CS

Nitzer Ebb's *As Is* is as all Nitzer Ebb, great if you're really drunk, dressed in black from head to toe, sporting your latest set of combat boots, feeling fashionably morose and are about age 16. Catchy, cute, and clubby, *As Is* provides nothing new, just more of the danceable same. [Geffen] Kathleen K.

**NYMPHS** CD

Yes, hype sure can be a dangerous thing, can't it? When the gang at the front office starts to rubbin' your face in their newest ad campaign, you know a trip to the record store today could be your one-way ticket to chumpdom. DGC's ads for Nymphs use these overwrought mag quotes proclaiming them to be some intense, brutal, ugly monster of a band, all pain and rage and that. Particularly singer Inger Lorre, whom they call "L.A's Anguished Queen" or some shit. Sorry, not when Courtney Love's on that block. (Whether you see her histrionics as somewhat staged or not, you gotta admit upon listening that Courtney's a sizeable bit more angry, in-yer-face, and most of all, convincing). This just sounds like West Coast arena rock to me, only with dreary, my-life-is-such-a-mess, dude lyrics. It's really hard to explain: This disc is neither good, painfully bad, or much of anything in between. It's just, well, not. Good opening band for someone like Alice In Chains or The Cult. [DGC] Matt E.

**OLIVELAWN** *Sophomore Jinx*

Great take off cover from an old Ventures rec., also fairly well done music...gets a little overwrought 'n' pistol-packin' tuff on occasion ("Hate makes the fuckin' world go round..." Oooh, scarell) but basically a high-octane blast fest that should fuel any skater boys (or scooter girls) overdrive tendencies. Band member O has been working in the art department at Trans World Skate for a while, so you know Olive Lawn has the graphic propaganda down pat, and it even sports a subtle Neil Blender influence. Purpose-built and quiet sturdy, Olive Lawn have my permission to entertain. [Cargo] Mike S.

**OLD SKULL** *C.I.A. Drug Fest* CD

Old joke...[Restless] Matt E.

**JIM O'ROURKE** *Tamper* CD

Jim O'Rourke is a guitarist from the Chicago area who has worked in the past with the group Illusion Of Safety. Although he might be assumed to be in the cohort of industrial experimenters, his vista extends into improvisation and composition. This CD works within the confines of what might be called chamber music; strings and woodwinds are used/manipulated and Jim adds his own touch of electronics. The general effect is of a blurry, instrumental wash that carefully builds up around intertwining and overlapping tendrils of sound, some distinctive and others muted. It bears well under intense scrutiny as well as operating under ambient circumstances. O'Rourke has also recently been recorded in live guitar improvisations with Henry Kaiser and has an even more impressive duet with K.K. Null entitled *Neuro-Eco Media* in the works. Extreme is a fairly new Australian label that's releasing material from a variety of artists who can roughly be thrown together as experimental/industrial or whatever. *Tamper* deserves your attention: it's thoughtful and thought provoking in a way that academic "New Music" and cliché-ridden "Industrial" releases never will be. [Extreme] Bruce A.

**OSWALD FIVE-0** *"Eraser" / "Felony Flats"* 7"

With such an awesome name I was all set for a let down (good name equals lame band as a norm—Jeff's rule #666). But mercy, this be a smokin' (so much for rules, huh...) Here's my theory: many, many years ago the Flamin' Groovies were on tour up in the Northwest and fathered a bands worth of kiddies who grew up listening to old Social Distortion and Youth Brigade and one day they started this band. Hey, it makes sense to me and that's the feeling it brings to me when I'm jumpin' around (looking quite a twit, I might add) playing air guitar with this. Big fun and every bit as awesome as their name! [Imp Records (who also have the most awesome logo)] Jeff D.



**THE PARASITES "When I'm Here With You" / "Die Trying" & "Both Sides Now"**

Bright Amerindie jangly power pop played by well-scrubbed white youth who're so sincere and altruistic they shouldn't be allowed to live. Believe me, you don't want to hear them do a Judy Collins song with enough treacle to take on Judy's version as far as '60s wide-eyed world-saving yammering goes. *Chris S.*

**PAVEMENT *Slanted And Enchanted* CD**

The whole world is abuzz with Pavement, and for good reason. This new album is a slice of happiness in the otherwise droll cake of "alternative music." What gives me a full-on robotic chubby is the fact that these pop icons can write a song with hook and melody balanced along with the noisy shit that makes alternative pop different. Really. After all, isn't that what it's all about? Granted, the fucked up noise has now been harmonized, and the lo-tech approach has been abandoned; nevertheless, they deserve to change, if that's what they want to do. In fact, the whole world would be a better place if they listened to Pavement instead of someone like Material Issue. (*Does anyone listen to Material Issue?—Ed.*) [Matador] *Tad Hendrickson*

**PAY THE MAN CS & "Dirty Cop Bust" 7"**

The seven inch represents the more realized effort, and this three piece have definately got their teeth into something. At the center of each song there's a roughly hewn riff, around which ambles off a weird guitar tangent or two. Pay The Man start simply and then slap on a handful of abstraction. If Sonic Youth hadn't tried to make a song like "Goo" sound cute, they might have ended up like this. Not that Pay The Man can be likened to that, because their sloppiness isn't contrived. A real find that measures up to (and beyond) more highly touted outfits like Love Child. Apprehend at the nearest possible moment. [Skyscraper] *Bruce A.*

**PEGBOY *Strong Reaction* CD**

Lean, hard, strong gtr/bs/drum action with declarative Mission Of Burma style vocaling that reminds me of (and yes, I know it's not COOL to say about anybody from the Touch & Go/Chicago axis) the best moments of UK Subs and SLF...why? I don't know; the same kind of raw urgency, felt-in-the-guts piss'n'vinegar worldhate & alienation that fueled (what I used to naively think) p-rokk stood for. I do like it, very much: opens up w/ a ver' hip dubble barrel blast (title toon and "Still Uneasy"...wait, now I'm thinking of the first Anti-Nowhere League LP) & continues unabated until the last grueling, tortured chord is struck...yah, if I were picky I could argue that the Pegboy sound winds up a tad one-dimensional, but I know I can rest easy with the thought that I can plunk down anywhere in the middle and not be disappointed...cool. [Touch & Go] *David B. L.*

**PICASSO TRIGGER "Colossal Man" 7"**

Was Picasso the one who cut off his ear? Must have been. [Jettison] *Sean M.*

**PIM "Fade Away" / "Move On" 7"**

Gallopin' gonads! Sleazy, sexy psycho-billyesque femme's from Finland (actually there appears to be one dude in the band as well but les' see ya say that ten times fast). Really, I love this and they look soooo cool in their Finnish cowboy hats, black 'n silver sparkle fishnets and

white(!) lipstick on the cover. One part Cramps and one part Creedence equals a winner here. [Gaga Goodies] *Jeff Dahl*

**PITCHBLENDER "Sum" / "Lacquer Box" 7"**

"Sum" exacts a figure with Sebadoh and S. Youthian algorithms. It's left-handed if indistinct. Exactly. Blo says: "If you like your music loud, you might want to try the b-side first." Since my hearing aid is on the fritz, I thought that sound advice. "Lacquer Box" is blambastic and screamish. Time was, guitarist Justin Chearno played bass in Unrest. I like it pretty well. [Land Speed] *Patrick W.*

**PITCH SHIFTER *Industrial* CS**

Calling Pitch Shifter Godflesh, Jr. is not too cruel, methinks. Which is not to say that this is a bad album. I enjoy it quite a bit. But some form of honesty dictates that I was only able to differentiate Pitch Shifter from Godflesh by listening really closely to the cymbal tones on the rhythm track. That's the only thing they seem to use in a substantially unique manner compared to Broadrick and Co. *Industrial* is probably only the

beginning for this band, and hopefully they will begin to adopt more of their own personality. Until then... [Deaf/Peaceville via Revolver] *Bruce A.*

**PLEASURE THIEVES *My Favourite Drug* 12"**

The debut 12" by this L.A. band didn't do much for me. It's really lush sounding and heavily textured, with a string section and trumpets on the two versions of "My Favourite Drug" here. A cover of Jim Carroll's "It's Too Late" from his Catholic Boy LP appears, but it is scarcely different from (and much less interesting than) the original. There must be some sort of niche for this kind of sound, but it's probably not found among *Your Flesh* readers. Some final words of warning: the frontman, the "classically-trained" Sinjin (this should already be making you nervous) says they're influenced by the likes of the Waterboys, Style Council and R.E.M. Need I say more? [Thieves Records] *Brett M.*

**POPDEFECT *3rd Degree Road Burn* 7" EP**

Fred Travalena-level impressions of The Association, Sound and Paper Tulips (along with a strictly amateur hour traipse through Link Wray's "Jack The Ripper"). If you've always dreamed of one neat package brimming with the above, dig in. I'll pass. [Flipside] *David S.*

**POP SMEAR "Angeltalk"/"Gotta Go" 45**

Jenny Hubbard might be the most demanding vocal presence this side of



Lou Reed

photo by Diego Uchitel



Thalia Zedek, and her throaty snarls really drive home the Dangerous Birds' comparisons that're bound to arise when an XX-chromosomed combo has this much of a grasp on assault art. "Angeltalk," an encouragingly pro-spirit world rant, is slightly more difficult to hang ten on than is (relatively) straightforward counterpart—the former wobbles like Tim Warren on a bender, the latter huffs and puffs with enough brute force to put a straw through your head at 50 yards.

[Harriet, PO Box 649, Cambridge, MA 02238] David S.

**PORN ORCHARD** *Urges & Angers* CD

With so many bands trying to replicate a post-hardcore formula that was synthesized around 1988 by bands on Touch & Go and Homestead it's nice to see a group like Porn Orchard begin to elbow their way to the front of the line. The instrumental twists and turns and guitar whack first demonstrated on *Heart and Brain Raw* (placed on this CD for easy comparison) have been integrated into a more seamless structure. Curtiss Prentice's guitar wanderings have been tightly interwoven to the skeletons of the songs and now the whole band is plowing through with them. There is a dark, monor chord tone fulminating throughout *Urges* that undercuts any moves toward SST-style instrumental zaniness and really does set the album aside from the pack. The only weakness I could point out would be that the vocals sometimes tend to too closely ape the music, but that's a minor quibble at best. Porn Orchard have fashioned a really unique sound on their first long player and *Urges & Angers* marks them as a presence on the independent circuit. They have plenty of forerunners (let's say Phantom Tollbooth, Honor Role and Die Kreuzen for starts) but have now come up with a style of their own that can actually reach up to the level of inspiration. Not grunge, not grindcore, not anything you've heard tossed around and far better than the bands some are tossing up (Codeine, for example) as indicative of a new trend; Porn Orchard may just emerge as a significant band on the strength of this LP. Get it. [C/Z] Bruce A.

**POSIES** "Feel" / "I Am The Cosmos" 7"

The first substantiation o' Seattle powder pop mavens' claims o' influence of Big \*. An' this is a ver' forthright copycat o' Chris Bells' "Feel" from #1 Record & "I Am The Cosmos" characteristically eno'. So I don't think they get the point. Whether it's the Hollies, Big \* or Blue Ash yr regurgiting, the thang re: \* and more valid "adherents" pers se is how influences are warped and smithed, under hammer und tongs, fire und wasser. Finally, bo'ever, the non-grouch in me thinks this is as cute as a paper dolly in it's parrotty—limning in the urgent grasping after hard-to-reach high notes, the slurred arpeggios, and all the original "warps" quite faithfully. An' the cover homage to Radio City's cool too. [Popllama] Howard W.

**PRISONSHAKE** "Someone Else's Car" / "Hairball," "Where She Goes" 7"

I don't feel silly. Prisonshake rocks. A driving number, an industrial blues thing, a gritty slice of fallible gultar kablamo. I like it. Patrick W.

**PROJECT 6** "Freedom" / "Drum Roll Please" 7"

Punk rock with thumb poppin' bass and instrumental adeptness all too eagerly displayed. Project 9 promise to achieve the sort of facile genre jumping Victims Family abuse the public with in only a matter of years. Isn't now the time for an Unprovoked Retaliatory Strike? Oh wow, *The McLaughlin Group* is on TV, gotta go, Jack Germond's on this week! [Muzock] Bruce A.

**PSEUDONYMPHS** "Anuthaday" / "Blood"

Even though they're local, this is my first encounter with them. (Well, I didn't get out much this winter). Basic punk noise, with an off-kilter groove, particularly on the a-side. I'm not bowled over, but it sure ain't all bad, either. They do sound like they might be entertaining live, so let me get a little of that before I decide. [Pigseye] Matt Entsminger

**PSYCKICK WARRIORS OF GAIA** *Maenad* CD

I recently had my nipples pierced, and I insisted on no anaesthesia of any sort, save for this CD. The soothing acid-disco sounds were as comforting as the sound of Genesis P. Orridge's voice beckoning me to join him in his dental chair. Now, with my nipples linked by an extremely thin platinum chain, I'm gonna go down to Cheapo and see if they'll give me a quarter for this piece of shit. [Kk] Mike S.

**PUBLIC ENEMY** *Apocalypse 91: The Enemy Strikes Black* CS

Great name huh? Kind of reminiscent of Blacula, Bruce Leroy, etc. and this album is almost as cool as the theme record from "Shaft in Africa," which I also recently procured. I can remember riding in my buddy's van, with about 30 screaming assholes in it (most of us white, ironically enough), doing a gas run, sideswiping cars all night, all the while throwing down to Public Enemy. Probably if you would be into it, you already are, but there was a time when I didn't listen to *Yo! Bum Rush the Show!* b/c I thought they were too racist. It didn't matter though, because listening to "You're Gonna Get Yours" or "Let's Start This" could put you in the mood to jump around like a crazed ass no matter what, even if they've become firmly entrenched in pop culture. Came to realize when I listened to the record myself that all I had heard was bullshit even in the interviews with PE. I can empathize, because the same thing is happening to me this very day in Kalamazoo MI, home of the paranoid college do-gooder witchhunters. Where was I. Oh yeah. "Lost at Birth," the opening cut, kicks off the rekkid with the usual repetitive Shocklee style whinebuzz howl over the slickest of samples, plus the beat rules too. This is the best track, says I. "Rebirth" and "Shut 'em Down" thump out loud, and "More News at 11" recalls the awesome mixing of "Incident at 66.6 FM, Can We Get a Witness? (I think I'm remembering it correctly)." "Move," "Nighttrain," and "One Million Bottlebags" chastise the black community who are arguably PE's main listeners for what they feel is their own involvement with the problems in black ghettos. Of course, w/Anthrax, "Bring Tha Noize"... Got the nerve as hell, back once again is the incredible...Why do you think they call it dope? [Columbia Records] John L.

**THE RAMONAS** "Misdirected" / "I Don't Like You" & "She's A Bitch" 7"

With a name like the Ramonas you probably figured out who is a major influence. Short, sweet an' powerful with a strong sense of melody and hooks up the yin 'n yang. An excellent outing, now I gotta track down their 12" EP but in the meantime, bow 'bout a full LP 'o new material? I'd buy it!!! [Detour Records] Jeff Dahl

**THE REAL KIDS** LP

'Bout time this circa late 70's Bosstown stuff was available to the huddled masses. Pop that rocks with choruses that kill. Maybe if ya crossed the Raspberries with the Dolls or Heartbreakers (I ain't talkin' about the Tom Pathetic version) you'd get the idea. And I give 'em points for havin' a bass player named Alpo! [Norton Records] Jeff Dahl

**LOU REED** *Magic And Loss* CD

Hate to sound like a bandwagon-jumper, but golly fuck if this isn't some prime Reed, despite the utterly silly and pretentious double-naming of the songs (i.e. "The Thesis," "Reverie Gone Astray"). This is the same man responsible for *Mistrial?* Unbelievable....much closer to "Blue Mask," even though it's def. a '90s-style "sensitive" Reed in evidence here. *Magic & Loss* is a protracted meditation on disease and death, with the focus placed squarely on an unnamed, now-departed female protagonist & Reed's relationship thereto; the spectre of AIDS and cancer hang over this record like a ten ton weight, while Reed candidly and intimately speculates on what sounds for all the world like the worst kind mental pain imaginable. "I want some magic to sweep me away...I want to count to five, turn around and find myself gone."



# DEMORAMA

by Steve Miller

You know, there is really no reason to record other than for a record...if you are just doin' it to see how you sound, stick a cassette in the corner at rehearsal...Demos just make you look like a buncha losers...Wait till you have a reason, then record what you need for release, plus a couple more to shop around...but fer no reason just record and send it to a national magazine staffed by semi-professional Journalists...I mean when you look at this list below, you begin to realize the state of what would pass for the underground...and there is not a shining moment to be found...get yourself a library card...

Crawlappy Demo Tape...Never put your shitty demo on anything but a high bias tape, guys... Eye & I Promo Cassette...So, this is what Heart are up to now...have you seen how HUGE Nancy Wilson has gotten? Must be all that pot and those Ho Hos...Saw a photo of her with her boyfriend Jerry A., and it is truly a matchup, both geographically and diametrically correct... Hardvark Demo Tape...Like staring at a completely blank page...

Toxic Narcotic Demo Tape...No reason for kids like this to ever get ahold of musical instruments, much less make this tape available to anybody who would be in a position to explain it...plus they're from Cambridge...Strike Three...

Cradle Cap Demo Tape...At least they started this four-song loser with a decent tune... The Rock Tots Demo Tape...What a great four-track recording job...music is useless rock while the voice does a good job with such a bland backdrop...never heard such a great production job done with a four-track...would be interested in hearing them in a year...

Some intense, understated stuff which manages the hugely difficult task of plunging headlong into pure emotion without succumbing to the maudlin. "I need more than faith can give me now..." listen, and fuckin' believe. There's the usual sort of Reed awkwardness at times, the disjointed rhymes and goofy allusions that have punctuated the guy's work e'er since the Velvets, but here it all fits together to make something distinctly human and vulnerable. Not exactly characteristics generally treasured here at *Your Flesh* I know, but this time I'll buy it. [Sire/Warners] *David B. L.*

## RIDE *Going Blank Again* CD

You know, a dear old friend of mine once said, "Why do the British always hafta ruin everything?" Exempting Leatherface and Motorhead, dang, he's right, isn't he? [Sire/Reprise] *Matt Entsminger*

## RITES OF SPRING *End On End* CD

If you were unfortunate enough to have missed out on this tip of the emocore iceberg the first time out of the box, it won't take you much time to figure out why it is the first three Fugazi records are so vital. It's not as though I don't like what MacKaye did or does before or after Embrace, it's just when Guy Piccotto takes to the forefront the earth cracks and the oceans part. Let's face it, the man is more or less the pure embodiment of heartfelt, angst-fed punk rock soul, and it would take somebody with the equivalent IQ to that of a bag full of rocks and a heart the size of a peanut not to feel this as being true fact. The self titled debut LP, which comprises most of this, was for me hands down the best album I can recollect hearing back in the mid '80's ('85/'86 if memory serves me), and its funny because its impact here in 1992 still stands the test of time; by definition, a classic without peer (save maybe that Faith 12" where this label is concerned, but that was a beast of an altogether different stripe!) [Dischord] *Peter D.*

## SACRED MIRACLE CAVE LP

It's not hard to spot the hands of collusion at work: from first glimpse o' the sleeve (infused with enough mystical shit—like SMC mandalas[!]-to choke Ken Fuckin' Hensley) to the sound (fuzzier'n the inside of Roky Erickson's cerebrum), this SoCal super(spuzz) group's attempt to recreate the sensation only a Goodwill-bought early-'70s timewarp of a disc can offer is nothing short of, well mind-blowing. To their credit, they could have tried to pass it off as such: Goldmine ads ain't all that expensive, and at \$175 a pop, these babies could've kept Mssrs. (and Miss) Walther, Clark, Tellegman, Bagarozzi and Palmer rollin' in frijoles for many a season to come. If you've heard the singles, some of which are reprinted here, you know the general dynamic-long stretches of megafuzz guitar leads punctuated by guy/gal vox droning on about crystal ships, highway stars, and long sweaty sessions of oral pleasure (in a purely spiritual sense, of course). But where their individually-wrapped slices never left much of an impression, the cumulative effect of getting your head to absorb this much chemical spillage is numbing in a pleasantly post-surgical vein. [Bomp!] *David S.*

## SAM HILL *The Right Side Of Time* 7" EP

Decent by-the-numbers melodic punk from Boston that bears enough resemblance to bands like Last Stand and The Not to make me think there's something in the water. [Forehead Records] *Mike T.*

## SANITY ASSASSINS *Not What You Think* 7" EP

Maybe I'm missing something. Did Uriah Heep do anything for you? [Dionysus] *David S.*

## SEAWEED *Weak* CD

Though I ain't the most avid follower of the pop-punk scene, I will say Seaweed is about a hundred times better than those silly SoCal outfits one might lump 'em in with. The music's more arresting, the lyrics aren't all silly and cute and sugary, and best of all, they don't have a mother-lovin'dreadlock between them! If the style suits you, shove



aside all thosesurfer boy dreamboats and help yourself. [SubPop] *Matt Entsminger*

**SEBADOH *Oven is My Friend* EP**

Some bands have it, some others don't. Sebadob III and the "Assbole" single proved definitively that these guys belonged in the former category, if the first two records didn't. So what's this? More icing on the cake. A great Church Police cover, and some other sonicness/harshness like "Prove It" (reminiscent of old 1/2 Jap) and "Cbeapshot" make this noisy gem a must have. If it is true that Sebadob will only release singles this year you better plan on getting them all. [Siltbreeze] *Brett M.*

**SEBADOH/AZALIA *SNAIL* 7"**

Public service announcement. This is the first single from a new label that knows where to begin. Book one is a split single that allows Sebadob and Azalia Snail to share more than similar mindsets. Sebadob sounds like three different bands these days, depending on who writes and arranges the songs but none of their fans are choosing camps so let's just say that each of these songs is different. The human interest angle is that the first song, "Toledo" can be found in a more abstract form on the second Dinorsaur record masquerading as "Poledo."

A few words about Azalia Snail. She's got a single and LP that are floating around but the mechanics of this baby are much better. Like Seba, she takes this afflicted acoustica trip and makes beauty sound as disturbed as it often is. "St. Nowhere" is an affecting song until the timely interludes allow the guitar to lope around some dramatic percussion. "U.M.O." involves spoken word tapes and studio trickery. This is a style which is rapidly becoming a genre; when it's done like this, who cares. [Dark Beloved Cloud, 5-16 47th Road #3L, Long Island City, NY 11101] *Ernesto D.*

**SENATOR FLUX *Story Knife* CD**

The sock of the new/Now. I think the Meat Puppets grazed this terrain as they first drew in their horns and tried to connect with the same preliterate, non-narrative viscosity-as-vision space without recourse to the uncontrolled inventions of harmonic distortion and structural destruction via the compression of ultra speed and volume. To wit: A very conservative approach to psychedelic artistic deformations of formalist pop and rock 'n' roll imperatives. Meaning? The purest "pop" rush since Velvet Elvis' "Over & Out" or "Too Involved" by Teenage Fanclub.

Rilly. Can't say too much to recommend this to alienated "pop" fans who aren't buying into the Velvet Crush hype. Good tunes, all warping and woofing out of conventional, predictable forms like magma sliding down a lava tube, adding to the roof at some points and melting through it at others, willy-nilly. But the red, glowing slag keeps flowing. Ya dig? Like an abler Super Chunk.

If they ever sign to a major, I pray no A&R dolt ever pairs 'em with Todd Rundgren. [Imago] *Howard W.*

**SENTRIDOH "Losercore" / "Really Insane" 7"**

This single, on Steve Shelley's label, contains two undated works by Lou Barlow from Sebadob, both of which posit (inter)personal reflections (like "Forget your paranoid reason to judge my true intention") around plaintive guitar work. For this listener, it's yet another proof of the Sebadob-camp's right-on-ness, but when I asked my buds Jane and Vince, who've liked most other Sebadob-ish stuff, what they thought, they simply said, "losercore, alright." I disagree—this single has been one of my favorites so far this year. Look for a new record from the full group out on Sub Pop this summer. [Smells Like Records] *Brett M.*

**SEVEN YEAR BITCH 7" EP**

As far as I'm concerned, a woman can be the next Pope. Seven Year Bitch prove women can be the next Skin Yard, too, but don't expect me to

care any more about that.. [Face The Music, PO Box 1812, Olympia, WA 98507] *David S.*

**SHIVA "Starlings" / "Gunride," "Crying Sobbing Male" 7"**

"Starlings" features very pretty, interweaving, near-psych guitar lines that float around a verbose tangle of nonsensical vocals. The other song is a tad crunchier. Shiva features Chuck Uchida (ex-Defoliants, I believe) and like his previous outfit Shiva reflects a level of stylistic indecision that blunts any appeal. I guess we're listening to Jane's Addiction now and not Naked Raygun. Hey man, roll with those changes. *Bruce A.*

**SHONEN KNIFE "Lazy Bone" / "Blue Oyster Cult" 7"**

Having heard the Sbaggs and the 2 pc. 1/2 Jap, I've not always needed Shonen Knife whilst assuredly appreciating their existence and being happy for their burgeoning pseudo-career. But e'en a barded dilettante such as I am left gasping for conceptual breath by the non-LP B side of their latest single. "Blue Oyster Cult" finds the gals striking a jaunty trasb-surf groove, intoning "Brue, brue, brue oyster; brue, brue, brue oyster," Before launching into Japanese verses. Fuck!! Rip my head off and feed it into a document shredder! Yes, God did give rock 'n' roll to us. [Gasatanka/Rockville] *Howard W.*

**SHONEN KNIFE 712 CD / "Space Christmas" 7"**

Multiculturalism. "U-U-Ultra eccentric super cult punk pop band Shonen Knife." There you have it. 712 is the Shonen Knife you've come to know with a few welcome diversions. More songs about rock bands (Redd Kross, White Flag) and food (oysters, Fruit Loops, ice cream). They cover Redd Kross, Big Dipper and two Lennon tunes. The wierdest is their rendition of "The Luck of the Irish" with Redd Krossers-in-arms. Shonen Knife get lots of studio assistance on 712. A frivolous, enthusiastic record. The "Space Christmas" single is more infectious than a G.G. Allin soul kiss. Never out of season, and you get an interview/Christmas greeting on the flip. [Rockville] *Patrick W.*

**SHRIMP BOAT *Ouende* CD**

Take a little FEELIES...add a dash of BONGOS...throw in some HOOTERS, and shake well... deep six in raging disposal...the worst thing I've heard since the last WARRIOR SOUL record...I still bate you Korey.. to the very depth of my soul I hate you..worse than herpes zoster...worse than the seeds in my pot, and the sharp corn in my shit...And when we finally meet in deepest, hottest, Hades I will find you, and carve the lower track outa you fore I fuck it...then I'll pour an Osmonds thermos fulla aids infected jit down yer throat...fuck you bard, you little overrated pipsqueek.. [Bar None Records] *Tesco Vee*

**SIDESHOW 7"**

Four songs recorded live, which means the guitars sound like pins instead of nails...each song shows good basswork, but that sure isn't going to save this from being tossed into the trasb compactor along with the other crybaby shit by bands of the Fugazi philosophy...sensitive?...Are you guys sure you didn't get the band name and the label name juxtaposed?...the lyrics deal with all that pain that life doles out...C'mon man, tell me a story at least...good package tho...sure is a mean ole world, huh kid? [Caulfield] *Miller*

**SIR MIXALOT *Mack Daddy* CS**

This sounds a lot like T-La Rock or Steady B from about four years ago. The subject matter includes girls, cars, sex, sex with girls in cars and the requisite "revenge fantasy." Sir Mixalot has a stilted delivery that doesn't always flow well and that does handicap this album quite a bit. Oh well, he can always get a job at *Motor Trend*. [Def American] *Bruce A.*

**SKIN CHAMBER *Wound* CD**

Paul Lemos' music doesn't sound like it was recorded by a high school teacher, but maybe that explains the problem with it anyway. For all of Skin Chamber's little attempts at sounding mean and dangerous,



they still come off as a cut-rate, overly-long *Filth* -era Swans addicted to a mediocre formula. Growly, howly, some neat samples, but when all's said and done it's a painful (in the wrong way) experience. Pity; I used to like Controlled Bleeding a lot too. And as for the cover pix: the Social Distortion of "industrial" music, to be sure. [R/C] *David B. L.*

**SKINNY PUPPY *Last Rights* CD**

Dear Capitol Records:

I hate to break it to you, but are you aware that you have some completely talentless people on your label?

I'm sure that this is only the first time this has happened...

Love & Kisses, Your Faithful Toadie

*David B. L.*

**SKRAPYARD *Sex is Sex* LP**

I slapped this one on expecting more than I got. Meaning-this record is tamer than Teenage Fan Club. I kid you not. The point being-do not buy a record on basis of title, cover, or label [Alternative Tentacles] *Scott H.*

unexpected joy; I hadn't been a real rabid fan of the band before this (tho *Cut* did have it's moments), but I'll now gladly argue their merits with the most rabid L7 or Stinkerbell fan. This is truly more worth it than 99% of today's new releases, n' yr a craven fool to pass it up. [Strange Fruit] *Mike S.*

**SLOVENLY "Drive It Home"/"Abbernathy" 7"**

More varied than even their hardly one-dimensional SST albums, this long-in-the-making four-songer deals in the same fractious progressivism, while tempering the melodrama that often made it tough to stick with 'em for the long haul. Guest Trish Searce brings a delicate Fish & Roses cum Knitters tension to the knowingly folkish "Welcome Home" while the instro workout "Sixth Fingerless" finds the Slovenly guitar troika treading softly (but surely) atop a Frith-ian bag of tricks. Still likelier to leave you scratching your head than banging it, but is that so wrong? [Ajax] *David S.*

**SMUGGLERS AT MARINELAND 10" LP**

Since it's been well-established that there's no surf in Cleveland, guess I'm pretty much the best authority 'round these parts when it comes to judging wahini wannabes. Well, these Canucks have few peers—not only in the hang-ten department, but in the whole backward-glancing genre. That's 'cause they're firmly aware of a) what year we actually live in and b) the indefensible goofiness of playing any kind of "rock 'n' roll" in this day and age. Whether they're urging a beach bunny to ride the bus with 'em, taunting skinheads with reggae or explaining Led Zeppelin's intellectual capacities ("as high as Picasso or Wilson Pickett") keep 'em from sucking, the Smugglers never offer up a high hard punchline when a knuckle curve'll do. Sonics, by the way, compare favorably to the best Estrus-styled mung, making this a must-have...providing you haven't used up all yer laffs on that last Rollins rec. [Nardwuar, Box 27021, 1395 Marine Drive, West Vancouver, BC V7T 2X8] *David S.*

photo by Jon Rossi



**The Styrenes**

**SKULL CONTROL EP**

Can I get past the fact they come from the only music market deader than NYC..Los A...Competent 1982 style putzpunk bout sniffing glue while building models...and a legless chick...recoded live at the Whiskey...and in case you dun believe em they got a pic of the Marquee on the sleeve...I've heard worse... [Iloki Records] *Tesco Vee*

**SKY CRIES MARY *Exit at the Axis* CS EP**

Nouveau-hippy hoo hah with a thin veneer of technology, just enough to appeal to the Kate Bush fans of the world. A song called "Moon Dream Meadow Allegory" says it all. There's a touch of sampling and scratching and third world rhythms, but it all comes off without any real impact. [World Domination/ Capitol] *Bruce A.*

**SLITS *Peel Sessions* EP**

Cowabunga!! Any sense of laissez-faire I had started to feel about those Peel Session releases was quickly scattered by this truly kick ass 7 song CD by the Slits. From opener "Love and Romance" thru the set-ending "FM," this is white-knuckle first wave punk of tge highest order, with incredibly high production values to boot. A truly

**SNATCHES OF PINK *Bent With Pray* LP**

What a way to die. Two years ago, Snatches of Pink released their first LP, *Dead Men*. Though it wasn't exactly fresh fruit, it had more attitude than most bands could bear. That alone made the LP a relative giant compared to what else was coming out at the time. Now it looks like they spend all their chutzpah in one place as *Bent With Pray* is watered down and shockless. The songs are buried in over dramatic arrangements that rely on overamplified acoustic stumblings. Nary a song to be remembered, just a corpse that's fit to be trod upon even by the likes of Petty, Mellancamp and Springsteen. [Caroline Records] *Ernesto D.*

**SNFU *Last of the Big Time Suspenders* CD**

As much as I'm a fun loving hockey playing jock rocker, I gotta know what's up with this shit. Composed of some mediocre sounding live tracks and even worse sounding studio stuff, this disc bites. Hey, glad you guys are still having fun and all, but fuck. [Cargo] *Scott H.*

**SOCIAL DISTORTION *Somewhere Between Heaven And Hell* CS**

...last time I saw Mike Ness was at Dischord house in 82...black runny



racoon makeup...all junked out and sporting one of the ugliest girlfriends ever to walk the planet...I gave him up for dead, but alas, the old axiom holds true...if you hang around long enough...in all it's sing songy simplicity, this is very catchy...no doubt very big with the coeds (OK, I live in a cave, but even I know college quim spreads for this brackish country wind). OK, so it's middle of the rutted road mush...Ok, so it isn't even that good.. *Tesco Vee*

**SOFA HEAD** *Made in Austria* CD

The Avengers sure were great ya know? Sofa Head are inculcated with the spirit of 1977 and that just won't fly in 1992...and to think the best track on this 30-song release is the very last one, "No Time"...that's the one where the guitars take a back seat to a Killing Joke style drumaround...good voice though, young lady. [Meantime] *Miller*

**SOLAR ENEMY** *Dirty Vs Universe* CD

Solar Enemy starts their engine at a point where the KLF puts the car in the garage for the evening. As far as industrial house gurgles go, this music is pretty enjoyable. S.E. interject sampled diatribes that are more subtle, both in presence and content, than most of their peers to come off like a non-bombastic Le Syndicate. The music emits a rather absorbant pulse and as background for poking a tiny hole in a box and staring at the sun, this ain't a bad way to go. [Third Mind/Roadrunner] *Mike T.*

**SPECULA** *Vena Cava* EP

All things lovely and proper. Specula proffer a visionary collision twixt thundering dino-grooves and spontaneous aleatory combusting. Fans o' classic Chrome, Die Electric Eels and X\_X will love. You know, if Dave Mustaine could write shit this good, he wouldn't've got booted outta Metallica. [Monkey Tech] *Howard W.*

**SPINOUT** "I'm A Rocket" 7"

A girl from Texas with pretty good taste swore up and down that these guys were "really badass" live and I think she meant "good." Just goes to show you that your parents were right about not trusting "dancers." [Delicious Vinyl] *Sean M.*

**SPINOUT** CS

I know this has been out for a while, but I didn't see any reviews of it, and I don't know a damn soul who's been fortunate enough to be enlightened...Spinout is a band that realizes reviews, opinions, popularity and other fateful occurrences are governed by the whim of tiny minds and have given up or never started trying to impress people they don't give a shit about. Instead they made a kickass r'n'r record which only graced my ears by mere happenstance. It is 17 slamming songs about the most banal of subjects (cars, hate, drinkin' moonshine) because there's nothing good to sing about anyway. Check this out: "Yeah yeah yeah/your girlfriend's a bitch/yeah yeah yeah/your girlfriend's a bitch/she's always dressed so fine/I swear that girl is stupid/yeah yeah yeah." Fucking brilliant. Better to be smart enough to rip on the stupid panderings of others and maybe get violent. Great improv, humor, and allusions to other rock greats ("up all night, sleep all day, up all night, sleep all day, sleep all day...") "She's my cherry pie..." hah, hah, hah). If this next one (here's the entire lyrics to "Pretty Flowers") doesn't make you want to buy this, I must hate you because you've got no sense of poetry: "Way down in the valley/ in the valley so low/ you can hang your head over/ and see the flowers grow/ way up on the mountain/ way on up way up high/ you can throw yourself over/ and baby you can die." Hell yes. [Delicious Vinyl] *John L.*

**SPOKE** *Celebrated* 7"

They cite Jawbox in the credits for "endless inspiration." Spoke's post-hardcore that pop probably sounds better within the context of the Gainesville FL "scene"—Hardback Cafe on a sweaty August Saturday, all age audience squirming en masse—than it does in my living room. There ain't nothin' wrong with that. At least until I get everything nailed down

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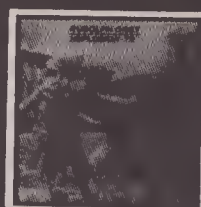


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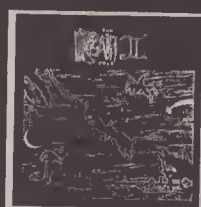


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and up to code. [No Idea] *Patrick W.*

**SPOT 1019 Sampler CD**

Spot 1019 strike with a relentless, pitiless cleverness that's reminiscent of other, equally smart outfits like They Might Be Giants. And I shiver. Listening to this combination of tracks from *This World Owes Me a Buzz* and *Spot 1019* does nothing to dissuade me from my previously uninformed prejudice against the band. [Frontier Records] *Bruce A.*

**SPROTON LAYER With Magnetic Fields Disrupted LP**

Roger Miller (Birdsongs, Burma, NoMan) cut his teeth playin' freaked-out suhrhan progressive hong-worship stuff with this group circa '68-70. Kinda wacky I guess, and ya might even be sort of impressed by it's level of competency, but it's not one of the sterling achievements of the era. I believe that the spirit it was released in, however, doesn't really call for that kind of high-handed comment, and it's more than possible to have fun listening to this record, but I think it would mean the most to someone who was in a similarly goofy/stoned head at the time and just wanted to reminisce a bit. I wasn't, but I definitely have smoked enough pot to relate, and I do enjoy this scruffy li'l disc. Remember Apogee hongs? Or those revolving "six shooter" bowls? Or Powerhitters, or...um, Toke-erators, or...I forget. [New Alliance] *Mike S.*

**THE STEPPES Alive Alive, Oh LP**

Recorded live in Germany and it's some pretty fun spuzz if'n you're into the 60's thang. I hear traces of Quicksilver, Blue Cheer, Love, 'lectric Prunes and tons of others. If you're as totally old as I am it's quite a kick hearing someone, in these sterile modern times, play the kind of music that I grew up with with such passion and soul. And if you've ever thought that someone should do a wild rave-up of the 1812 Overture, this is the disc for you. [Vox] *Jeff Dahl*

**ST. ETIENNE Foxbase Alpha CD**

The basic dollop of Anglo synth-pop with a helping of sugary girlie vocals sprinkled over the top. St. Etienne is, in the finest pop tradition, a strictly studio made confection; with a couple of touches of ambient and instrumental weirdness to add a bit of intellectual appeal to those who consider themselves to be above the charms of Bananarama or Kylie Minogue. No need to expand upon the assertion that the pleasures herein are all transitory (in the record store it's inoffensive enough when I'm working) and I can't see the point in sitting down to listen to this. But that's what radio is for, I guess.

[Warner Brothers] *Bruce A.*

**STRAITJACKET FITS Roller Ride +3 CD**

A rowdy sort of name is none too fitting for these antipodean popsters. If popstuff is good, I like it like nothing else, will cry over it, defend it to total strangers in bars, etc., but if it falls short of great, I will wrinkle my nose up in disgust and blow it quite forcefully in the purveyor's general direction. Let's just say I'm sitting here content with two delightfully empty nostrils right now...for fans: three of the songs

on here are live, and sound it. [Arista] *Mike S.*

**STRAPPING FIELD HANDS 7" EP**

This cool stuff sounds like these two Kiwis wacked off on corn cobs for inspiration. Then they distilled the remains into sour mash whiskey and drank the whole thing themselves. What came out on that four track they used is a sound that can only be described as redneck avant garde. Touche. [Silt Breeze] *Tad Hendrickson*

**STRONGBOX "Died of a Theory" & "Hairy Houdini" / "Hate Mail" & "Deadly Season" 7"**

Halfway-able sorta punk 1992 (or sorta rather slowed down heavy metal 1992) that seems to aspire to an Amphetamine Reptile inking hut probably won't (well, we'll see). Those who like that hray'll like this (as for me, I'll stick w/the old standbys), but I must say that the between-song speak's one of the less-brilliant ideas to cross the heads of these usually half-smart hoys. [Bullet Head] *Chris S.*

**STUMPY JOE One Way Rocket Ride To Kicksville CD**

I can just see these guys' house...They all live together, practice in the basement, have a couple well-used hongs on the coffee table, a large assortment of skin mags layin' around, empty Falstaff hottles everywhere, blankets as curtains...doin' a joint before Poly Sci class in the morning...the problem that I have as I read the lyrics and listen to the tunes is that I was never in that whole college thing...I have no empathy for their dilemma...When I got my student loan, I went to St. Martin and washed dishes for a while...college just seemed too right...Well, I'm glad I never had to live in Stumpy Joe's shoes...This CD is a literate-college educated literate-narration of

being a loser in college. fair production with an early Replacements lean, and not a had fucked-up lead guitar player...when these guys are workin' late at the office in 10 years, they can look back on this and remember how wild they used to be. [Popluma] *Miller*

**STYRENES It's Artastic! CD**

A companion to the Electric Eels compilation reviewed elsewhere in this issue, the Styrenes, or the Styrene Money Band or whatever the hell ya wanna call 'em, were another ahead-o'-their-time Cleveland crew. Their specialty was clever 'n' cynical jazzy 'n' new wavy pop, done better (and earlier) than most. Not quite as exciting as the Eels, but I would of much preferred cutting my teeth on their stuff to Orchestral Manoeuvres in

the Dark or Gary Numan. A name you may recognize that passed through their ranks is one Anton Fier, and they also had some help from Dave E. and John Morton from the Electric Eels (they were so chummy, in fact, that they even performed the Eels' "Jaguar Ride"). If you already own everything Pere Ubu put out, have some Pagans stuff and the Eels material, then you're definitely gonna want this, even if it's just to "fill in the cracks." [Homestead] *Mike S.*



Teenage Fanclub

photo by Michael Lavine



**ANATOL SUCHER** *Starfish Days* CD

Cheap 'n' cheerful electro-pop snooze ver' much like an early Tears For Fears home demo. Or if the lead singer dude outta Human League (the one who really didn't do much or any playing—their hits were actually writ and played by ex-Rezillos' Jo Callis) did a solo album for cassette-only release by a UK micro-indie. So if you pine for the early days o' Thompson Twins, Vice Versa, Silicon Teens or Head Cheese (now called Book Of Love), dig in! [P.O. box 14734, San Francisco, CA 94114] *Howard W.*

**SUGARBOOM** *"Spiral" / "Move" 7"*

Sticky-sweet, collegiate power pop without any redeeming virtues like personality and hooks. Am I done yet? [Schizophrenic Records] *Bruce A.*

**SUGAR SHACK** *Backwash* EP

Well, there hasn't been much to be had in the growth department by these Texas retards. Like there can be with three old songs and two new ones. That's okay; if you're into it, you're into it. The highlight is "You're A Freak" (the lyrics aren't nearly as bad as the four other songs; plus, it has a killer hook). "Nerves" gets runner-up for the way cool lick, but even that regresses a bit. On the whole, it's pretty good, but I fear the same problem I have with those other cowpokes on Trance: the one trick pony don't do it for more than a whole album side, if that. By the by, this is a reissue from down under. [Messiah Complex] *Tad Hendrickson*

**SUGAR SHACK** *Fearless Frat Killer 7"*

I can only believe that this was aimed at our distinguished readership. No matter. Believe it or not, the third song sounds like a Billy Childish rave-up. Will wonders never cease. [Anomie] *Tad Hendrickson*

**SUPERCHUNK** *No Pocky For Kitty* CD

Certainly Superchunk occupies hallowed space in the spiraling cochlea of the modern punk rock nation. The huddled masses snap to attention, and not without good reason. The first four tracks on Superchunk's second album ("Skip Steps 1 & 3," "Seed Toss," "Cast Iron" and "Tower") are galactic atomic hits. Three of them have seen the 7" form and are well worn by most any indie rock polisher. Miter box guitars and insoluble rhythms go a long way, *Pocky* is as peppy as it wants to be. But, like their earlier album, it doesn't verve all the way through. The second-string stuff still reminds me of iffy Soul Asylum—especially "30 Xtra" and "Throwing Things" (though that one's pretty good)—or some vestige of 80's Homestead into SST. There's nothing wrong with that but Superchunk are capable of tapping the big Wahoo and when they don't, well, it's just so much like real life. After all. [Matador] *Patrick W.*

**SUPERCHUNK** *Tossing Seeds (singles '89 - '91)* CD

The title sums up exactly what this is, which is far more considerate than some labels who find it necessary to slap some no-falsh-in-the-consumer sticker across the front of it. Superchunk — great fucking singles purveyors — realized the seven inch format for what its supposed to be all about. This is just a nice favor to those that missed these classics in their original form and/or to those of us either too lazy or without the hours on hand to take the time out to tape 'em. A public service no less...even contains thoughtful liner notes on the format by Mac, hisownself, and while I totally agree with what it is here he has to say, I'd like to point out that he forgot to mention that

the seven inch record has also become a tragic harbinger of pain and torture, because ultimately the single format has also become the demo tape of the '90's. Something this band (and not because of dumb luck) will never have to worry about. [Merge] *Peter D.*

**SUPERSUCKERS** *The Songs All Sound The Same* CD

Like the Superchunk CD reviewed above (both in quality and spirit, but not cut from the same style of cloth) this is also a collection of early singles. Supersuckers, however, are of the straight up punk rock no



photo by Steve Gullick

**Therapy ?**

chaser vein. No, I don't mean this is of the rote, hardcore school of punk. Start thinking about the Weirdos, Misfits, late '70s/early '80s classic punk sound and you're on the right track. There's even a 30 minute-plus arena rock ending that some will either find funny or annoying, just depends on you. Question now is, can they maintain the quality pace on their upcoming Sub Pop release? [eMpTy] *Peter D.*

**SUPERTOUCH** *The Earth Is Flat* CD

Right. Post thrashcore fulla anguish and enflamed guitarrighteous noise. An' since that was the whitest, least soulful sound e'er, it does occupy a unique position whereas po-mo genres are concerned. An incidental one? Assuredly. But considering how many children grew out they locks, borrowed mom's Sab records and went after major label bati-ola, Supertouch's persistence o'er time is laudable. And has lef' them stranded an' relatively singular (as far as my listening of late is concerned at least), and many sore thumbs is artistic chums to my way of thinking. So, if you got some bucks left after scarfing up them new Swans rex, and maybe a pharmacological manual 'bout ;home-brewing various mind-warping comestibles—what the fuh? [Revelation] *Howard W.*

**SURGERY** *"Little Debbie" 7"*

Finest thing from Sean M. an' company in an age, and I think this really goes a long way towards definin' their "aura" of scum 'n' foosball-playin' dementia much better'n *Nationwide*. It's amazing what a good picture sleeve (both sides) can do for your image, but that's not to slight the music here in the least; a truly fast 'n' wily blend of Aerosmith and, um, Big Black or something...Hey, I've never been a big fan of well-mannered propriety, and nothing could be further from "proper" than this little puddle o' goo. [Amphetamine Reptile]



Mike S.

#### TALL DWARVES *Weeville* CD

At once spartan and perplexingly dense, straightforward and loony, the (hard to believe, but true) first bona fide album from New Zealand's shadowiest pop stars does a credible job of retaining their endearing low-fi shamble, while stepping into the (semi) hi-fi world. Sixteen songs congregate into just as many separate camps, highlighted by Barrett-styled music hall psychedelia ("Log," "Crawl"), snot-nosed brat-rock ("Breath") and Lennonesque post-folk protest anthems ("Sign The Dotted Line"), with nary a replay or clinker in the lot. [Homestead]

David S.

#### TEENAGE FANCLUB *Bandwagonesque* CD

So I was drinking with some friends the other night and we were (as usual) bitchin' about the current state of things music-wise. I mentioned in passing that I like this record and would be reviewing it positively this month. Sheesh, you'd think I said something nice about Morrissey, for chrissakes, judging from the abuse that was flung my way. Well, yeah, I got a few problems with this album, but they're mostly rock crit nonsense. Why do they put feedback-noise intro's on half the tunes and then segue into perfect pop tunes? Is this some cynical attempt to retain some "underground cred"? Shit, if ya wanna make a pop record, just do it.

In response to some of the nationalist crap I heard from some people about this record, all I can say is you people really oughta know better. I gave up that "us versus them" thing about ten years ago. Shit, I never hear anybody spewing that kind of nazi crap about Spacemen 3. I guess it's o.k. to rip off the Velvets if you're British but it's not o.k. for Limeys to rip off Badfinger like TFC do. Besides, the primary reason for these guys' success stateside is Gerard Cosloy. Hardly the person responsible for Limey train wrecks like the Smiths. Sheesh, I hate that nationalist bullshit. Anyway, with all that off my chest I will say that this rec has its flaws. The lack of originality here hardly needs mentioning. The Big Star Badfinger thing is all over the place. Still, if originality is why you buy rock records then you just don't fucking GET IT, do you? So suffice it to say there's a whole lotta great hooks here and if you give 'em half a chance they'll grab you hard. [DGC] *Brendan B.*

#### TEENAGE LARVAE 7"

The dogs are barking and a scratchy version of Hank Williams is braying in the distance and the crickets are chirping and I've got three 40's Icing in the cooler next to my nine. It's sweaty and the neighbors just entered shooting range. All in all, things are looking up and I'd have to say this has all the makings of a very fine night. [Sympathy] *Sean McDonnell*

#### TEMPLE OF BON MATIN *Two* CS

Couldn't tell if the tape was warped or if this noise was intended. After watching the tape spin and listening to a few songs, I ascertained that this is how it was meant to be. But why? Here I was lost. Temple Of

Bon Matin proves to be an absolute bore. More of the same really bad garage punk we've heard a thousand times, not exactly a treat. Too bad, too; reading the lyrics was somewhat interesting. When delivered however, all hope was lost. *Kathleen K.*

#### THAT'S IT Really? LP

Shawn Stern skirts the punk rock family affair this time and places himself in the center of a semi-commercial sounding rock band. Squeaky clean production, a noticeable absence of hooks, and not a single marketable gimmick renders this release almost undigestible by college rock omnivory standards. I'm at a loss for figuring out who's the intended audience for this music. I know I've been hootin' and hollerin' about the co-opting of independent music by major label interests, but That's It could use a little coaching from someone to bring this kettle of stew to at least a medium simmer. [BYO] *Mike T.*

#### THERAPY? *Caucasian Psychosis* LP

Originally released as two separate 12" EPs, *Babyteeth* & *Pleasure Death*, it's nice to have these two available as one whole slab to digest, not to mention remastered for domestic consumption. More than anything else it's the drumming here that really propels this Northern Ireland three piece along (and Therapy? are yet another basis for substantiating the argument that "power trios rule" — still holds plenty of water). For some reason, the more and more I sit and listen to this I can't help but somehow vaguely wonder if Mecht Mensch, had they stuck to their guns and lasted this long, would have possibly wound up sounding like Therapy? And upon this analysis, I have to admit that the possibility does exist—that is, provided the slight nudge of pop hooks in conjunction with stark sonics started to prickle like so many goose bumps across the surface like Therapy?'s do. [1/4 Stick] *Peter D.*

#### THE TROUBLE WITH LARRY 5-song 7"

Ya got me on this one...singer croons like Presley...and I do not like it one bit. [Good Kitty Records] *Miller*

#### THINK TREE *Like The Idea* CD

They all have at least a little college and dig on that ole coffeehouse thing, ya know, a little coffee, a little talk, a little intellectual badinage...Sorta folkie, sorta jerky, and at times, meekly electric...at their best sounding like Meatjoy outtakes...stuff that I'll pass on to my Aunt in Delaware. [Caroline] *Miller*

#### THIRD EYE "Sunshine" / "Face Creeping" 7"

"Sunshine" shows a lotta halfway decent hard rock productivity, especially since I was expecting a remake of the John Denver song. Flipster's equally decent rewrite of early Led Zep structures. For those of you who still have a spot for 20+ year-old rock forms this might be the ticket. [Prospective] *Chris S.*

#### THOSE UNKNOWN "The 4 of Us" & "Go Where the Kids Go" / "Cries of a Nation" & "Weekend Nights" 7"

This leopard-vinyl EP's got enough '77 UK punk-pop energy to make this not only worth listening to, but worth purchasing. Personally I think the UK punk of those punquier'n thou days paled next to USA/Can/Aus/Czech counterparts (too fascion [sic] conscious) but it wasn't like it was totally worthless'n those who like early Clash/Sham/early skin chanting would be smart to pick this up even though "4 of Us"'s an obvious swipe of the "Peter Cottontail" toon. [Headache] *Chris S.*

#### 3Ds *Hellzapoppin* LP / *Swarthy Songs For Swabs* EP / *Fish Tales* EP

Two years worth of obtuse, immanently satisfying pop from the mouths of these NZ vets. Lets start with the latest and work back.

*Hellzapoppin* expounds upon the 3Ds knack for ugly lovelics, with off-center guitar poking—wormy riffs and caterpillar leads—over



photo by Jennifer Jurgens

The 27 Various



elegant punk ditties. The Inter-stellar "Outer Space" curtsies into "Sunken Head"—"It's a nice day for a dark age," she says—which lassos that pastoral Nunnery verb with cryptic flair. You can swoon ("Sunken Treasure") or shiver ("Leave the dogs to Play"). There are just so many darn ingredients, and they don't list them on the box. You have to define them by your taste alone. The boy vocals are often para-psycho, the girl's catholic and diffused. General pitch-shifting makes those buried familiar cookies all the more edible. *Swarthy* (1991) opens with a salvo of insanely happy planks of juice. The aptly titled "Sing Song" gurgles with pedological might and "Ritual Tragick" has a freaky slither that pulls that skinny tie tight around your esophagus. Some sticky riffs later, and you've done your daily affirmations. *Fish Tales* (1990) is more freely divergent (the progression through these three recordings seems entirely smooth and natural, in retrospect). With an unsteady hand on the squelch control, and stifling a sneeze, the 3Ds propose their early flashes of oversight. There's a V.U. ("The Ball of Purple Cotton") tribute that seems singular in thier travels and some creaky, flowery stuff. I like best the hand-in-hand Nemonian saunter of the title track and the emblematic "Evocation of W.C. Fields." The two EPs are available together domestically now on one CD. Highly efficient and repeatable recordings. Use unsparingly. [Flying Nun/First Warning/BMG] *Patrick W.*

### 3D's *Hellzapoppin* LP

3D's are New Zealand's leading participants in the brave new world of pop rock. The first six songs of "Hellzapoppin" sound as trad as any other band on the alternative charts though they are more interesting as guitarist David Saunders liberally applies a slide to his guitar. Singer David Mitchell's voice has enough warmth in it to disguise the occasionally deprived lyrics, which increases their potential for subversity. (*Say Wha?—Ed.*) Actually, what poses as side one sounds like the first U2 album, which if you go that far back, was fresh and innovative in its time. Ditto for the 3Ds until side two, where they strangle the captain and rock the boat. The guitarists destroy the continuity as best they can by stuttering and stammering. The rhythm is carried solely by the drums and omnipresent acoustic guitar. Yes, this kind of destruction on a pop album can only be lauded.

Taken in one sitting, "Hellzapoppin" can be overwhelmingly gooey. Instead, treat it like you did their first US release (a compilation of two Flying Nun EPs) and listen to it in halves while revelling in their brilliance. [First Warning/Flying Nun] *Ernesto D.*

### 3 MUSTAPHAS 3 *Friends, Fiends, and Fronds* CD

I've been subjected to this band many a time at work. Where has all their "worldliness" and "diversity" gotten them? From me it's gotten them a one word description—sucks. [Omnium Recordings] *Brian C.*

### 3 MUSTAPHAS 3 *Friends, Fiends, and Fronds* CD

The most insane thing (and darned creative too) has happened. It's this album. Six guys in bellhop garb, singing in French, whilst playing Arabic instruments or Arabic music or somesuch (I am the Ugly American, dammit!), with "crazed mixmasterer DJ Trouble Fezz" (one crazy mother Fletcher) on the scratch and the cut. Something akin to Gypsy Kings, but more ethnic, imaginative, diverse, strange and whacked out. I've heard of these guys before, but had no idea. As I began to listen to it, I took it for a perverse joke on my sensitive ears, until I skipped around and realized its all like this. Then I thought somebody in YF International Conglomerated Affiliates Inc. Minn. headquarters had fell off the wagon and sent it to me as an accident. Gasp, how strange for me...Anyway, I'm sure I'm not the Mustaphas target audience (good God, who is?), but then I'm a pretty judgemental, cruel and acerbic guy, so I passed sentence on

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# OF PUNK, METAL by AND THE DISTURBING MIX Steve Miller

Fates Warning *Parallels* CD ...Ok, you guys, we're gonna hafta disconnect yer MTV...I though I was gonna hear another imitator of the Metallica persuasion, but I got a band of jokers aspiring to be the next Poison...You guys sure are clever...[Metal Blade]

Rapscallion *Chameleon Drool* CD...Sounding as if it were recorded in a studio costing more than Japan, this CD makes apparrant how mundane this metal thang is and what little sense of idea they have... [Metal Blade]

The Exploited *The Massacre* CS...Ya ever noticed these guys look like Gold's Gym dudes (they have NO necks!) with funny halrcuts and punk rock uniforms? But Triple X is stupid enough to put this out, and I'm stupid enough to give it a listen...and it is funny! Try these chorus chants: "Sick bastard," "I love you, my little porno slut," "Kill, kill, kill" and my choice for verbiage of the month, "Lying bastards police." If yer bad enough to enjoy Spinal Tap, this is for you.. [Triple X]

Agnostic Front *One Voice* CS...While The Exploited do a song called "Sick Bastard Police," AF simplify things and title one of their gems "Bastard"...and other than that, the only difference is tempo... [Relativity]

The Accused *Splatter Rock* CD...For fans of cartoons, contained in this package is cartoon artwork and cartoon metal...out of 40 minutes of music, there is an enjoyable two-minute piece called "Greenwood House of Medicine/ Don't You Have A Woman"...But ya know, when I wanna hear REAL screamy vocal, metal-type rock, I can happily put on Nazareth *Razamanaz*, Uriah Heep Live, Blue Oyster Cult *Tyranny & Mutation*, the first LPs by Kiss, Queen and Cheap Trick, any Sabbath with Ozzy, Slade *Slayed* or that first Grand Funk Live LP from 1972...why waste time on these guys? Remember that show "Eight is Enough?" Iz like wantin' to boff Joanie, when ya could be slidin' with Abby...Sometimes it feels just right to drive through the night without yer headlights on...take a chance, fellas...[Nastymix Records]

it anyway. "Everybody in the house, listen to me! Hijaz, Houzarn, Isfa'ani, Sabo, Kemo, Niaveti." "Friends" meanders back and forth between respectable unassuming ethnic stuff and pure comedy, but throughout the percussion on this is just awesome, and the CD quality make it a prime sample resevoir, if nothing else. If you're interested in something off of the beaten path, or any path at all, or just out in the goddam woods, here's your ticket. [Omnium Recordings] John L.

## THREE TOED SLOTH LP

Snap this up quick, it's a great "hand made" debut LP from a neat new Australian three piece featuring old friend Tom Feedtime on drums. It's not the immediate blow to the head the first Feedtime LP was, but it sneaks up on ya bit by bit and wins you over with it's letter-perfect simplicity by the third or fourth spin. No info on the other members (Chris Kieser doesn't even have a clue, for once!), suffice to say they have a job to do and they do it well, and you're gonna wanna clutch one of the 500 in-the-whole-world of these babies and you're gonna wanna own it for a long, long time. [Three Toed Sloth, P.O. Box 497, Sydney, Australia 2042] Mike S.

## TRANCE *Automatism* CD

More songs "about" (self) fear and (self) loathing on the post-grad trail.

And while the groping bit of blank verse that makes up "Certain Confusion" reads like an excerpt from an agoraphobic's 12-step manual, Mr. Mason Jones seems a lot more in touch with the outside world than most of his fellow pourers of musique concrete. The presence of "real" instruments (including, oddly enough, banjo) gives the brace of live cuts a Popol Vuh-ish futuro-folk feel. Too many of the remainder, though, fall into the all-too-familiar two-beats-and-a-cloud-of-dust apocalypso mode that, shall we say, don't make for very good (non-necrophiliac) make-out music. [Charnel House] David S.

## TREEPEOPLE *Guilt Regret Embarrassment* CS

Seattle's still the place to get a break I guess because TP's version of Andy Warhol is on the college radio playlists (Big deal. Nirvana sold how many zillion?). Seattle, Seattle, Seattle. But for some reason, they do put out a disproportionate amount of decent stuff, considering there's probably only about a couple dozen bands making decent music these days, and Treepeople, Tad, and Mudhoney are all from the same town. Notice I didn't mention Nirvana (gehenna more like it)? Nuff said. In the grunge vein, as it is popularly called, Treepeople have hatched for your listening pleasure *Guilt...*, a right little five-speed gearbox of an album with splendid drumming not unlike John Maher's. Some great sampling and voicebox stuff, breaks, changes, hooks, lines, and no stinkers. It's pleasing for me to see a band who can play with such gleeful malevolence, with nothing nice to say about anything, kind of like myself. Find out what's all the hubbub, bub. [Toxic Shock Records] John L.

## TRENCHMOUTH *Construction* CS

Cbicao multiracial outfit with talent and energy to burn. This tape blows away their live thing too. On stage, you get a little too much Santana



style jamming for my taste. Here, you get an original mish mosh of Fugazi/Minutemen/Bad Brains in your faceness that just pounds. Each tune has tons o' change ups but in a real good way, not like some Metallica stupidity. Production's a bit muddy, but that don't mean shit [Skene] *Brendan B.*

#### TRULY 4 song CD

Little sticker on the front says "ex-members of Soundgarden & Screaming Trees" (Hiro Yamamoto & Mark Pickerel to be specific), but I'm sure this has nothing to do with marketing purposes. I mean, hell, never mind that three of the four tunes here don't suck by vaguely treading the same terrain as "Buzz Factory" era Trees (and that ain't such a bad place to be strolling), but then again nobody would ever know or discover that on their own now, would they? Oh well! So much for faith in the consumer. Right? [Sub Pop] *Peter D.*

#### TUMOR CIRCUS CD

Oh I cringed. I glanced across the lyric sheet and grimaced. I knew very well that I couldn't resist the temptation of listening to what Charlie Tolnay and Steelpole Bathtub could cook up and I dreaded what would happen when Biafra's dachhund yelps began. And the music here is good, not always the "Grunge" you might expect.

Jello Biafra probably thinks he should be congratulated for working with musicians so unlike his old band (ie: good) who challenge him. But I've had enough of his unending verbiage, delivered with the same smug condescension of any high school guidance counselor, Republican Congressman or Rotarian. I learned to read awhile ago; I don't like George Bush and I don't need anyone to (endlessly) remind me of it.

The single greatest contribution Jello Biafra could make to human rights across the world would be to shut up. Do you honestly believe that Biafra could release nothing with his voice on it for one calendar year? A simple one year moratorium on talking or singing is beyond his capacity. He couldn't be quiet, even if he tried. Because friends, Jello Biafra, like all politicians (and he is a politician, as much as the sleaziest Chicago alderman) believes that the world can't get by without him. Oh but it does. [Alternative Tentacles Records] *Bruce A.*

#### TWENTY MONDAYS *The Twist Inside*

Oh, you gotta be SHITTIN' ME! Not since the heyday of Rick Springfield have I heard

anything this cloying and cheesy. Come to think of it these cuties look like they oughta be on some soap opera too; you know, they could play the part of the hunky-but-just-a-little-dangerous band that plays at the local nightspot and are about to get signed to a record deal and just live for their music and have really cute girlfriends and all that. I'd love to quote you some of their lyrics, but this record is making me feel all twisted inside. [Spindletop] *Matt Entsminger*

#### THE 27 VARIOUS *Up* CD

From the many tentacled corporate YF headquarters in bustling Minneapolis come the 27 Various (what a strange and mysterious name). Pop band of sorts attempting to bridge the studio/live gap, and in Promethian fashion, vainly, gloriously, attempting a Neil Young cover. Good taste 'n all, but a bad thing to try to improve upon, lest they're merely paying homage... Songwriting by Ed Ackerson manipulates 60's retro flang-o, wah wah git stuff (Godfathers-ish)

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against some occasional '60s screeeeeeee organs, but mostly poppy songs and some real Smithereens overtones, ringing out loud clean guitars and some occasional Beatles "Oooh-oooh-yeah" stuff. OK?  
[Clean] *John L.*

**UNCLE TUPELO "Gun" / "I Wanna Destroy You" 7"**

Still way sensitive boys, the travails of love just get to Uncle Tupelo.

"Gun" sounds a touch darker and less polite than previous recordings. I still receive heavy Westerberg vibrations, but at least the song has some personality and umph to it. Only strict adherence to the Your Flesh Code of Reviewing Ethics could get me to listen to the Soft Boys cover, but that doesn't mean that you have to. [Rockville] *Bruce A.*

**UNCLE TUPELO *Still Feel Gone* CD**

Oh, Jesus Christ, loosen the fuck up!! I simply do not understand how playing material like Uncle Tupelo's could be the least bit fun or even pleasant or even necessary, for Christ's fuckin' sakes, to merit doing it for any length of time past two, maybe three days. Ya cry in your beer enough and all you get is weak, salty beer, "bottle fermented," or no, trust me: I'm Irish and I KNOW HOW TO BREW (decoction or infusion? A question for the ages!) [Rockville] *Mike S.*

**UKRAINIANS CD**

Proving once and for all that he was the most valuable player in the Wedding Present (DH Steve Albini notwithstanding), serf bunny Pete Solowka rides back into town on this pan-Slavic all-terrain vehicle. It's the real deal, too: tongues stay out of cheeks and in whatever those weirdly-carved reed instruments are called, guaranteeing total abstinence from any Camper-styled shenanigans. They don't take the easy way out either; nine of the alb's ten cuts are originals—the "cover" being "Slava Kobzarya," an adaptation of a poem by Taras Schvchenko (a big deal in Kiev, and known to New Yorkers as the namesake of one of the Lower East Side's most convenient alleyway pissoirs). Evenly divided between spry dance tunes and weepy ballads) and all sung in the mother tongue, with nifty translations (could even a tunesmith of Jad Fair's fine fettle match a line like "ah, my sweet young girl/ let's drink to my horse"?), these numbers provide a unique chance to experience a non-Benetton stripe of multi-culturalism.  
[Omnium, PO Box 7367, Minneapolis, MN 55407] *David S.*

**UNDEAD *Live Slayer* CS**

Everyone's favorite x-Misfit, Bobby Steele, kicks out the jams in a howlin' live set of his greatest solo hitz. One of the most criminally overlooked and underrated p-rock guitarists, Bobby's axe is in yer face and down yer throat here. A regular string-ed tornado! The songs bleed, the vocals rage and the sound is butt p-p-powerful plus. Absolutely the best from the man of Steele yet, 'bout as perfect as a live one gets. And the vinyl has two extra tunes not on the Cassette to boot! Way to go Bobby. Danzig who? [Screamin' Skull/Skyclad] *Jeff Dahl*

**UNREST *Imperial f.f.r.r.* LP**

Unrest sure know how to slice it. "Imperial," like their other LPs, has got its share of pop gems which can't be described very easily without

dropping the monikers of a generation of derivative pop bands who use good adjectives as their names. Sure, the word Unrest says a little about Mark E., Phil and Bridget can do, but what makes Unrest special is that they attempt more than the obvious.

If "Imperial" was ten songs in the vein of "I Do Believe," "Isabel" and "Cherry Cream On," it would be an instant smash but soon to be filed under U and forgotten. Instead it has the above songs, all of which are good, spaced between a host of different ideas like the three minute non-tune "Firecracker" or the funky interlude "Champion Nines." The songs that are the backbone on "Imperial" remain interesting for weeks, but cumulatively this should hold on for months. [Caroline Records] *Ernesto D.*

**V-3 *Monsters of Hollywood* EP**

Two songs—"Another Exterminator (Eaten by Bugs)" and "Don't Blame Me"—from their excellent *Psychic Dancehall* CD, with the bonus track "Spellbound," available in sleeves featuring six different monsters (like the Mummy, Godzilla, etc.) You don't have to have them all, but you should have at least one, 'cause it's a real flourish. [Iron Press] *Brett M.*

**VENISON demo CS**

New band from either Eau Claire or La Crosse. Kinda recalls current West Coast Melodipunk like All and Big Drill Car with semi-political/meaningful lyrics. I must confess my enthusiasm for this band (so far) is about as high as it is for their namesake, which is to say nonexistent. [Big Money] *Mike S.*

**VENUS BEADS *Black Aspirin* CD**

I hate to say it, but maybe the reason the stuff I'm reviewing this time is more palatable to me is because it's mostly on CD, and maybe the rise to power in the industry weeds out some of the unmarketable (the stuff that's not tight, that's dull, possibly the stuff that's too intelligent), so this time I got a lot from very digestable, accessible bands... and take that how you want. I totally believe that record companies in their mass production through modern marketing techniques are just homogenizing existing music, and at the same time making the world smaller through advertising, which leaves less room for diversity. That's why I'm usually really into something that can break out of these molds that are becoming harder and fewer, even if it's not the most easy thing to listen to for the unappreciative person. Record companies smooth out the dullness and the brilliance of a recording before it hits the Musiklands across the US of A. Human qualities, mistakes, and improvisation are the soul of music, remove all of this stuff and you get the least interesting, thought provoking and obtrusive product for the largest amount of people (or college radio listeners), auditory soma. Anyway, this is well done and all (produced by ex-House of Love Terry Bickers if that matters to you) but lacks hooks or extremes enough to get my attention after I've listened to hundreds of CD's in my life and 7 more just now. "Blood Orange" and "Wolf on a Chain" are tunes I actually like but I can't say this album moves me, 'zactly. [Emergo Records] *John L.*



**VERTIGO Ventriloquist CD**

I don't know what the view's like out there, but it sure seems to me that around these parts, this gang goes a bit overlooked. Sure they have their crowd, but just don't garner the attention that a number of others do. Ah, but America loves an underdog, and it's time for Vertigo to get theirs. If this jam doesn't cause some excitement and bring crazy big grins to your faces, then I understand folks a lot less than I ever imagined. This, their second long-player, absolutely lurches and crashes with the sound they've become so fuckin' good with—thick, fuzzy, dripping non-retro rock with mean sounding hooks that'll make your workday a bit more tolerable while they're bouncing around inside your skull. I like everything on here, but my biggest picks are "Rocket V," and "Hilmar," the latter of which has been a standout live. What with this, a cool song on that SubPop 7," and some national press (such as that bit in *Option*), maybe lots of curiosity will be piqued; this may just be their year, you know? Don't let this one get around you, 'cos you and me both will be calling you a chump down the road. [Amphetamine Reptile] *Matt Entsminger*

**WAHINIS "Sweet and Low" / "Red Ink" 7"**

A fairly ridiculous single from a mostly ridiculous band that I've rather enjoyed every time I've seen them. Kind of a new wave romp with stunted vocals following the chord changes in zombie-like fashion. Ex-Funseeker guitarorizer (current Muskelunge) John Crozier is, as always, a real attraction but they locked him in the cellar and mic'ed the upstairs floorboards or something here. Ex-Ex-Lion Tamer, Speed The Plough, (current Mandrake), opinionated asshole Jim DeRogotis sits behind the round things. I like it. [Emotion Lotion] *Patrick W.*

**WALDO THE DOG FACED BOY Suite American 7" EP**

Unique, loopy and magnetizing minimalist pop with plenty o' trombone and scorchy guitar. A lounge equivalent of the Dog Faced Hermans with arrangements well left of center. Mary Ellen Mason's voice is suitably rich to fill in the holes between the clapboards. The B-side's "John" is a gem of a free jazz number that would make just about any Ornette lovin' kid tap his foot. I won't even pretend I know from what well this liquid's been pumped. [Waldo International Network] *Mike T.*

**WALLMEN "International House of Juju"/"Tochax" 45**

Bright-eyed surf-psych that's whippet-fast and twice as slobberingly insistent. "International House" sports one of those sneaky, snaky guitar leads (somewhere between Beach Party incidental and T. Verlaine studios) that won't leave your neurons alone, while the "Tochax" side fades from memory 30 seconds in. [Dead Judy, 7711 Lisa Lane North, Syracuse, NY 13212] *David S.*

**DEAN WAREHAM "Anesthesia" / "I Don't Care" 7"**

The former Galaxy 500 singer's new a-side, "Anesthesia," sounds like his old band, which is fine with me. Great guitar and vocal texture, with steady drumming provided by Jimmy Chambers. Things are not as they seem with the b-side, which on my copy is Dogbowl's "The Blue Fur Bosom Girl" (from his Vital Music single). The song I wanted to hear, Wareham's "I Don't Care" with New Zealand expatriate Hamish Kilgore, doesn't appear as advertised. But hey, all you collectors can jump on this screwup... [Number 6] *Brett M.*

**DEAN WAREHAM "Anaesthesia"/"I Don't Care" 45**

A hell of a lot more compelling than Galaxie 500, Wareham's solo (and, more recently, Luna-backed) songs employ a loping, sometimes (as on



photo by Michael Lavine

**The Wedding Present**

this slab's A-side) country-ish gait on their meandering, circular roadtrips. Whether or not Elektra's gonna be able to turn him into the next Tracy C. remains to be seen, though. [No. 6] *David S.*

**JON WAYNE Texas Funeral CD**

To those of you who have umpteenth generation cassette dupes of this fucked up country gutter-punk classic because you were unlucky enough not to get this some coons age ago, you can now bow down graciously from the knees forward that the folks over at Clawfist/Cargo have so judiciously seen fit to re-release this jcm, and with previously unreleased bonus cuts to boot. For those of you unfamiliar, you too may now revel in what the true meaning of "nogoddiggydie" really is all about, or amuse yourself and hoodwink your friends at the same time into thinking you have the inimitable wit to come up with lines such as "I was so broke I had to jerk off the dog just to feed the cat." "Is That Justice?" YIP! You bet your ass this is, and doesn't the novelty of all this just suit you? [Clawfist/Cargo] *Peter D.*

**JACK WENBERG "Rainbow Man" / "Dark Narcisuss" 7"**

Well, the sleeve pic wins Jack the coveted DORK OF THE WEEK award.



But, happily, the music more than makes up for it. The boy has the Syd Barrett/Status Quo (circa: Matchstick) thing down quite well. If yer a fan of this stuff, like I am, don't let the goofy cover scare ya away, it's fucking excellent actually! [Majestic Records] *Jeff Dahl*

WEDDING PRESENT *BBC Sessions* CD / *Seamonsters* CD

Recorded in 1986, the *Sessions* gouge early, optimal singles out of the air

WENDEL DOESN'T MIND "New Life" / "We are Lost" 7"

Bass and guitar with vocals and no drums. A short burst of tantric guitar skuz, to one side, and a trickier no-fi muser to the other. Charming and messy. [no label] *Patrick W.*

WHITE ZOMBIE *La Sexorcisto: Devil Music Vol 1* CS

It's analogous to taking a big shiny diamond in the very rough and smashing it with "David's Hammer." The resultant pile of rocks...diminutive and identikit...and totally lacking in variance...and reeking of Metallica wanna-be...in short this is the biggest disappointment in some time...Overproduced slag, if I can beat the granite analogy further...I mean a bigger W.Z. fan you'll not find, specially "God Of Thunder" and that ilk, but Belzebub can't save 'em from this mess...This is the same White Zombie right??? Smell like pee...look real mad alla time. HEY, YOU HAIR FUCKERS, DONT GET TICKED AT THE WORLD, LOOK IN THE FUCKIN' MIRROR AND GET LIVID AT THE FACT YOU SOLD YOUR SOUL DOWN THE RIVER TO A FAGGOT WHO RUINED YOU....REMEMBER DUTCH HERCULES SAY..."TIS BETTER TO REMAIN INDIE SCUM FOREVER>>THAN TO HAVE SIGNED AND SUCKED RAW EGGS...burn in hell...and bathc..... [Geffen] *Tesco Vee*



photo by Johan Jacobs

### The Young Gods

and apply them to tape in a favorable light—"This Boy Can Wait," "My Favourite Dress," "What Becomes of the Broken Hearted" plus their Orange Juice number and a take on a Gang of Four ditty. If your metabolism craves a nibble but rejects an extended gulp of these admittedly even-toned gents, then this is your flavor. A treat for fans and fun at parties. We used to see these guys hanging around the local nocturnal hang-outs (after their Pachyderm recording and mixing), laughing and singing sad, olde drinking songs with their pal Steve Albini. What a bunch of kooks. Which brings us to *Seamonsters*. It's consciously diverse when compared to their past output—like a reversible sportcoat, lustrous green versus grey flannel. There are two songs titled with feminine names. Maybe three. "Dalliance" sets the dials on tender incantations, dusted aside by a stomp on the noise box. Sentiments like "I still want to kiss you" roll out of that Wedding Present power lilt. It appeals to the sap in you, dripping slow and cold as November. The formula congeals, but even characteristic blurts like "Heather" and "Niagara" invent some kind of nick in the monotone. The album winds up with newly unveiled surf tones and a Fall-like thunk. As expected, the choice refractive goodies—"Octopussy," "Lovenest," "Suck"—still pine away through blackened, sprained adolescence according to the shameless point-of-view of lyricist David Gedge. On the whole, Wedding Present's best album. [First warning/BMG] *Patrick W.*

WHOO WATCHIZ ZE WATCHMAIN "Play With Evil" / "I Got A Line On U" 7"

Kind of an allstar line-up of French trashy rockers havin' some fun. The rage-a-rama on the ol' SPIRIT hit alone is worth the price of admission for me but the a-side's amphetamine Blue Cheerish riff makes this one to crank up in the car while speeding thru the Arizona desert alone in the middle of the night. [Sucksex Records] *Jeff Dahl*

WILL *Pearl Of Great Price* CD

A picture of some Christian tome or other on the cover, decorated with bones and severed birds' feet...a contact address for an organization named "Doctrine and Covenant"...Song titles like "New Mass," "Summoning," and "Sacrament of Penance"...all these things conspire to ruin some very interesting—musically speaking—techno-'dustrial atmospheric noisemaking. Ludicrously bad, pretentiously overblown vocals too, but happily they are sparse enough and quiet enough in the mix that it's not a total washout. Evidently, this is the side band of one of the guys from Front Line Assembly, and to be honest, it's a lot better than *that* despite the 400 strikes against it...These people with cute little demonic religions really are good for a laugh, aren't they? [Third Mind] *David B. L.*

THE WITNESSES "Brainwash" / "Slow Leak" 7"

Head Witness Dave Dick is one fuck of a songwriter based on what I'm catchin' on the lil' 7"er. Once upon a time the Replacements usedta be



able to come up with with shit like this that could grab yer ears and motorvate that hooty (seems like years an' years, huh?). Anyhow, this is up that alley and is absolutely cool. Plus the band kicks and the recording is sizzly hot! Whatcha waltin' for? [Detour Records] *Jeff Dahl*

#### YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA *Kyoretsu Na Rhythm* CD

A long, long time ago, YMO were one of the first all-electronic acts to grace the planet. Analog synths, primitive sequencers and drum machines, and the immense talents of Haroumi Hosano and Ryuichi Sakamoto were enough to make 'em quite something in their day...it ain't their day no more though. This is a collection of somebody's favorites from several late 70s-early 80s YMO efforts, including the "hits" "Nice Age" and "Rydeen." Frankly, I remembered these tunes a lot more fondly before I'd heard 'em again; time has indeed moved forward, and what used to be quirky charm is now plain boring. Electronic music just does *not* age gracefully, I suppose...pick up the soundtrack to *Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence* instead. [Restless] *David B. L.*

#### YO LA TENGO *May I Sing With Me* CS

Yo La Tengo debut on their new label fresh as a spring rain. Although they don't break any new ground with this one, true to form there is plenty to be discovered on every track. Any YLT fan would like to find out for themselves, so I'll just say that they're continuing to surprise. Georgia Hubley's vocals just keep getting better, and that's a good thing. Dig in. [Alias] *Scott H.*

#### YOUNG GODS *TV Sky* CD

Jourgenson and Co. dream of making records this good. The best guitar album of the year comes from a band with no guitar player. The metal guitar samples used on this are simultaneously hilarious and effective. Heavy electronic music never sounded so natural. Screw the lyrics and the slightly-too-Doors-ish lead vocal, this thing rocks. Also, they had the foresight to put the only clunker, a nineteen minute "Riders on the Storm" rip, at the very end of the disc so you can just skip it. I've never given a good review to a rec with nineteen minutes of shit on it before, but this is a pretty long album and the rest of it is just too great for words. Check the sample of the Stooges "TV EYE" at the start of "The Night Dance" to hear how sampling should really be used. I don't know whether producer Roli Mosimann or the Young Gods is responsible for the ideas expressed herein, but they can certainly take a bow. [Play It Again Sam/Caroline] *Brendan B.*

#### NEIL YOUNG & CRAZY HORSE *Weld, Arc* CDs

1. Yeah? So What?!

2. Yeah? So fuckin' what?!

If you own Young's *Zuma* and Sonic Youth's *Sonic Death* (vintage live snippets o' where songstering stopped and noise mongering began) these are superfluous. If you don't, and must purchase current product, this is much radder than Dino' Jr., Mazzy Star, Swervedriver, and Blur (!) Forget the payola, here's the...And yes, Arc did go into the same limbo-rock pile as discs 1-2 of Hendrix's *Lifelines* set. [Reprise] *Howard W.*

#### WARREN ZEVON *Mr. Bad Example* CS

Zevon's music is innocuous enough, nothing outstanding to be sure. Each song sounds remarkably like the last. Zevon claims repeatedly to be a rebel, a renegade, but the only person convinced is himself. He wins the prize for Mr. Butch America; his incessant sarcastic droning about the white man's hurden is both tiresome and ridiculous. *Mr. Bad Example* is trite and oh, so mundane. [Giant] *Kathleen K.*

#### THE ZOLGE *Russian Roulette* 12" E.P.

A Japanese limited ed thang dedicated to Stiv Bators. Lemme give ya the run-down, this is real bizzare. They got the early Dolls/Lords look down and the music runs from jazzy synth-punk (Open Your Eyes) to grotty-garage (Too Much To Dream) to rev'd up trash-thrash (Jet Boy). Very well done too with lotsa weird twists, hut the whole thing rocks anyhoot. Strange. 'S all sung in, I guess, English more or less. The

sleeve even folds out to a big ol' glossy poster! All in all, it's real cool and a hcrd 'o fun. [D.T.K. Records] *Jeff Dahl*

#### ZONIC SHOCKUM *Chunk* CS

Philly isn't such a had town: Siltbreeze, Philly Record Exchange, the Khyber Pass, The Tuesday crew, all have left nothing but pleasant thoughts in my head. It's a shame when bands like this appear to try and ruin an otherwise fine time. [Beefeater Records] *Sean M.*

#### ZONIC SHOCKUM "Whores" / "Woe Is Me" & "Tapeworm" 7"

"Whores" is unremarkable, heavy drone rock. "Woe Is Me" adds some saxes to the mix and there's a taste of Roxy Music. "Tapeworm" is a slower one, an instrumental pulse really. Lock 'em in a room with one copy of *The Correct Use of Soap* and call me in 14 months or so. [Beef Eater Records/Zonic Shockum] *Bruce A.*

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS CD

Growing up in Georgia we always "knew" something was fucked about our southern

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neighbor, and this gothic-industrial-disco stuff from Miami seems to prove that point. These three bands, Vociferous Mutes, Chameleon Circus and Quayle, bored me, although DJ "Mohawk" Adam in Washington might like this for his "rich kids making purposefully ugly music" nights. [Esync Ocular Interchange] *Brett M.*

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *A Very Small World* LP

The A on the cover is circled and the back says "Made In California For The Kids." I took Deconstructionist Literature in college with an Indian tyrant who was probably some sort of genius, but I barely passed. Yet, there were some lessons to be learned and one was about "signifiers" which allow you to read the political and social contexts of an item. And I'm afraid that the "signifiers" on the cover, the two LPs of colored vinyl, and the black and white booklet have "signified" a large zero. Mom, Dad, your \$50,000 was worth it. Look, I'm finally published...now about Grad School...[Very Small Records] *Sean M.*

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Dope, Guns, & Fucking In The Streets Vol. 4-7* CD

Sixteen cuts of mostly non-geek punk for a bargain price. A real no-brainer here, just shove it in the deck and enjoy. Highs: One of the finer cuts by the Mighty Caesars, a good Lubed Goat track, a great non-dirge Melvins track. Yawns: The Ex Jr. (oops, I mean Jonestown), a kinda bland Cosmic Psychos track and Boss Hog, who I've yet to "warm" to, and a kind of "by the numbers" representation of

Hammerhead, who are really much better than their track on here would lead you to believe. Great comp for beginners, though.

[Amphetamine Reptile] *Mike S.*

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Dope-Guns-'N-Fucking In The Streets Vol. 7* 7" EP

I remember shootin' the shit with Pete D. about four years back when he mentioned AmRep's launching of the *Dope-Guns* series. Little did we know that the original omnibus would give rise to such a distinguished pedigree and more than a couple of half-baked imitations. The topside of Volume 7 features Jesus Lizard running through a piece that sounds like The Fall amidst the blades of a high speed blender and Fetish 69 drilling bedrock with a thick guitar thud. The underside contains the always stellar Cosmic Psychos and New York's brilliant uncut diamond, Unsane. As dependable as a good hammer, *Dope-Guns* never lets you down. [Amphetamine Reptile] *Mike T.*

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Ghost of a Rollercoaster* 7"

Halo burn-in a few seconds of 30 Remington shavers running in a... Refrigerator makes a song called "Map to the Stars" that's stumbly and fairly wrenching, giving you Shoeface's Angst 101 "I Hate the Government," but in the graduate department upstairs Franklin Bruno—of Nothing Painted Blue—solos up a stunning bit of pop craft via "Lifetime Seance" topped off with Satnam Puppet's squeaking reprisal. Then there's an a bit off time while you turn the record over and turn Wckr Spgt on, who scratch out a thing about cats that are fluffy, followed by "Creepy," a boinking banjo and skip rope melody, and then Sentridoh (Lou Barlow) does a painful and deserved "Me and my Arrow" and finally there's some tape manipulation shit from Jim Bishop. I like it. [Shrimper] *Patrick W.*

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Head Start To Purgatory* CD

Here's one that is, for a change, pretty much worth owning. Eleven squalling and squealing San Diego-area bands kick up a fundamentally powerful ruckus, and manage to keep things pretty entertaining for the most part: Fishwife, Crankshaft, Helicopter, Holy Love Snakes, 411, Crash Worship, Drive Like Jehu, Quesacabeza, Olivelawn, Rocket From The Crypt, Drip Tank. Of the aforementioned, the main thumbs up go to Rocket, Jehu, Olivelawn, and Helicopter; the sourest notes are in turn struck by Crash Worship (boring and self indulgent), Fishwife (dumb rok-lite), and Quesacabeza (just...well, incredibly stupid). Otherwise, you basically got RnR promulgated by practitioners who've taken the time to learn the appropriate tricks of their trade and properly apply them. Shit quotient: 33%. [Cargo] *David B. L.*

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Here's Stanton Park* 7"

The people on this colored-vinyl EP at least sound closer to the greasepunk of the post-'60s garage/pre-spiked hair days than their counterparts, and what makes groups like Ladds From Bellvue, Johnny and the Jumpercables, Voodoo Dolls and World of Distortion better'n say, thee Hypnotics is that they don't have to try. You could call this raga rock (Ladds' "Ode to...") or heavy metal (the rest of the bands veer

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way into the early metallic flange that USA '76 chainsaw rock feasted on) but whatever you call it I call it a sampler of a few of the GOOD things happening today. Biggest mystery surrounding this one's why is it on Dionysus 'stead of what else but Stanton Park records?

[Dionysus] *Chris S*

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS *Lever 7"*

Number five in the stylish and functional Simple Machines 7" series.

Severin does "Me and You," a post-after mid-tempo popper with twisty leads and boyish yelps. Scrawl jumps in with a Wire song called "Rueters." A pleasant curio. Get yr new wave headphones stuffed with Autoclave: "Summer" rides off with a Banshees bike, scrapes of the serial number and adds custom components. By the taste of "Pacifier," by Circus Lupus, I infer that, by inadvertently missing several opportunities to experience these ex-Madisonites first hand, I've blown it. [Simple Machines] *Patrick W.*

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS *Lost & Found Promotional EP 7"*

Punk rock preservationists right down to their name and logo, Lost & Found raison d'être is no big secret. If the idea of demos and/or live tracks from Government Issue, Artificial Peace, Void, United Mutation and Straw Dogs along with recent stuff by Terveet Kadet and Fastbacks appeal to you, then drive on. Personally, I think there's good reason this stuff hasn't surfaced until now. Some of these bands are over documented and others (or those connected with them) were wise enough to never release these recordings. [Lost & Found] *Bruce A.*

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS *Metal Massacre Eleven* CD

Every sub-genre of the almighty cult of anvil worship is represented here, and while several of them may pop up all in one song, for the most part none of these bands have a clue. The bands that poke their nose oh-so-imperceptibly above the substance of the muck are, as far as I can tell, Dominance, My Victim, and um, well, just those two actually. Skarf it down, dude. [Metal Blade] *Mike S.*

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS *Mortar* CD

The presence of a live cut by Caspar Brotzmann and new Gore material here is what got my ticker going, but *Mortar* has other attractions as well: two Cop Shoot Cop tracks, a pre-Godflesh band (Fall of Because,) Peter Neville's post-Godflesh project Cable Regime and a worthy new German band Grill. The strength of this compilation is that each group is given about 15 minutes, which works out to two songs per band, or in the case of Brotzmann a 13 minute live workout on "Massaker." In the case of Nox, this means about 11 flat minutes of simplistic guitar riffs over monotonous near-disco rhythms—the album's only real weak spot. Gore work under the name of Gore/Hoer for two pieces created to accompany a dance work. The resultant music is surprisingly edgy and brittle; a real departure that's likely to disappoint those expecting the band's traditional instrumental blunderbuss. Over the course of an LP it might make more sense. Peter Neville's new band Cable Regime slap a two guitar gridlock over drum machine patterns and end up creating some very cool drones (including deft use of wah wah) that

incrementally work out well. Fall of Because recordings from 1986 have been altered/mixed by Justin Broadrick to result in a wash of tapes, drums and guitar that sounds like a rockier version of his Techno Animal stuff. The CD booklet promises release of early, unaltered material. The pleasant surprise is the Grill material; two slices of guitar static combined with slide work that interlaces over drum patterns.

Finally, there's a 1990 live recording of Caspar Brotzmann's Massaker doing a song from their first LP. The build up and break down of "Massaker" is impressive and indicative of a band that doesn't engage in instrumental histrionics. *Mortar* as a whole (minus the forgettable Nox and yanks Cop Shoot Cop) is indicative of the development of the leap in progress the Euro-post-core instrumental bands have taken over most American bands that still wallow in a 1987 Big Ugly Rock mentality. Definitely worth acquiring on its own terms and hopefully the first of several fine recordings from some bands to follow. [Permis de Construire Deutschland] *Bruce A.*

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS *Paroxysm Vol. 1* CD

No matter how you spell it, disco's still disco, and this shit doesn't sound any better than it would have on a cold and rainy day in '74. Might be a good disc to nip beats offa tho, if that sounds like any fun...[Mutc] *Mike S.*

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS *Pimps, Players & Private Eyes* CD

A compilation featuring greatest hits from blacksploitation films of the '70's. I must heartily admit is something that has been long overdue, and here it is. Can't exactly give my 100% approval to this as there are definitely a few clunkers in this batch that reek all too omnipotently of the polyester disco fashion that makes many of us shake in utter dismay at the thought of just how bad things got way back when. However, inclusions like the Four Tops "Are You Man Enough," Marvin Gaye's "Trouble Man," or either one of the two most notable classics here—"Theme From Shaft" and "Pusherman," by Isaac Hayes & Curtis Mayfield respectively, (though one listen to Willie Hutch's "Theme of Foxy Brown" makes a guy or gal wonder why it didn't receive as much airtime attention)—are more than worth their weight in gold, or in this case the simple cost of admission. No, I wouldn't dare say for a moment that this on a whole stacks up in comparison to how awesome the entire soundtrack to Black Caesar was, but then again, James Brown (ft Roger Corman for that matter) were always ahead of the game, so until said soundtrack is made available once again, it's either bargain bin shopping or this, and for my money my stylus and I can do without the snapcracklepop abuse of the former.[Slre/Warner/Rhyme Syndicate] *Peter D.*

#### VARIOUS ARTISTS *Rancid Hell Spawn/The Fells 7" EP*

Most recent chapter in the continuing *Noise From Nowhere* story that houses two woefully underrated noise makers. England's Rancid Hell Spawn turn out 3 great blasts of sound like *Toolin' For A Warm Teabag* - era Dwarves covering Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias. Tucson's The Fells are superb practitioners of mod Britpunk cum surf



rumble that make the Shadowy Men seem more like mere teenagers.  
Hooray! [Toxic Shock] Mike T.

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Sample Some OKra*

OKra aren't the first label that had to scramble in the wake of the sinking of the SS Rough Trade; this CD, however, is evidence that they've come up with European distribution through Normal. And what a great idea for an introduction for ignorant Europeans it is; two songs from each band on the label. One song is taken from a release, one song is previously unreleased. I knew from the start that my favorites would be the Wolverton Bros. (the awesome "Posse Comitatus" from *Sucking Hind Tit* and a new song called "Vampyre") and the Ass Ponys, whose stuff has grown on me quite a bit since I first heard it. The Fellow Travellers were the band I hadn't heard before, and the dubbed out country of "GTO" is a real pleasure. Somehow the band has spot welded Faron Young to Desmond Dekker without a trace of awkwardness. They're English, which is probably why they've even attempted a merger of styles more circumspect Americans would avoid, but the careful use of horns and violins render things light and playful. [OKra] Bruce A.

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Shit...Too Early* LP

I flat out refuse to listen to any record from Norway with titles like "I Like Drugs," "No Rule," and "I'm A Punk." I mean, we all have limits. [Big Ball Records] Sean M.

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Smells Like Smoked Sausages* dbl 7"

Yep, smells like collector scum soiling their trousers from sea to shining sea, too! For those who don't closely follow goings-on in the Sub Pop or AmRep camps, this is the long-awaited meeting of the twain; bands courtesy of the latter, released by the former. Not sure about the availability of this little piece, but it's safe to assume if you haven't given that chunk of your entertainment buck as a tithe to that damn singles club, well, good luck. If so, here's the rundown: Unreleased tracks from Tar, Helios Creed, Vertigo, God Bullies, Surgery, Cows, Helmet, and Boss Hog. (The last three contribute covers). I gotta say, there ain't a stinker in the bunch. Even Boss Hog, who've never really moved me, managed to set my toes a-tappin' a bit. The #1 spot goes to Tar, though, with a song that maybe should've been saved for an LP; "Deep Throw" ranks w/ their best, and could be heard by many more people that way. Surgery's "Our Demise" gets big props too. [Sub Pop] Matt E.

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Somethings Gone Wrong Again - The Buzzcocks Covers Compilation* CD

Ideal in conception and bent...perfunctory delivery by a handsome bevy of young talent...hungry and bursting at the seams with this nasty collection of 14 sissy punk classics...DOUGHBOYS pump "Chainsore" in fitting preamble...but it gets better...THE FLUID serves up "Oh Shit" with equal gusto, but the axe sans buzzsaw effect pales when COFFIN BREAK lay waste...atomic anthemic sludge...Nifty UK 77 slant...DIDJITS clock in with "Sitting Round At Home"...look, I'm the biggest DIDJITS fan south of King Of Prussia but their heart wasn't in this one...Damn boffo version of "Boredom" by ELECTRIC LOVE HOGS...send me yer demo, I want more. "Orgasm Addict is the poopiest punk song...sorry DEADSPOT kinda guys...bad straw...Becky Wreck de

LUNACHICKS is now a regular on the best TV show in America, de HOWARD STERN show where she regularly frenchkisses horny New Jersey swinger types with her big fleshy nightcrawler lips and dog ifin her and her fellow dishrags only steal the show from some of these future-super-punk-pariahs...By God, whoever said wet and tortured gash can't pump heat! Bravo, o stinky skank from Hades...I mean Jersey...BIG DRILL CAR play pop music and well, but sound tight sandwiched in with some of these welterweights...PORN ORCHARD's "Why Can't I Touch It ....rickets...ALICE DONUT rage as usual...what, no trombone solo...Youngsters on a mission and the community indeed owes them a living...NAKED RAYGUN...OK, one question...who the fuck listens to NAKED RAYGUN...And two cuts no less...thought this a bit too good to be true...hey, forgot THE ACCUSED do "Lipstick"...They deserve meritorious service accolades for many years of toiling in the indie ranks and their cut here is still twinged with youthful vigor...half a juice glass of nutsweat and this CD...definitely a sawbuck well spent... [C/Z Records] Tesco Vee

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *The Violence Inherent To The System* CD

I usually avoid comps like the plague, you wind up with maybe one or two good tracks and a bunch of throwaways by a bunch of disposables. Totally not the case here; every single track contained on this collection of 22 of Europe's finest punky rock 'n rollers is a bit of a gem. Some real diamonds too: DEAD ALLISION, NOISE ANNOYS, NOMADS, REAL COOL KILLERS, RUMBLERS, SCUBA DIVERS, BACKSLIDERS and my faves, Frances, JET BOYS (who got royally slagged by some yuppie Forced Exposure wanna-be in these very pages a while back, gasp...). But, honestly, every track by every band is fucking excellent! Lovingly put together by NOISE FOR HEROES fanzine editor Steve Gardner with the same integrity and soul that he devotes to his mag (which is the best & coolest on the planet, sez me) (Uh HUH...Say Jeff, about your check...-Ed.). If you wondered what was goin' on over the pond, in a rockin' sorta way, this'll hip ya. And as most of these bands records are unavailable here in the good ole USA, for just \$10 it's a hella deal. Beyond essential!! [Nkvd Records] Jeff Dahl

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *Weatherbell/Cobalt Blue* CS

Here lies a promotional artifact containing Weatherbell's *No Show* 10" EP and a single by Cobalt Blue. The former pump out some good guitar driven rock with bracing female vocals. The creeping, psychedelic title track even ventures into territory once roamed by the likes of Roback and Smith. Cobalt Blue play mediocre brooding bar thud that certainly isn't enhanced by the surface noise present on the source from which this was recorded [Fiasco] Mike T.

**VARIOUS ARTISTS** *The World's In Shreds Vol. 5* 7" EP

A compilation of hardcore punk in which: a) Dryrot prove their mastery of polka rhythms and "whoa" choruses b) Krupted Peasant Farmerz demonstrate a phenomenal lack of funniness at high tempo and c) Ice Fan finish first in a slow field by throwing in small amounts of rhythmic change and harmonies. Could someone please direct me to the stone tablet handed down from God that says "Every Band Deserves To Be Recorded, Every Recording Deserves To Be Released"? [Shredder] Bruce A. ☺

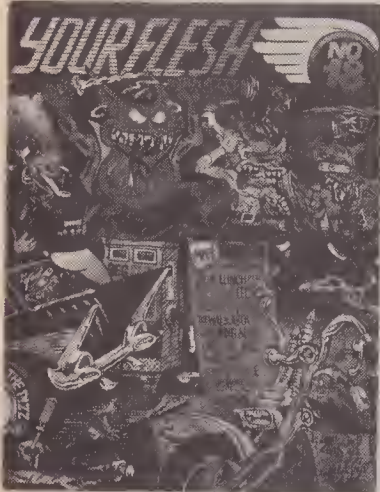


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Issue #10 Tabloid format issue features a cover art jam by Jim Blanchard and Jim Kegel, features on Breaking Circus, Venom, Otto's Chemical Lounge, Effigies, Prevaricators, and a Minneapolis local band special feature. **SOLD OUT**

Issue #11 Tabloid format issue features cover art by R.K. Sloan, features on Anthrax, Big Stick, Doctor's Mob, Faith No More, U-Men, The Mentors, Samhain, and a wealth of other essential data. **SOLD OUT**

Issue #12: Featured original cover art by S. Clay Wilson, but is now **SOLD OUT**

Issue #13 has a lovely color cover by Jeff Gaither and fascinating prose concerning the Angry Samoans, the Cows, Happy Flowers, Sister Ray, Menudo, a New York Scene report, Ferret Comix, and other stuff you can't live without (But Pete could live without looking at the layout ever again...)

Issue #14 has a rare photo cover with additions by Dave Deuteronomy and articles on Babes In Toyland, Joe Coleman, Jeff Dahl, Death Of Samantha, Husker Du, Killdozer tour diary, Ezra Pound, other excellent stuff.

Issue #15 is graced by a photo of Killdozer's Bill Hobson, framed within Dave Deuteronomy's destruction of the dollar bill on the outside and contains inside each of the following: Advice from Lisa LaBia, American Music Club, Poison Idea, The Fluid, Lazy Cowgirls, Bastards, Helios Creed, Government Issue Tour Diary, Laughing Hyenas, Melvins, Skunk, and MORE!

Issue #16 has a delectable original cover by Peter Bagge (he's famous now) and the real dope on L7, Tar, A-Bones, Creamers, Crowbar Salvation, Cows, Steel Pole Bath tub, Rhys Chatham, Crowbar Salvation, and another uproarious Killdozer tour diary! Essential!

Issue #17 has a downright colorful Pizz cover, and lots of writing about Stripminers, Don Fleming (Ball, Velvet Monkeys, Gumball), Harry Crews, Crawlspace, Lydia Lunch (part one of a very long interview), Vertigo, Prong, Of Cabbages and Kings, Antiseen, other life-sustaining nutrients.

Issue #18 another downright colorful Pizz cover, Mekons, the second half of Lydia Lunch, Electric Eels, Eleventh Dream Day, Walkabouts, Walking Seeds, Unsane, Helmet, Knifedance, miscellaneous and sundry other delectable and succulent morsels.

Issue #19 has Pat Moriarty's "New Yorker" cover (who now works for Fantagraphics AND WILL SOON BE FAMOUS!!), pix & fax 'bout Re/Search, Link Wray, Urge Overkill, Lunachicks, Lubricated Goat, Flour, Michael Levine, Richard Kern, Big Trouble House, Mark of Cain, King Snake Roost, and assorted victuals.

Issue #20: it had XNO's lovely rendition of a four headed monster on the cover, but now it's **SOLD OUT**

Issue #21 Al "Baba" Silberstein did the purty cover, and there's lots of purty words about Brick Layer Cake, Clawhammer, Cop Shoot Cop, God's Acre, Christian Gore, Love Child, Cecil Taylor, Velvet Monkeys, Yo La Tengo, and Trashcan School, to name a scant few.

Issue #22 sports another snappy XNO cover, this one entitled "Frankenpop" and is chock full of cantankerous scribbles 'bout Edgar Breau, Caspar Brotzmann, Marguerite Duras, King Carcass, Lithium Xmas, Frank Moore, Boyd Rice, Skin Yard, Thinking Fellers, and more dope shit. Just now back in stock—less than 80 returns!

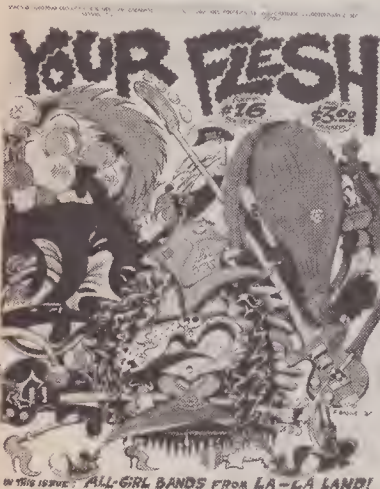
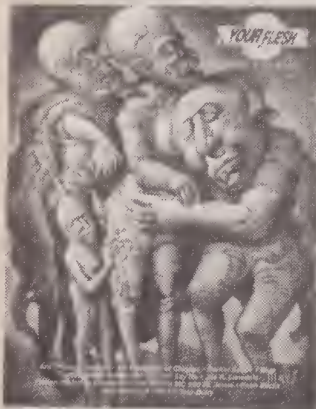
Issue #23 has an AWESOME ex-Replacement Chris Mars cover, and all the dope on Consolidated, Art Ensemble of Chicago, MC 900 Ft. Jesus, Karen Finley, Joe Lansdale Interview & fiction, Chris Mars, Ugly American Overkill Tour Diary, and infinitely more...a sumptuous repast.

Issue #24 Has a rockin' Gary Panter cover and all the dope on Cypress Hill, Nirvana, Nation Of Ulysses, Gary Panter, Easter Monkeys, Cows, John Cage, Hakim Bey, Brenda Tattelbaum, George Bataille, Nick Bougas, and two comix strips of incredible taste and wit.

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 Bullet For, P.O. Box 2012, Tempe, AZ 85280.  
 Busterbulb Records, P.O. Box 763, New York, NY 10009.  
 Buy Our, P.O. Box 363, Vauxhall, NJ.  
 Buzz, P.O. Box 9483, Charlotte, NC 28299.  
 Caped Crusader, P.O. Box 8415, Kansas City, MO 64114.  
 Cargo, P.O. Box 9055, 7741 Drury Lane, La Jolla, CA 90238.  
 Cargo America, 22433 N. Clybourn Ave., Chicago, IL 60614.  
 Caroline, 114 W. 26th St, New York, NY 10001.  
 Carving Knife, P.O. Box 829, Seattle, WA 98111.  
 Casting Couch, P.O. Box 151222, Columbus, OH 43215.  
 Caulfield, 5701 Randolph, Lincoln, NE 68510.  
 CBR, Box 6038 126 06 Hagersten, Sweden.  
 Century Media, Balken Str. 17-19, 4600 Dortmund, Germany.  
 CFY, P.O. Box 6271, Stanford, CA 94309.  
 Clawfist, 20 Hanway St., London W1, England.  
 Coda, P.O. Box 11392, Lexington, KY 40575-1392.  
 Cold Chillin', 1995 Broadway, Suite 1800,  
 New York, NY 10023-5882.  
 Collision Time, P.O. Box 712, Ansonia Station,  
 New York, NY 10023-9998.  
 Combat/Earache, 187-07 Henderson Ave., Hollis, NY 11423.  
 Communion, 290-C Napoleon St., San Francisco, CA 94124.  
 Community 3, 438 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, NY 11211.  
 Complex Records, 131 N. Sixth Ave., Highland Park, NJ 08904.  
 Crisis, P.O. Box 5232, Beverly Hills, CA 90120.  
 Cruz, P.O. Box 7756, Long Beach, CA 90807.  
 Crypt Records, Box 9151, Morristown, NJ 07960.  
 Crystal Vision Records, 2533 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55404.  
 Cubist Productions, 3408 Juliet St., Pittsburgh, PA 15213.  
 C/Z, 1407 E. Madison, #41, Seattle, WA 98122.  
 Death Records, 18653 Ventura Blvd Suite 311,  
 Tarzana, CA 91356-4103  
 Demon Radge, Box 14767, 1001 L G Amsterdam, Holland.  
 Depression, P.O. Box 219, Battle Creek, MI 49016.  
 DGC, 9130 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90069.  
 Dionysus, P.O. Box 1975, Burbank, CA 91507.  
 Dirt Merchant, P.O. Box 351, Jersey City, NJ 07303.  
 Disastro-Mix, 512 E. 82nd St., Suite 4B, New York, NY 10028.  
 Dischord, 3819 Beecher St., Washington DC 20007.  
 Doctor Jim's Records, P.O. Box 45,  
 Clifton Hill, 3068 Victoria, Australia.  
 Dog Meat, GPO Box 2366V, Melbourne 3001 Australia.  
 dOINK, 1572 Overton Park, #11, Memphis, TN 38112.  
 Drag City, P.O. Box 476867, Chicago, IL 60647.  
 Dominator Records, P.O. Box 743, Norwood Sth., 5067 Australia.  
 Doug Moody Productions, P.O. Box 1596, San Marcos, CA 92069.  
 Dutch East India Trading, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571  
 Earache/Relativity, 187-07 Henderson Ave., Hollis, NY 11423.  
 Elevage De Poussiere, 36 Rue de Pont a Mousson,  
 57000 Metz, France.  
 Emergo, 225 Lafayette St., New York, NY 10012.  
 Emigre, 48 Shattuck Sq., Berkeley, CA 94704.  
 Empty, P.O. Box 12034, Seattle, WA 98102.  
 Epitaph, 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111, Hollywood, CA 90028.  
 ERL, 418 Madison Avenue, Albany, NY 12210.  
 Estrus, P.O. Box 2125, Bellingham, WA 98227.  
 Esync Ocular Interchange, P.O. Box 380621, Miami, FL 33238.  
 The Ex, P.O. Box 635, 1000 AP Amsterdam Holland.  
 Fantagraphics, 7563 Lake City Way, Seattle, WA 98115.  
 Feel Good All Over, Box 148428, Chicago, IL 60614.  
 F-Hole Records, 81 Warren St., Brooklyn, NY 11201.  
 Fire, Firestation Towers, 91 Highbury,  
 New Park, Highbury, London N5 2EU England.  
 Flipside, P.O. Box 363, Whittier, CA 90608.  
 Flying Nun, P.O. Box 2915, Auckland, New Zealand.



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 Gore Farm, 1553 Gettysberg, Clovis, CA 93612.  
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 Hollywood Basic, 800 S. Buena Vista, Burbank, CA 91521.  
 Homestead, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571.  
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 Ice Age, 537 S. Trenton Ave., Pittsburgh, PA 15221.  
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 7000 Stuttgart 80, Germany.  
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 Intellectual Convulsion, 51 Bd. A, Blanque 75013, Paris, France.  
 International Pop Underground, Box 7154, Olympia, WA 98501.  
 Iron Press, Box 14146, Columbus OH 43214  
 Jettison, P.O. Box 2873, Durham, NC 27715.  
 JUPA, P.O. Box 1243, Upland, CA 91785.  
 Kil-Tel, 317 A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC V6B 2N4 Canada.  
 Knockout, Busackerstr. 32, 4100 Duisburg 18, Germany.  
 KTB, Rustenburgerstraat 315-3, 10736G Amsterdam, Netherlands.  
 L Records, 6124 Dory Landing Ct., Burke, VA 22015.  
 Lame, 414 N. 8th, Columbia, MO 65201.  
 Lavakoo, 40 Rossmore Rd. Apt. #1, Boston, MA 02130.  
 Legalize Records, P.O. Box 194282, San Francisco, CA 94119.  
 Limited Potential, P.O. Box 268586, Chicago, IL 60626.  
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 Locust Press & Record, Box 1671, Boise, ID 83701.  
 LongShot, P.O. Box 1758, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025.  
 Lost & Found, Im Moore 8, 3000 Hanover 1, Germany.  
 Lovehammer, P.O. Box 10073, Columbus, OH 43201.  
 Love Ted, P.O. Box 1207, Cooper Station, New York, NY 10276.  
 Mad Rover, P.O. Box 22243, Sacramento, CA 95822.  
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 Mammoth, Carr Mill 2nd Floor, Carrsboro, NC 27510.  
 Manifest Soundworks, 1932 Main St., Columbia, SC 29201.  
 Manufacture Sound Output Co., P.O. Box 37220,  
 Tallahassee, FL 32315.  
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 Maximum RockNRoll, P.O. Box 288, Berkeley, CA 94701.  
 Meat Buy-Products, 4793 Davis Rd., Lake Worth, FL 33461.  
 Meat Records, 1220 S. 120th St., Tacoma, WA 98444.  
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 Picture Book, P.O. Box 61, Barrington, IL 60011.  
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 Pleasure Discs, Calle Mallorca, 1, 2.0 B, 28012, Madrid, Spain.  
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 Rave, P.O. Box 40075, Philadelphia, PA 19106.  
 Rear Entrance, P.O. Box 2048, Passaic, NJ 07055.  
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 Relapse, P.O. Box 611, Plymouth, MI 48170.  
 Relativity, 187-07 Henderson Ave., Hollis, New York 11423.  
 Resin, 2300 B Central S.E., Suite 198, Albuquerque, NM 87106.  
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 Revelation, P.O. Box 1454, New Haven, CT 06506.



Rhino, 2225 Colorado St., Santa Monica, CA 90404.  
 Ringer's Lactate, 21-29 35th St., Astoria, NY 11105.  
 Roadracer, 225 Lafayette St. #407, New York, NY 10012.  
 Roadrunner, 225 Lafayette St. #407, New York, NY 10012.  
 Rocket Sound Recording Company, P.O. Box 40397,  
 St. Paul, MN 55104.  
 Rockville, P.O. Box 800, Rockville Centre, NY 11571.  
 Roir, 611 Broadway, Suite 411, New York, NY 10012.  
 RRRRecords, 151 Paige St., Lowell, MA 01852.  
 Brian Ruryk, P.O. Box 13m Stn. C, Toronto, Canada M6J 3M7.  
 San Joquinto, P.O. Box 44277, Tucson, AZ 85733.  
 Sawtooth, P.O. Box 215, Wood River, IL 62095.  
 Scat, P.O. Box 141161, Cleveland, OH 44114.  
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 Scratch, 317 A Cambie St., Vancouver, BC Canada V6B 2N4.  
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 Slap A Ham, P.O. Box 843, San Francisco, CA 94101.  
 Slaughterhouse Rd., P.O. Box 28, Freeport, IL 61032.  
 Slumberland, Box 2741, College Park, MD 20740.  
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 Boulder, CO 80306-0973.  
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 Strike One, 8127 Norvell Dr., Dallas, TX 75227.  
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 Sucksex, 130 Rue de la Republique, 92 150, Suresnes France.  
 Survival, Suite 53, 61 Marlborough St.,  
 Surrey Hills NSW 2010 Australia.  
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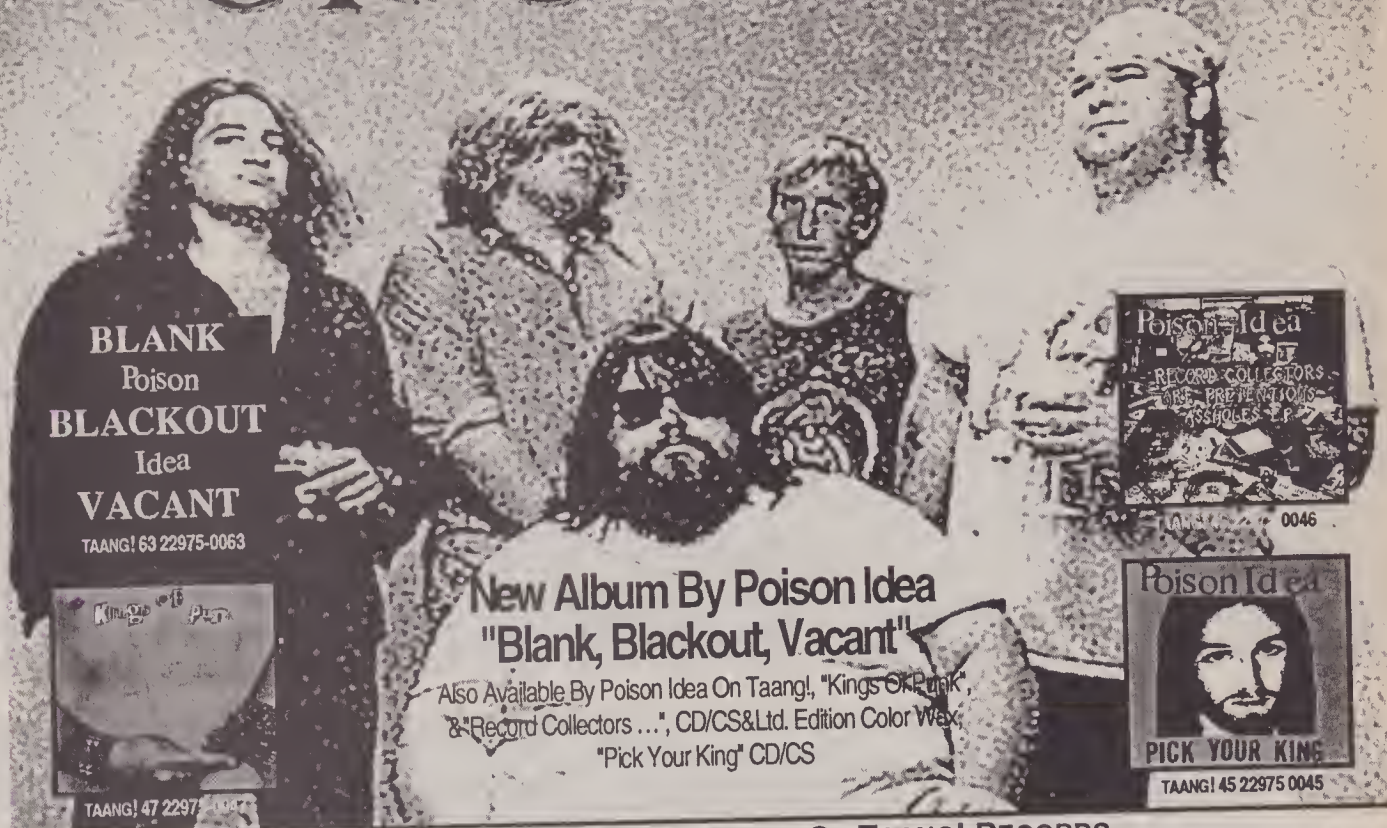


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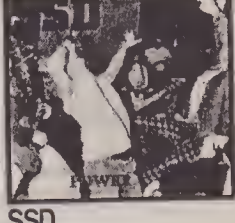
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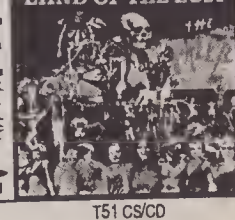
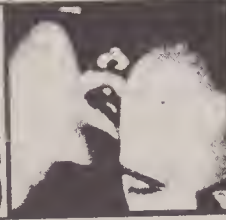


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